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THE LATE NEGOTIATIONS FOR PEACE.

Just and honest men in America—those whose principles have sustained its liberties and made it the refuge and hope of humanity—are now witness to a new phasis in its affairs. Until of late, their fears and efforts had been limited to the causes of internal decay and dissolution in the nation; they dreaded lest the contending interests and passions of the parts, might endanger the safety of the whole: but they never imagined that at any time the evil influences which lay in the members of the State might, on a sudden, draw to a head and direct their malignant energies upon a foreign object; they did not suspect—as suspicion is least in the honest and sincere—that the worst passions of the least worthy part of the nation, would find an Executive fitted to be the head and organ of their mischievous energies. They did not believe that this nation could ever so far forget itself and the righteous spirit of its founders, as to become on a sudden the most terrible, because the strongest—the least appeasable because the most selfish—and the most hopeless because the most numerous and many-headed of tyrants. Would the fathers of the Constitution have believed that this nation, which they struggled with their lives to found upon the purest principles of equity, could permit its rulers to make it, in less than a century from its establishment, a shameless and greedy conqueror? Would they have endured the reproach? would they have raised an arm in that cause, with a

prophetic knowledge of this terrible secret of futurity which has just dawned upon the minds of men?

“The Anglo-Saxon race are destined”—destined to what?—to re-assert that maxim of tyrants that might is right—that conquest is right—that there are “rights” of conquest—that the booty belongs to the slayer—that the land is his who can seize and hold it.

Yet such is certainly the fact. The party in power, acting through an Administration every way fitted for the task, are renewing the war upon Mexico, in consequence of her refusal to cede her territory, the property of her citizens. The people of the United States have a territory of their own, immense, sufficient for a population ten times larger than that which now possesses it. The people of Mexico, their neighbors, have also a territory, bordering on their own; they therefore, under a pretext, fall upon their neighbors, and after a bloody war, marching to their very capital, dictate terms of peace, conditioning for an immense and valuable tract of their neighbor's territory; and on a just and bold refusal on the part of Mexico, they renew the war, heaping injury upon injury.

After the insult offered by our government in the mission of Mr. Slidell, an insult apparently intended to exasperate the Mexicans, it was very naturally expected that the mission of Mr. Trist would partake of the same spirit and lead to the same result, the continuance of the war.

Nor has public expectation on this point fallen short of the truth. The conditions offered by our government, though softened in their effect by the commissioner, have served no other purpose than to exasperate our neighbors. In reply to the propositions of Mr. Trist, they remark: "The fourth article of the project which your Excellency was pleased to deliver to us on the 27th of August last, and which has been the subject of our latter conferences, relates to the cession, on the part of Mexico, 1st, of the State of Texas; 2d, of the territory this side the limits of that State, extending to the left bank of the Bravo and the southern frontier of New Mexico; 3d, of all New Mexico; 4th, of the Californias."

"The existing war was undertaken solely on account of the territory of Texas, respecting which the North American Republic presents, as its title, the act of said State by which it was annexed to the North American Confederation, after having proclaimed its independence of Mexico. The Mexican Republic offering, (as we have informed your Excellency) to consent, for a proper indemnification, to the pretension of the government of Washington to the territory of Texas, the cause of the war has disappeared, and the war itself ought to cease, since there is no warrant for its continuance. In the other territories mentioned in the 4th article in your Excellency's draft, no right has heretofore been asserted by the Republic of North America, nor do we believe it possible for it to assert any. Consequently it could not acquire them except by the right of conquest, or by the title which will result from the cession, or sale, which Mexico might now make. But as we are persuaded that the Republic of Washington will not only absolutely repel, but will hold in abhorrence, the first of these titles; and as on the other hand it would be a new thing, and contrary to every idea of justice, to make war upon a people for refusing to sell territory which its neighbor sought to buy; we hope from the justice of the government and the people of North America, that the ample modifications which we have to propose to the cession of territory, contemplated by the said article 4th, will not be a motive to persist in a war which the worthy general of the North American troops has styled as unnatural.

"In our conferences, we have informed your Excellency that Mexico cannot cede the tract which lies between the left bank

of the Bravo and the right of the Nueces. The reason entertained for this is not alone the full certainty that such territory never belonged to the State of Texas, nor is it founded upon the great value in the abstract which is placed upon it. It is because that tract together with the Bravo, forms the natural frontier of Mexico, both in a military and commercial sense; and the frontier of no State ought to be sought, and no State should consent to abandon its frontier. But in order to remove all cause of trouble hereafter, the Government of Mexico engages not to found new settlements nor establish colonies in the space between the two rivers; so that remaining in its present uninhabited condition, it may serve as an equal security to both Republics."

The Mexican commissioners then argue very properly, that they cannot cede the Californian Peninsula, because of its position opposite to their coasts of Sonora; and that if the Peninsula is retained, enough of Upper California must be held, to connect the Peninsula with the rest of the Mexican territory, that power being unable to keep up an efficient communication by sea, being not a maritime power. They offer, however, to treat for the cession and sale of that region, from the thirty-seventh degree upwards to Oregon; a valuable tract, containing mines, and including the much desired port of St. Francisco.

The grant of a free passage from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific, across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, having been made to a private company, and by them transferred to a European power, with the consent of Mexico, the commissioners very justly declare their inability to concede it to the United States.

To the objection of the Mexican commissioners against the cession of the Californian Peninsula, Mr. Trist seems to have turned a reasonable ear; but the cession of New Mexico was a point, it appears, so fully resolved upon by the Government of the United States, he would not refer it to his government for reconsideration. Our Executive, having violently occupied this territory, makes a point of not yielding it. "Not only sentiments of honor and delicacy," say the Mexican commissioners, "but also a calculation of interests, prevent our government from the dismemberment of New Mexico." With these reservations, the Mexican commissioners leave

open to negotiation the cession of parts of their territory by purchase, refusing at all events to acknowledge in the Government of the United States, any authority or power over any part of the territory occupied or in dispute, and showing a full sense of the unjust and barbarous character of this war between two Republics, in which the stronger means to force the weaker into a sale and sacrifice of its territorial rights.

To exhibit in a clear and unquestionable light the true character of this war, and the kind of treaty into which the Government of the United States is endeavoring to force the Mexicans, we have only to compare the above arguments and objections of the Mexican commissioners, with the conditions of peace offered by our government, through Mr. Trist.

"Article 1, of the Project of a Treaty presented by the American commissioner," is, "That there be a firm and lasting peace between the United States of America and the United Mexican States."

The only possible conditions of a firm and lasting peace, are the acknowledgment, at the outset, of all absolute rights on both sides. An unjust treaty, like that for the division of Poland, the assumption of the liberties of Cracow, the cession of territory wrested by force from a neighboring power, the compulsory sale of such a territory, on the assumption of a false principle or fictitious right, on either side, cannot, in the nature of things, become the basis of "a firm and lasting peace." The admission of bad faith into its provisions is a confession of bad faith on both sides; nor can either of the high contracting parties reproach the other, when this admitted falseness of principle appears again in the violation of the conditions: a convention to do or suffer injustice, is an irresponsible convention; a temporizing agreement between conquering robbers, or between the strong oppressor and the weak oppressed, is no moral or obligatory agreement, and will be violated, as it was conceived, on a pretence.

In establishing a firm and lasting peace with a conquered nation, it is, therefore, absolutely necessary for the conquerors to know the moral as well as the physical relations of the contracting powers; unless it is the intention of the stronger to crush and enslave the weaker.

The violation of such treaties excites no surprise, and must be looked for as a natural consequence. A treaty of the kind in question, will bear upon its face the character and principles of the stronger party, either of the immediate executive, or of the nation as a political body. If the political principles of the conquering nation be accurately represented in the powers which ratify the treaty, they will appear in the just or unjust conditions on which it is established. A barbarous and despotic polity, the fruit of an oppressive, despotic constitution, can produce only unjust and arbitrary treaties, to be violated on the first pretence. A free and liberal government, founded in equity and the equal rights of man, must originate only just and equitable treaties, accordant with the spirit which originates them. The legislature of such a government cannot authorize a treaty which violates the very essence of its constitution. The polity of these United States identifies national with individual virtue, and will not admit a double system of right and wrong, one to guide the individual, and another to guide the nation.

The fourth article of the "Project for a Treaty" relates to the boundaries, and is the most important. It is as follows:

"ART. 4. The civilizing line between the two republics shall commence at the Gulf of Mexico, three leagues from land, in front of the mouth of the Rio Grande, thence along the middle of said river to the line of New Mexico; thence westward, along the southern limit of New Mexico, to the south-west angle of the same; thence northward along the western line of New Mexico, to where the same is cut by the first branch of the river Gila, if it be not cut by any branch of said river; then to a point in said line nearest the said branch; and thence in a direct line to the same, and downward by the middle of said branch and of the river Gila, until it empties into the Rio Colorado; thence downwards by the middle of the Gulf of California, to the Pacific Ocean.

"ART. 5. Proposes remuneration, in consideration of this extension of the limits of the United States, and on conditions expressed in Article 8th, for the free passage over the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. The United States agree not only to abandon all reclamation of the costs of the war, but agree also to pay Mexico a sum of money, (amount not named,) and to assume and pay all reclamations of citizens of the United States, provided they do not exceed

three millions of dollars, which, according to a convention between the two republics held in the city of Mexico, on the 30th of January, 1843, were to have been paid by the Mexican Republic.

"ART. 8. Gives to the United States a free passage for its citizens across the isthmus, which divides the Gulf of Mexico from the Pacific, and grants them the right against all other nations except Mexico herself, of the transportation of every species of merchandise produced by or belonging to the government or citizens of the United States, by whatever means of communication may exist, free of all tolls and charges whatsoever. And if any railroad or canal shall hereafter be constructed, such tolls only shall be levied on citizens and merchandise of the United States as are levied on the same of the United Mexican States."

By this project of a treaty Mexico is invited, on penalty of a continuance of the war, to yield up all her territory north of the Rio Grande del Norte, together with the province of Santa Fé, the two Californias, and the free use of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec; and the United States, in return, offer to pay the claims of her own citizens against Mexico, provided they do not exceed three millions, to pay in addition a certain sum, to be hereafter determined, and to demand nothing for the costs of war.

The United States, by this project, admits the right of Mexico over the territories mentioned, including the strip of land between the Nueces and Bravo rivers; and offers in compensation the payment of the claim, and of a sum of money not specified. In case this is not agreed to by Mexico, the war is to be continued. Mexico on her part is willing, for the proper equivalent, to cede the territory between Oregon and the 37th deg., which includes the port of St. Francisco, a mining district, and a long line of coast, of little value to Mexico, but which might be turned to great advantage by the colonists and traders of the United States. The province of New Mexico being a part of the great table land of Anahuac, on which the capital of Mexico is itself situated, belongs naturally to the Mexican Republic. The commissioners refuse to give it up, from reasons of policy and interest as well as of honor; they cannot sacrifice their own citizens by making them over to a foreign power, nor impair their territory by yielding up an immense and valuable portion of it, connected by nature with the rest.

Though it does not lie within the limits of our present inquiry to reconsider the causes of the war, whether the government consider the acquisition of territory, at all risks, and at the sacrifice of every principle of justice, to be a measure dictated by the feeling of the nation, or of a great part of the nation; or whether the whole is an affair got up by a few Mexican and American intriguers, aiming at private advantage; or whether it be the destiny of the famous Anglo-Saxon race to be always knowing in the theory and ignorant in the practice of morals; whether with Texas we unavoidably annexed the war, or whether a just and prudent Administration would not have easily escaped it—it is nevertheless necessary to an understanding of the grounds and conditions of this treaty, to know perfectly the moral and economical relations in which we stand to Mexico, pending the present negotiations. Without such knowledge it will be clearly impossible for this nation ever to establish a "sure and lasting peace" between the two Republics.

What, then, are the conditions to be known before establishing this sure and lasting peace?

As it is difficult to conceive that such a government as ours should have undertaken a war of robbery and spoliation under the name of conquest, people amuse their imaginations with magnificent generalizations on the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race; or they talk, perhaps, of a balance of power to be maintained betwixt the North and South, as the real causes of the war. That the more immediate cause was the hasty annexation of Texas, previous to the acknowledgment of that State by Mexico, and before any just efforts had been made to satisfy her by compensation for the loss of her territory, few will be disposed to deny. It was the obvious duty of our government to have endeavored to pacify Mexico by every honorable means, before annexing the revolted State. We were not appointed umpires between Mexico and Texas, nor had any right over either; common justice, therefore, demanded a conciliatory course on our part. But now we are heaping wrong upon wrong. A forced sale is a robbery: we are forcing Mexico to a sale of such of her territory as pleases ourselves. The conduct of Texas in revolting admits of discussion; but our own is so much worse, the merest tyro in morality must see at once the injustice

of it. It was not suspected by scrupulous persons in the United States, when they condemned Texas for throwing off her allegiance, that our own government was ready to commit a wrong to which that of Texas bears no comparison, if indeed she is to be held guilty at all.

The claims of certain of our citizens against Mexico, afforded a happy opportunity for settling all disputes about territory. The poverty of the Mexicans, and a conciliatory course on the side of our government, would have led sooner or later to a sufficient acquisition of territory, if territory was needed; and now, after all the expense and losses of the war, our government offers remuneration withheld before the war. It begins by conquering the territory, and then offers to buy it; it first asserts its right, and then wishes to have it ratified by a sale; finally, by this very offer of remuneration to Mexico, it destroys all the pretexts of the war, and proves itself to have committed an immense and deliberate wrong. If the territory is ours, it is ours, and Mexico cannot sell it to us; if it belongs to Mexico, we cannot force her to a sale of it without committing a wrong greater than robbery, as it adds insult to deprivation.

Among the immediate causes of the war, the most obvious was the occupation of the land between the Nueces and the Rio Bravo. It was not known that this territory belonged to Texas; on the contrary the whole world understood it to be Mexican territory; it was so understood in Texas: nor does our government rest its claim to this territory upon any special ground; it has offered remuneration for all the territory within the proposed boundary line, without claiming one part above another. If we had a right to the territory between the rivers, we should not have offered remuneration for it: the making such an offer proves that there was no right. But even admitting, what we shall not admit, that this territory had been a part of Texas, it was at least in dispute, and by first occupying, and then offering to force a sale of the disputed tract, we commit a wrong of no less magnitude, than in the naked occupation of a country not pretended to be our own.

The view taken by the Administration seems to have been, that having annexed a State with uncertain limits, which had been endeavoring to enlarge its own limits, and which was also in a condition of latent or open war, it needed but a pretext,

to escape the necessity of consulting Mexico as to the boundary, and might take advantage of the war to add as much territory as was convenient. It is not our intention to add any new, to many irresistible arguments, for believing that there was an intention, on the part of the instigators of the precipitate annexation of Texas, to carry out the war. Contending for the right of annexation in the abstract, which was a disputable point, they skillfully hid their designs under a veil of patriotism: the people could not understand why the free State of Texas, inhabited by men of their own race and language, in fact by citizens of the United States, who had fought bravely for their liberties, should not enjoy the protection of the Union. Meanwhile, the party opposed to annexation suffered themselves to be driven into an abstraction, into the denial of an abstract right, the right of annexation, while they lost sight of the real, vital point, namely, the annexation of a war of conquest and spoliation. Thus, as in other instances, the cunning of the dishonest contrivers, took advantage of the simplicity of the honest opposers of the scheme—the people were deceived—good men and just throughout the country were miserably deceived into a support of the war. Our country's honor and good faith, freemen of America!—our own reputation for sagacity, and the station which we held in the foremost rank of the great reform party of the world, has been totally lost, sacrificed—because you, in your simplicity, suffered yourselves to be driven to the abstract question, which none but lawyers were able to solve, and none but lawyers to understand when solved: You opposed annexation in the abstract—you lost your cause, necessarily; for it was not the annexation of a free State inhabited by American citizens, which could be opposed, but the annexation of a wicked war of robbery and spoliation, that should have fixed your attention, to the total exclusion of all other considerations. The Administration should have been forced to pacify Mexico and fix the boundary by all honorable means, even by the sacrifice of a large sum of money and the trouble of a tedious negotiation, before it was permitted so much as to talk of annexation: when the boundary was determined, there would have been time enough for the discussion of the abstract question. But, said the partisans of the war, with a smile of scorn and self-

satisfied cunning, you would not suffer your poor unfortunate brothers and fellow citizens in Texas, to fall before the exterminating hosts of Mexico; perhaps you will consider the question—perhaps it was your duty, as people of the same home and race, as brothers, for better or worse, to save them. If you do not adopt them and their war, some other power will do so. England or France would gladly seize the occasion to add a viceroyalty to their dominions; and could the blood of the Anglo-Saxons endure that?

What then should have been the course of those whose hearts were patriotically affected toward Texas, when they saw the citizens of that State in danger of extermination? Granting the existence of such a danger, was that a time to hatch schemes of conquest, and greedily clutch at new territory? Was not our duty simple and obvious—to pacify Mexico by a judicious negotiation, with a show of military force along the Texan limits, and a commissioner to settle a new boundary; to purchase, by the resignation of claims, the land between the Nueces and Bravo; and if the coast of California and the province of New Mexico were wanted, to purchase them too? The war promises to cost \$100,000,000; would they have cost more than that? "But Mexico was in a bad humor, fretted and exasperated by the loss of Texas." Admit her bad humor so excessive that not even 100,000,000 to an exhausted treasury, nor the handsomest treatment in the world, could pacify her, which no man in his senses will believe, did it show any admirable quality in ourselves, that we seized the occasion of her bad humor to be in a worse? and because she would not give up a part of her territory, to go about to seize the whole of it?

We seem to understand too well the feelings of the real movers and contrivers of this war, to address any remonstrance to them. They have the glory with their fellow citizens and with posterity, of committing this country to the hugest piece of folly and injustice of modern times—a piece of injustice and absurdity which will bear no comparison with any others of its kind.

In comparing the movements of European sovereigns against the liberties of Poland, Italy and Greece, or in considering wars of conquest in general, from those of Sesostris and Alexander down to those of Napoleon and the Autocrat of Russia, we

find in them no violation of any great principle of state: the constitutions of these conquered countries, and those of the conquerors, rested either upon guarantees, compromises, or the will of a sovereign; and never on the acknowledged rights of man, and justice of God. A war of conquest undertaken by Russia, violates no principle known or acknowledged by Russia. The sole principle of that land is a declaration of the will of the Autocrat. A conquest undertaken by Napoleon, was not inconsistent with any principle supported by Napoleon or his party: the glory and the power of France lay in his breast; he acknowledged no power out of himself; he claimed for his own, every life and property in his dominions; he acknowledged no right but might, and no moral but policy.

But how is it with ourselves? is might our right, and policy our moral? or may we turn to our declaration of freedom, for a principle, that human liberty, and if possible, a divine equity, must actuate every movement of our State, and pervade its body and its conduct like an inspiring soul? How grossly, then, and for the first time in our glorious history, have we abused this sacred principle—departed from this holy usage of our fathers, to degrade ourselves among despotisms!

The States of this Union, as they are founded in principles the most elevated that human nature can attain, as they are an union of private and State liberties with equality of rights, are bound in their treatment of foreign nations to observe a conduct dictated by the principles to which they owe their existence. If the properties and liberties of our own, then the properties and liberties of the citizens of other nations, must be held also inviolable. If the States of this Union claim a perfect independence and equality, each in their own limits, the States of other Republics must be admitted to the same equality. If the nation claim the public domain by an indefeasible right, they must accord the same right to other nations, especially Republics, over their domain.

If, on the contrary, each citizen of the Union considers himself as holding his property from his State on sufferance, and at the will of the government,—if he regards his life as subject to the will of a superior power,—if the States of the Union look upon themselves as enduring but a little while, like a disreputable chartered company, liable to dissolution,—

if the citizens of the nation look upon themselves as subject to the autocracy of the States, and liable to be severed from the protection of the whole by the will of a part,—and no wrong done,—why, then, it were difficult indeed—with no private or public rights, no liberty, no nationality, no State—all floating in a godless chaos of accident and policy—it were then hard indeed, for even the true man to find a reason, and say why wars of robbery and conquest should not be pursued by this Union. But, thanks to God and our fathers, it is not so; we have light to guide us—a greater than the light of experience—namely, the light of principle—by whose rays if we abide, the Power from which they emanate will make us fortunate and powerful.

An argument is set up by the defenders and instigators of this war, which betrays more clearly than any other, the nature of their designs. They tell us that we must claim a territory from Mexico as indemnity for the costs of war—for the costs of this war, which we ourselves have carried into Mexico. It cannot be forgotten, however, that the first steps of the war, on the part of our government, were the seizure of the territory between the two rivers, and the occupation of California. These territories, and as much else as can be acquired, are claimed by our government as indemnity for "costs of war;" we must be paid with the booty we have seized, for the expense and trouble of seizing it!

A strong man enters your house, lays hands upon your furniture, and carries it away; you claim it as your own; he admits it was yours, but insists upon retaining it for the trouble of seizing and bearing it off.

Desiring to possess a piece of territory, you enter with an armed troop, and take possession. The true owner puts in his claim. "Sir," you reply, "if I had not known the value of this territory, I should not have been at all this expense and vexation in seizing it; its value is a little less than the costs and trouble; I must retain it in part payment." The argument is like that from rights of conquest.

On this foundation rest all "rights of conquest," that the stronger has ejected the weaker. The line that divides these rights from all others acknowledged by civilized nations, is deeply and clearly

drawn; it is the line which divides truth from falsehood, right from wrong, security from insecurity, prosperity from ruin, the life and power of a nation, from its rapid corruption and decay. There is no need now for an appeal to history for testimony to the evil fruits of these rights of conquest: we *know* to what ends they look in the present instance—what vicious influences they are meant to foster and sustain—what ulcers in the body of the State they are invented to enlarge and stimulate.

The West, composed in part of a raw, undisciplined population, ignorant of the rights and duties of the citizen—ignorant of the true grounds of liberty—sustain in that population a party and a doctrine that subverts the Constitution, and with it the freedom of the citizen.

The South, burthened with the care and discipline of slaves, contracts despotic notions from the business to which it has been educated. Hence is produced in its society, a party who either proclaim the doctrine of conquest, or incline to it in a suspected silence.

Northern Radicalism, knowing no law but the will of the many, joins with that party in the South which repels constitutional control, in support of their common doctrine that power confers right—that there are rights of conquest.

Nor is that other pretext of tyranny less congenial to the restless spirit of this "League against principles,"—that the present inability of a State to govern its subjects, authorizes a stronger power, better organized, to step in and seize upon the government. It was but lately that Austria, the model despotism of Europe, threatened intervention between the Pope of Rome and his subjects, if the least inability appeared in him to control their revolutionary movements.

The words of Austria were, that she would "consider Pius IX. as incompetent," should he fail to restore order in his dominions." In the same meddling spirit the Jacobins of the Revolution interfered in the affairs of every adjoining nation, and either by intrigue, treachery, or force, "annexed" them to their transient republic.

But why, if we believe in rights of conquest, and have the arms and power in our hands, need we resort to this miserable pretext? Would it not discover in us a wiser, not to say a more generous and heroic spirit, openly to seize upon

such territory and such states as lie convenient, grounding all upon the sure foundation of a conquest, rather than expose ourselves to the necessity of resigning these same provinces or other provinces, when that fast-approaching day shall have arrived which is to discover our own incompetence to govern justly and efficiently? Dare we put this terrible argument from incompetency into the mouths of those disorganizers, who are ready to believe in our incompetency as a nation to do justice to our own citizens—glad to believe that already a disruptive line is forming between the North and South—a line to divide brother from brother, friend from friend—which, if it deepens so far as to break the strong bands of the Constitution, must throw the southern half of this continent upon its own resources? Let us beware of this argument from incompetency; it admits a breadth of construction to which no limits can be found. Suppose it advances that a State unable to protect the lives of its citizens and the sanctity of its courts, is incompetent: who can say to what constructions the growing power of the nation, lodged in the hands of an autocratic Executive, might choose to stop? To advance this argument, were to strike at the existence of the commonwealth.

The right of self-government has been established in these United States as a sacred, inviolable right. To detach the towns and provinces of a neighboring nation, by any but the most regular and legitimate agreements, in which the inhabitants of such towns and provinces must at least seem to bear a part, would be an act not only unconstitutional, but in violation of the spirit and polity of the nation. Yet we are told of conquests in Mexico, and of future annexations of the conquered people. Ideas of glory and prosperity are thrown forward as a veil over the system that pursues these conquests; founded, though they be, on principles which must render the system of this government as rotten and insecure as the worst of those which have been set up against the honor and liberties of mankind. People are industriously instructed in a doctrine of conquest, and led to imagine that a country conquered is a country possessed.

That a powerful League against principles, which calls itself by names of liberty usurped,—that the party within a

party that has been so long industriously undermining all virtue and good government; that this party, distinguished for a self-perpetuating power as active and procreative as the motives to which it appeals—by which it lives—motives drawn from the subtlest errors of the breast, and grounded in that socially salutary, but in the state corrupting, influence, the despotism of the many; that this party, or that elder brother of it, whose error, the fear of the few, breeds in the close circles of a state-autocracy;—should support and propagate a doctrine of rights of conquest against rights of man, will excite no surprise in the minds of close observers of events, much less of those who trace the changes of the age to no extrinsic or accidental causes, but to such as lie in the spirit of man.

It has been remarked by some statesmen, that the liberty of the citizen is much more difficult to defend than the liberty of the State. It is easier for a power organized, and in few hands, to defend itself, than for the unprotected citizen, who trusts in the justice of his cause and the respect of his equals. It is, therefore, the peculiar excellence of the system of our government, that it begins with recognizing the rights and freedom of the citizen; and upon this, as upon a model, constructs the State and the Nation. Thus, in the first law and vital center of our polity, we exclude all "rights" derived from violence.

Nor are our notions so contracted that we cannot recognize the true foundation of this principle in the moral necessities of man. The wish is continually expressed by liberal parties in the nation, that the privileges we enjoy may be extended to all mankind; the fall of despotism is predicted, to be followed by an extension of freedom to all nations sufficiently enlightened to enjoy it. Those who predict these things would scorn to be thought robbers or barbarians; they are grieved to the soul to find the Republic engaged in a war every way unworthy of its spirit, a war fit only to be instigated and defended by the followers of a conquering despot, who holds the lives, the property and government of men at the disposal of the strongest: the friends of the nation and its constitution dare not set up this unnatural and barbarous claim of conquest, lest their institutions be cast in their teeth, and the weakness of inconsistency become a reproach to

them. They believe that our international must agree with our political principles, and that the seizure of the property of a neighboring State, is no less a wrong, if done by the nation, than the seizure of a private estate would be, if done by an individual. They do not believe that organization, premeditation and pretexts, diminish in the least the injustice of a conquest, or confer the shadow of a right where none existed before the conquest.

Nor can they admit the use of that other favorite phrase of inequity, that there are "reasons of State;" for this nation, by the foundation of its government in absolute rights, has denied the existence of all reasons not consonant with those rights.

Our government is an organ for the expression and execution of justice, and for the defence of the liberties of the whole; and the political education of a true citizen compels him to regard right and wrong as the same in all transactions, whether public or private; as he regards the light of the sun as the same in species and effect with the light of any private fire.

The advocates and instigators of the war represent to the people, that through their government and armies, they have conquered an immense territory; and then, without farther comment, they talk of this territory as having been added to the public domain; as if the word "conquest" implied this addition, and the establishment of a title. Now, as right to possess is one thing, and right to govern is another, it will be necessary to consider, whether either of these rights can be acquired by conquest, under our constitution and polity.

No man will pretend to discover in the constitution, any clause which gives the government of this nation the power of seizing and possessing the property of individuals in neighboring states. War overleaps all bounds, and sacrifices everything to its immediate purpose, the defeat or destruction of the enemy. But the property of the citizen of a state at war with us, cannot be retained after the conclusion of a peace, unless it be specially included in a treaty, and by the acquiescence of all the parties; but property seized upon by violence, or made over by a forced agreement, remains essentially in the original owner, and by the laws of nature and of nations, he may recover his rights by force.

The same law applies to the seizure of public domain: it remains vested essentially in the nation which has lost the immediate possession of it by conquest or a forced agreement, and may be lawfully recovered by violence at the first opportunity. But, if private property or public domain be regularly ceded by the consent of both parties, and for a fair equivalent, not forced, then it would be an offence demanding chastisement, for the party ceding the territory to reclaim it, or occupy it by a force. There are, therefore, no rights of conquest under the polity of this nation, nor is possession by a forced ceding, after conquest, other than a holding by violence, against all law and all rights.

But if neither public nor private property can be acquired by conquest, can the right to govern be so acquired? Can that precious privilege of the citizen, the choice of his rulers, be wrested from him under such a polity as ours? Can we, without a suicidal desertion of our principles, permit a neighboring State to be wrested from the political body to which it has united itself in free suffrage, and be affixed to our own, without consideration of the will of its citizens?

It is impossible to admit, under any form, this title by conquest, either to property, or to the right to govern, since property is not acquired by force, and the right to govern flows from the will of the citizen.

Men may agree to consider things as right which are not right, as in the division of a spoil; and claims may be set up of a merely relative character, as when it is agreed that persons engaged in a piratical expedition shall divide equally. The members of the expedition have established a law among themselves which constitutes relative rights, though none of them have any absolute rights; but our government is professedly founded upon absolute rights, and not upon the conventions of a band of conquering robbers.

To recapitulate in brief the moral conditions that must be known before it will be possible to establish a firm and lasting peace:

1. It cannot be forgotten that Mexico should have been pacified by every honorable means, before the annexation. We insulted her while smarting under a fresh wound, and cannot prefer against her the charge of pertinacity and surliness, with-

out blaming at the same time our own rashness and injustice.

2. The claims of our citizens against Mexico gave an opportunity for a favorable settlement of the boundary; that opportunity was lost by neglect, or passed over by intention; in either case, the unwillingness of Mexico to pay these claims, may be well accounted for, not only by her absolute poverty and wretched anarchy at the time, but by the just suspicion which she entertained of our designs.

3. To insist upon the tract of country between the Nueces and the Bravo would show a pertinacity on our part not at all consonant with dignity. It was the occupation of this territory which gave occasion to the war; it therefore argues no desire on the part of our government for a "firm and lasting peace," to insist upon this territory to the dishonor of our neighbor. The country on the northern bank of the Bravo is not naturally a part of Texas, and the river Bravo would be a movable boundary of encroachment, and not a line for the establishment of a sound and lasting peace.

As for California, our deliberate occupation of that territory by an armed force does not establish the least right or title to it on our part. We are bound to satisfy Mexico in the purchase of it. Her voluntary offer, made without fear or favor, is to negotiate for that part of it which includes the port of St. Francisco, the head waters of the Colorado, and a part of New Mexico; a boundary which brings the line of territory of the United States down to the 37th parallel. Though we might look forward in a long order of events to the future purchase and cession of other portions of territory from Mexico, we cannot at this juncture take advantage of our enemy to drive an unjust bargain. The spirited conduct of Mexico in refusing Mr. Trist's conditions, at her peril, might teach us better to respect her rights, since it shows that she perfectly understands them. Nor will she forget, even in the event of her yielding to a superior force, that rights on both sides remain just where they were before the war.

5. We cannot exact anything from Mexico under the name of costs of war; we cannot therefore make a merit in our conditions of peace of not making reclamations for such costs.

6. That her government is tumultuary and irregular is no more an argument for

the subjugation of Mexico, than for the establishment of a territorial government in a State of the Union, because such a State has shown an inability to protect its own citizens against assassination. The inability of Mexico is no more to be considered, than the inability of Italy or the Sublime Porte, or of any other nation in any part of the globe.

Such are at least the moral conditions of the looked-for Treaty. It is not to be denied that other conditions and arguments of a power equal to their vagueness and apparent wisdom, are advanced by the instigators of this war. We have been warned that the increasing power of the West already endangers the balance of the Compromise. The Constitution, established by the nation when slavery was suffering a rapid extinction in the North, left to each State the sacred privilege of establishing in its own good time, the best order for society. It was believed that the interests of the South would soon induce her to adopt the course pursued by the North. But it has happened differently. The immense increase of manufactures, and the depression of production in other parts of the world, has continued to make the labor of slaves in the production of the three great staples of slavery, sufficiently profitable to insure its continuance. The cultivators of cotton, sugar and rice, have thought it impossible to change their system and conform to the genius and polity of the nation, without ruin to their private interests. Against an opposition, violent and often fanatical, they think they have no alternative, but to support themselves by maintaining a balance of power in the legislature.

But, admitting the foresight and prudence of such legislators, would it not put a better face upon their cause, would it not have been a surer and more judicious enterprise on their part, to have moved for the purchase of the territory for which they are now contending?

Those of their statesmen who opposed the war on principle, notwithstanding their anxiety to add territory, will much more refuse to ratify an injurious treaty founded upon the war.

In the North and West, on the other hand, a species of argument unusual if not new in the history of political motives, has sustained the party in favor of the war, and given it a certain spurious dignity. It may raise a blush upon the face of an honest patriot, to hear that

"the inevitable destiny of our race and nation" is referred to by unthinking persons, as a reflection able to give dignity and credit to this war of robbery and extortion. We are to believe that it is the inevitable destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race to overrun and ruin its neighbors, without reason and without need. If this be our destiny, may Heaven avert it! The accurate historian, commenting upon this remarkable argument, will have to class it among the worst of those speculative delusions which have infested modern nations. The crime of our ambition finds an argument in destiny; the sorcerers of the press have foretold it, and like the mad Macbeth we hasten to realize a dream of glory, by the perpetration of a crime. Our conscience is seared by prosperity; we have forgotten, or never learned, the modes in which that power "whose law executes itself," must visit us; when by the desertion of *principle* in the great affairs of this nation, we have taken away the palladium of our freedom; wrested from its place and thrown overboard the helm that guided us; obscured by reversed prayers and conjurations the star of our course, and committed ourselves to the mercy of a maelstrom: should this iniquitous war go on unproved by the voice of the nation. Should a treaty, violating the laws of God and man, of nature and of nations, be concluded with our neighbor, it needs no inspired prophet to predict the ruin of this nation—be it far or near, it matters not—it must come.

Is it not certain, that if this war continues to be popular with so large a body of the nation as now sustain it, a new direction will be given in future to the efforts of the Executive; that the spirit of conquest, which, once planted in a nation and connected with the national glory, urges it constantly onward toward glory and corruption, can never be extinguished but by the united and early efforts of all true patriots; and that if now they slacken their exertions, to foster and gratify this spirit, so potent in a fierce and brave people, will become in future the only road to popularity; that the direction so given will not limit itself to the continent or the islands, but being in its nature boundless and overflowing, will reach out into all climates and mix itself in the affairs of the world?

The polity of the nation, that system of principles and aims which continues to guide and urge it from the first moment

of its existence to its final subsidence and decay—which shapes its constitutions and its laws—must lie, if it have any origin or seat, in the moral temper of the people, as they are marked by nature. Admitting the power of education, there is behind and above that power, a something superior, call it what we will, which appears not so much in the present tone and behavior, as in the ultimate aims of men, which rough-hews the purposes that are shaped by circumstance, and marks the whole of life with a character of good or ill. If there is any destiny to be known, then, for this nation, it must be by a clear perception of its moral aims, judging these by its history in the past. Both the Norman and the Saxon nations, from which we are the mixed descendants, discovered always a generosity and courage of the most heroic stamp; but our Norman ancestors were of a more adventurous spirit, unscrupulous and lovers of power: if from either, then, from them we should inherit an unlimited ambition; yet never irreligious or tyrannical; carefully sheltering itself under the sanctions of religion and law. The Saxons, on the contrary, neither in Germany nor England, ever discovered an aspiring and ambitious spirit. Their virtues, though manly, were yet domestic; their institutions rested on liberty and a natural instinct of justice, superior to that of any nation that has yet existed. The lesson of their laws and maxims changed the constitution of the Norman feudality. Thus, the history of England presents the phenomenon of a nation divided between two powers of the most opposite character, the love of liberty and justice, and the love of foreign dominion. The native virtue of the people required a legal or religious sanction for every effort toward aggrandizement; so that, in the history of British aggrandizement, we see the conscience of the people following and covering up the foot-marks of its ambition.

The manly virtues of the Saxons, their justice, their prudence, and their love of liberty, have established our laws and freedom; but of what race or origin are these instigators of unjust wars? They carry out a destiny not Saxon, surely. Or, what blood is this in our veins which maintains among us institutions and principles at variance with liberty—which converts our Executive into a despot—which corrupts the nation by patronage—which, by hindering education, perpetuates the worst of manners—

which casts contempt upon sacred things, fills the heart with vanity, and the imagination with lies—which, in a word, for the voice of God in history and the law, substitutes a shout of a multitude or a vote of a corrupted election? Is this the Anglo-Saxon blood? or is it a taint—a fever—a corruption, instigated, flattered, and controlled by that still living, still active ambition, that, in the bosom of a few, inflames and deludes the multitude?

The polity of this nation, derived from a generous and liberal ancestry, should incline to no barbarous system of conquest, violating the laws of nature and of nations. England, in her most ambitious days, never discovered such a polity; she sheltered her worst designs behind pretexts of religion or of honor: but with us this polity of conquest threatens to burst into actions the most flagrant; we are already rivaling the nations of antiquity, to whom the words “stranger” and “enemy” were the same in meaning.

Hitherto, our foreign relations have been defensive; our polity has not endured the test of prosperity; its final and most important traits are not thoroughly developed: yet, as it must grow out of the past and present of our existence, and our institutions are still of a mixed character, admitting in one part liberty and even license among all classes, and in the other, depressing and despotically governing a servile class, it is impossible to predict or even to guess at the future. The political principles of men are formed by their domestic education. If the North shall hereafter produce an inferior population of operatives, in whom liberty is a thing endured, and not a power exercised—if the South, to defend herself against the growing power of the West, introduces into the councils of the nation principles and practices adverse to liberty and justice—if men of virtue in all parts sink into apathy, and neglect that indispensable party organization which alone can keep alive a patriotic enthusiasm,—the day will go by, the opportunity be lost, and the evil principle remain triumphant.

How far, if we adopt it and pursue it, will this principle conduct us? The great interests of the nation—slave-holding, agriculture, fisheries, commerce and manufactures—each have their claims to be extended. The South must add Texas and New Mexico; the West is hardly

satisfied with California; the North could turn Canada to good account; the fisheries would be more profitable were they exclusively ours. The ships of France and England limit, in a sensible manner, the enterprises of our merchants. We want the market of China and Java for our cotton goods. Cuba and Jamaica lie convenient for slave products. Gold and silver would be much more abundant were the mines of Mexico ours. All the great interests must be extended for your sakes, ye liberal traders and most honest farmers! We must violate all laws, human and divine; we must become a rapacious, a warlike, a conquering nation.

Contemplating this future, we behold all seas covered by our fleets; our garrisons hold the most important stations of commerce; an immense standing army maintains our possessions; our traders have become the richest, our demagogues the most powerful, and our people the most corrupt and flexible in the world.

It cannot be forgotten that the whole of this system of ruinous aggrandizement which we are entering upon—the whole of this system of extension by conquest, is based upon a denial of the fundamental principle of the Republic, the principle of equality and liberty—of equal rights and State rights: not only men, but nations, by virtue of our Declaration, are free and equal; rights are inviolable. By adopting a system which violates rights in regard to other nations, we destroy the obligations of our rulers to observe them in regard to ourselves.

If the Senate of the Union ratifies treaties which violate the principles upon which the whole system of the government is established, they create a precedent which can never be set aside; they plant a disease in that unwritten but more real Constitution—the “Polity of the Nation,”—which no act of posterity can ever heal.

It cannot be overlooked by those who are accustomed to observe the working of precedents and principles in the affairs of life, that a principle conceded in one point, is practically conceded in all. If we concede a right of conquest over other nations, we concede it over our own; if over nations, then also over individuals; if between our rulers and a foreign people, then between our rulers and ourselves. We have based our rights upon violence—destroyed their authenticity—pushed aside the Constitution—and put

the sword and the purse in the hands of an irresponsible Executive.

What then follows? An immense national debt—deep taxation—a steady augmentation and extension of the central power—corrupt elections—the rapid

waste of the public funds—neglect of all improvements—moral fanaticism roused and irritated to action—civil war—and that last and greatest of evils, the disunion of the States.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

To reduce any art to a perfect system of rules, it is necessary to have a clear and certain experience of that art: as, for example, in the art of Painting, we cannot lay down rules for the production of any species of work, until we are first familiar with the work itself, and have either produced it ourselves, or seen others produce it. No man is wise before his time, or without experience.

Nations would seem to be placed in a fearful predicament if the above is true; for if State affairs are to be learned by experience in State affairs, unhappy are the people: the State must be played upon, and practiced over and over, till it is thoroughly out of tune, in order that rulers may gain wisdom.

To escape this terrible consequence, have those then who aspire to guide the nation no resource?

The principles of things, says Lord Bacon, are best studied in the minuter parts of nature. The study of a single plant gives us a knowledge of the whole species, including an infinite number of individuals. The study of a few crystals unfolds the total science of crystallography. The composition of one perfect picture develops all the rules of art. In the common practice of morality, we learn all the virtues, faults and prejudices of men. The economy of a private property teaches the value and use of property in general. The economy of the State, according to the author already quoted, is only a private economy expanded; the same principles obtain in both: there is, in fine, a quality of human reason, which, in trifling affairs and minute matters, discovers principles by which it is afterward able to comprehend and control the greatest that imagination can conceive.

If the principles of legislation vary with the numbers of the people, legisla-

tion would become impossible: such, however, is not the fact; he who can legislate for five, under given circumstances, can legislate for five millions under the same circumstances. He who knows the moral effects of poverty or wealth on a few, knows its effects on the nation. He who can observe the effects of manufacture, agriculture, commerce, or mining, in a village of a hundred persons, can predict its influence on a hundred thousand such villages.

It seems certain, from these considerations, that the principles and practice of the legislative art may and must be learned in a great measure from private experience and observation, at least so far as the present condition of the age and nation can teach it.

However plain or common-place these remarks may seem to some persons, it is certain that in most ages and nations, two different kinds of morality and economy have been in use, one adapted to State affairs, and another to the duties and business of private life.

It seems to have been very commonly understood among politicians and legislators, that in public matters they were bound to consult expediency, and in private, only justice; which seems to render it very doubtful whether legislation has been usually learned as an art by the method, just described, of private observation. The philosophic Hobbes considered that virtues were not natural to men at all, but in a manner forced upon them by the Church and the laws; a theory which accounts very well, if it be true, for the neglect of morality in public affairs, there being no universal Church or Court of Nations sufficiently authoritative to regulate legislators and prime ministers, who therefore remain in the original savage state.

Since, however, it has come to be be-

lieved that the laws of nature are universal, that light, heat and gravitation differ not from themselves in the earth or moon, or even in the sun or fixed stars, it is to be hoped that this science and art of legislation and politics will feel the beneficial influence of the modern philosophy, and the fact be at length admitted that moral laws are as universal as those of an inferior nature, and that honesty does not differ from honesty, or falsehood from falsehood in any sphere of human action, or in the conduct of affairs of any magnitude, though they be those of the nation itself. In such an event it may perhaps follow, that political knowledge will become attainable by private citizens, and that subtle and ingenious fabrication of a State morality be done away, like the Ptolemaic system.

Those who have observed the posture of affairs in this country, might find a useful exercise of mind, in comparing

their present state with the condition they might have attained, if conducted by a more modern theory and art. Of the skill and courage of our rulers and legislators there can be no doubt: it is not these, but their philosophy, which seems to be at fault. Involved in a complicated system of interests, balance of power, weight of opinion, compromises, necessities of State, "cycle in epicycle, orb in orb," they move at once pity and terror: their task is not merely, like Atlas, to support the world, but to support it at a point removed from its centre of gravity; with all their toil and striving, it rushes prone, and brings ruin in the fall. Let us hope, meanwhile, that the day is not far distant when the private character of this nation shall really and effectually sway its public councils, and private morality and economy be identified in popular opinion with the morality and economy of the State.

AVELINE.

Love me dearly—love me dearly with your heart and with your eyes:
Whisper all your sweet emotions, as they blushing, gushing rise.
Throw your soft white arms about me, say you cannot live without me;
Say you are my Aveline,—say that you are only mine:
That you cannot live without me, young and rosy Aveline,

Love me dearly, dearly, dearly, speak your love-words silver-clearly,
So I may not doubt thus early of your fondness, of your truth.
Press, oh! press your throbbing bosom, warmly, closely to my own.
Fix your kindling eyes on mine, say you live for me alone.
While I fix my eyes on thine,
My lovely, trusting, artless, plighted—plighted, trusting Aveline.

Love me dearly, love me dearly, radiant dawn upon my gloom;
Like a young star shining clearly, my benighted heart illumine.
Tell me 'Life has yet a glory, 'tis not all an idle story.'
As a gladden'd vale in noonlight, as a wearied lake in moonlight,
Let me in thy love recline.
Show me life has yet a splendor in my tender Aveline.

Love me dearly, dearly, dearly, with your heart and with your eyes;
Whisper all your sweet emotions, as they gushing, blushing rise.
Throw your soft white arms around me, say you *liv'd not* till you found me—
Say it, say it Aveline; whisper you are only mine;
That you cannot live without me, as you throw your arms about me,
As I press my lips to thine,—
That you cannot live without me, young and rosy Aveline.

Z. Y.

FOREIGN IMMIGRATION:

ITS NATURAL AND EXTRAORDINARY CAUSES; ITS CONNECTION WITH THE FAMINE IN IRELAND, AND SCARCITY IN OTHER COUNTRIES.

SINCE the first day of January, 1846, nearly two hundred and seventy-five thousand immigrants have landed in the city of New-York. This may seem a startling announcement; especially to those, who, remote from this great emporium, rarely lay aside the engrossing labors of a profession or of business, or the more quiet pursuits of the scholar, to inquire into the causes of the social and political evils which disturb society. But whenever the ordinary channels of business or commerce are suddenly and greatly swollen, all inquire the cause. It must in some way relate to the first wants of our physical condition. This cause has been recently brought into existence, or it has existed unperceived, and its force has gradually accumulated, till felt in every direction in which these channels thread the country. It is so with some classes of evil; and if the one, or the other, is made the subject of national and police legislation, it is matter of deep interest, to know to what extent the natural or permanent order of things has caused it.

The transportation of emigrants has become an important branch of business in the merchant vessels of our Atlantic cities. Large shipping houses are each season employing from twenty to thirty first-class vessels, and the tide of emigration is this year setting towards the United States, in a degree unparalleled in the history of the country. The causes of this are both natural and extraordinary. We use the term natural, not in its primitive sense, but as expressive of the ordinary and permanent condition of things which causes emigration. The first is always apparent; the latter will sometimes be seen and felt with terrible force, and again it will exist unseen, and only as the offspring of the keen and sharp-eyed rapacity of man. Never have these causes been as active as now; for while famine and disease have well nigh decimated one nation, and scarcity and want have pressed hard on others; there are those who, under the mask of mercy, use the facilities which these calamities afford them, to add to their gains.

We consider first the natural or perma-

nent causes, and secondly the extraordinary; the evidences of the combined forces of which are to be seen in the increasing and almost alarming demand upon our legal and other systems of public charity.

Two natural or permanent causes have long existed.

The first of these, is the depressed normal condition of the poorer classes throughout Europe. Their normal, or organic social state, moral and physical, is, and has been, low in the scale of human existence. One of the cardinal principles of that immortal instrument which declared us a free people, is, that all men have equal, inalienable rights in personal liberty, and in the acquisition and use of property. Every definition of property with us, therefore, must of necessity imply the idea of free agency. But with these classes in Europe, the possession of what is called property leaves no man free to act. The very nature and policy of government forbid it. The exactions upon him are too great, unchanging and constant. That liberty which our own Magna Charta holds sacred the subject of every nation will desire. This desire and its enjoyment have a higher paternity than the law which controls him; and any inequality in its exercise under the same government must become, in every sense, oppressive and destructive to those in whom it is abridged.

We have but to look into the conditions under which the lower classes of most of the nations of the old world hold land and other property, and to become familiar with the operation of their poor-laws, to discover a fearful amount of physical and moral degradation. It will sicken the heart of even the coldest philanthropy. There is no longer wanting a reason for the iron rule of monarchy. It proves its necessity, as no logic can do it, to prevent this depression from breaking out into open disorder and revolution. In many of the northern nations—Russia, Denmark, Norway and Sweden—there has been less of failure in the operation of poor-laws, nor has their administration produced enormous frauds and vast expense, as in Great Britain, simply because

their lowest subjects have been kept secure in a more perfect state of servitude. Those who receive aid from government, lose all right to property; cannot contract marriage while receiving relief, nor marry until they have given security that their future family shall not become chargeable. If married, they lose the control of their children, and can neither choose their residence or occupation. In most of these countries it is the abiding policy to impose upon the marriage contract such pre-requisites as will effectually prevent a redundant population. In all of them there is depression, but in none does the condition of the lower classes so fully illustrate it, as in the history of the English poor-laws. We examine them in this aspect. No subject of greater moment, viewed in its length and breadth, has ever occupied the British Parliament. It has embraced an important part of its deliberations during a period of five centuries. From laws of mere convenience to protect gentlemen and noblemen in their power to hold and control domestic and menial labor, they had grown to a colossal structure, whose advance, at the time of their modification in 1834, all the wisdom and strength of the government could scarcely check.

The history of these laws is naturally divided into four periods, in each of which they were marked by some distinct change, and the entire history by a gradual change from the most cruel tyranny to a much abused but humane form of aid to the poor. The first extended through two centuries and a half, from the 23d of Edward III., 1349, to the 43d of Elizabeth, 1601; the second, nearly a century and a quarter—from Elizabeth to the 9th George I., 1722; the third, a little more than a century, from George I. to the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834; and the fourth, from this noted Act to the present time.

There was a period in the history of the British nation, in the early part of the 13th century, when its laboring population began to assert their birthright of freedom. From this there grew up an amount of change in service and competition for higher wages, which was exceedingly inconvenient to the nobility and gentry of the country. The object of the first act—in the 23d year of the reign of Henry III.—the origin of the poor-law, was to control all domestic and agricultural labor by the iron hand of the law. It fixed the rate of wages; it forbade a

change of abode, and all attempts to seek a new place of service, under the severest penalties.

A few years elapsed, and it branded the laborer for every offence, and imposed a fine of \$50 upon the sheriff who neglected to deliver up the offender. In 1388, the 12th of Richard II., was passed the first act which contained any element of the present poor-law of England. It was the first which distinguished between the impotent and able-bodied poor. The old and infirm poor were confined to the places they occupied on the passage of the act. If not there provided for, they were in forty days to be carried to the places of their birth to dwell during life. This act, however, simply assumed their support; it gave no legal claim to charity. It confirmed previous acts, and to the penalty of branding added imprisonment. Agricultural laborers then formed four-fifths of the population of England, and had the provisions of the law been strictly enforced, they would have become as truly the *ascripti glebe* of the land, as the most degraded among Polish serfs. These acts continued for a half-century, to 1405. In the 7th year of Henry IV. the iron chains which had bound the poor became still more galling. No man could now apprentice his son to a trade, whose income as a landholder did not exceed a given amount. For more than a century and a half onward the most cruel penalties deformed the English Statute Book. He, as a laborer, who asserted his free agency, by changing his abode, by bargaining his services, or by refusing to labor for the mere sustenance of life, was whipped and sent to the local authorities of his birth-place. For the second attempt he was, by them, forced into the hardest service, if not otherwise, by chaining and beating; he was fed on bread and water and refuse meat; and for the third attempt he was made to suffer death as a felon. For more than a century these were the conditions of the laborers of England. But the casual alms of Richard II., and the task-work of Henry, were found insufficient to carry on the system, and in 1536, the 27th of Henry VIII., was the first attempt to make charity legal and systematic. The parishes were then made responsible; they were to collect alms for the impotent and to provide employment for the able-bodied poor, while the terms of the law against change of abode and the freedom of labor were still held over the laborer. In this barbarous subjection

there was little change, till the reign of the King-Queen Elizabeth. Then came the vagrant laws; and in these justices were empowered to tax at discretion all who refused to contribute to the relief of the impotent and the employment of the able-bodied. But with this important change were only added more fearful terrors for the violation of the law, and with it came a more degrading slavery. Shortly afterwards alms were dispensed with; the vagrant and the poor fund was raised by assessment; every male between 12 and 60, not a gentleman, not a student in the schools, not employed on the sea or in mines, must labor on the land if required, wheresoever and by whomsoever. Wages were fixed by justices. For the first refusal of these rates was inflicted *whipping and burning*; for the second, *death*. But so great was the rigor of these laws, that from the first act of Edward to the close of this period, they could never be rigidly enforced. Not even the stern and unrelenting Elizabeth, whose policy was to surround every interest by the strong arm of the law, could do it.

The second period commenced with the noted act of the 43d of Elizabeth. The policy was now changed; for what cruelty could not do, shrewdness must. This act was an advance from savage barbarity to treatment comparatively humane and enlightened. As before, it provided a poor and vagrant fund by assessment. But such as previous acts made criminals to suffer burning and death, were now sent to the house of correction, or to the common jail. With slight alterations in the reign of William and Mary, to check the profusion of overseers of the poor and the waste of funds, this act remained unchanged to the beginning of the 17th century. It was one of the great acts of her reign; the fame of its benevolence has been co-extensive with English history. But the mercy of the act had not its origin in the hearts of its framers. It grew out of the policy of a shrewd and strong monarch, forced upon her as the better alternative. It was but a link in that heavy chain which had long bound the millions of a people nominally free. It was but the better part of a great scheme to control those millions of English laborers, and in defiance of reason, justice and humanity, to dictate their employments. This scheme had grown stronger and stronger during centuries, with only its *stern visage* revealed to the eye of those whom it degraded and en-

slaved. To give it a milder aspect, was but to give it greater vitality and power.

In 1722, with George I., begins the third period. He introduced into the poor-law a new and important principle. The wisest and ablest statesmen of England have deemed it the only successful mode of publicly aiding the poor. Certainly it was the foundation of her most successful poor-laws. It is the principle upon which the county poor-houses of New-England and the Middle States of America have been established. The overseers of two or more parishes were to unite, and, with the consent of the inhabitants, to purchase or rent a house for the poor. All who refused to be lodged and kept there could receive no other public aid. This act continued till near the close of the eighteenth century. Until then there was no provision for the industrious poor. This provision was ingrafted upon the law under George III. It was the most humane which had ever been made by Parliament, but was rendered inoperative by the suffering condition to which the lower classes had been brought by the whole course of its legislation. Yet so weak was the framework of their social condition, that even its humanity produced in the end the most appalling results. It created habits and prejudices, which to this day are seen and felt in every part of Great Britain, and which a century of wiser legislation cannot wipe out. There were 15,000 overseers, 15,000 vestrymen, and 2000 justices. They had power to order relief at discretion, without limit and without appeal. When this principle became an element of the law which was to provide in part the sustenance of the laboring classes of twelve millions of people, it was an evil of fearful magnitude. There soon grew into existence five forms of relief *in money*. The first was relief without labor—a payment of 2s. or 3s. per week; the second was *head money*, to laborers employed by private individuals in aid of wages; the third the ticket system, by which the unemployed services of the poor were sold weekly at auction, and the deficit paid out of the public fund. This surplus was often divided among the overseers, and their wages paid wholly out of the public treasury! The fourth form was the labor-rate system, by which an amount, equal to the wages of several men, was paid by rectors or others having no need of labor; and the fifth, par-

ish employment—capable of the least abuse, but least adopted. So enormous were the frauds perpetrated by these officers and their friends, that in the year 1842 this poor-law cost England \$35,184,840, not one-twentieth of which was paid as a fair equivalent for labor.

Such was the operation of this mighty machinery. It originated in a principle radically wrong, and instead of elevating and making the poor wiser and happier, it was actually producing successive generations of paupers. If continued in this form, it would ere long have brought with it calamities such as few nations have ever endured. It was not only destroying every vestige of freedom, but the morals of four-fifths of the nation. The object was to avert this terrible evil, to throw off this incubus which was crippling all its energies, to give to the laborer his birthright of freedom, and, if possible, to regenerate his character.

In 1834, which commences the fourth period in the history of these laws, Parliament appointed one of the ablest commissions which has ever emanated from that body, to investigate the enormous abuses which they had produced, and to propose a remedy in some measure equal to the emergency. Their labors were embodied in fourteen folio volumes. The Poor-Law Amendment Act was brought to the rescue. The germ of its power was found in a Central Board of Control. In it was vested the power to make all rules and regulations for the management of the poor, the erection of workhouses, the control of guardians, vestries and officers. To reach the 15,000 parishes, assistant commissioners were appointed, each itinerant in local districts, to direct the operations of guardians, and to assist in carrying out the details of the law. They were the medium between the guardians and this Board, while the guardians were brought into direct contact with the poor. Such were the provisions of this celebrated act. Its first object was to strike at the root of the old system, and to abolish all moneyed forms of relief. But habits and prejudices of giant growth could not quickly or easily be removed. The new system was beautiful in theory, but yet to be proved whether sound in practice. The able-bodied of the old system must, as before, be relieved. Still there was no true test of his representations of want. Where should it be found? Evidently in the conditions of labor; and these could ex-

ist only in the workhouse. The workhouse, therefore, was made the heart of the system. Its first operation, then, began in the division of the country into unions, and in the erection of these houses. They were extended to the number of 600 within the territory of England, and a method of treatment was also begun, which, it was hoped, would extirpate all past abuses. But, Phoenix-like, they were reproduced in another form, as, with this new system built on the ruins of the old, there sprang into existence an army of expensive and irresponsible officers, covering the whole kingdom.

Let us look a moment on a map of the world, and trace out the possessions of the British empire, and then estimate both the vast expense of her government over this territory, and of her naval and military power in protecting it. How important an element of the great aggregate is derived from her subjects who rent, at a high premium, their five, ten, fifteen or twenty acres of land, and how large a fraction of this sum has the administration of these poor-laws annually absorbed? Originating in the exclusive right to control the labor of the poor, they have invited and created pauperism, till the increasing cost of the system has reduced the small farmer to the mere day-laborer for wages; until it has driven multitudes into the workhouse, and still more into the large cities of the kingdom to beg and gather up a scanty subsistence, and to dwell in the miserable abodes of dark and filthy alleys. In this hopeless depression and misery we find a permanent cause of emigration, which, if its origin and true nature were understood by those depressed, would swell the current of population westward to a degree unknown in the history of the emigration of the nations of the earth. As it now exists, it becomes a motive power to thousands who annually cross the Atlantic to settle within our borders.

If we bring together these vast and widely scattered possessions, and if in adding up their yearly expense, we take out the sum total of those local burdens which the legislation of centuries has gradually increased till they press down the poorer classes to the lowest point of subsistence; if in analyzing this latter sum, we compare the conditions of the social state to which some of their elements reduce them, with the corresponding conditions of life on our own soil,

this depression stands out with a boldness of relief, with a blackness of physical and moral mien, of which otherwise we can have no conception. The very terms of the misnamed poor-law, whose history we have traced, shows depression which could never exist in a truly free and enlightened nation; but the operation of the law as a part of the internal machinery of government, reveals it, as in open day, in all its naked and dark deformity.

Embracing home and tributary possessions, the British empire has a population of 156,000,000 of souls, and a territory of 3,000,000 of square miles. It includes England, Scotland and Ireland, her islands in the British seas, her colonies in Europe and in Asia, her East India territory containing 90,000,000 of inhabitants, her possessions in Africa, in Australasia, in the West Indies, and in North and South America. The annual expense of this territory amounts (as in the year 1846) to the vast sum of \$270,000,000; that of the army and navy alone to \$80,000,000. It is not our purpose, nor need we dissect this aggregate. We have only to examine one important interest to see its enormous annual expense, and how it has involved almost every other in the internal affairs of the kingdom. Like the century-grown tree of the forest, of never-ceasing progress, and around which thousands of varied species are rising, not upon the surface, but deep in the heart and life-blood of the nation, the strong roots and grasping fibres of this interest are intertwining and drawing her upon every other. It is, the sustenance and elevation of her lower classes. For this her unwise and misused poor-law is now made dangerous.

The operation and the burden of English poor-rates of necessity brings into view all the local taxes of the empire. It is this burden which gives greater weight to others, and these in turn to this. Of all of these the poor-rate is the largest, and with all it is inseparably interwoven. In this view the most important points are, the number of these taxes, the purposes for which they are raised, the principles on which they are based, and the property on which they are incident.

The taxes of the empire are of two kinds—general and local. The latter annually amount to \$75,000,000. It is laid exclusively on *real* property, and is a tax on the net annual titling value of

the property occupied. It is not an income tax, because it bears no relation to a person's income; nor is it a property tax, because not levied on money invested or property funded; but it is imposed on every description of real property, in proportion to what it would annually rent for in the market, and is, therefore, a tax measured by rent. These rates are divided into four classes:—

1st. The county and borough rates, for the erection, repair and management of county prisons, and to maintain a county police and municipal government.

2d. The poor-rate, to support the poor, and the administration of the poor-law; to aid emigration; to register all births, marriages and deaths.

3d. The highway-rate, for the construction and repair of all roads and bridges.

4th. The church-rate, to enlarge and repair churches; to provide for the church service—its bread and wine for the communion, its bibles and prayer-books.

Besides these, there are turnpike tolls and borough tolls; port dues and church dues; marriage fees and justice fees, levied on particular localities.

The basis of these rates is most unequal and unjust. Their greatest weight falls on the small property-holders and laborers of the nation. By what just or sound principle is \$75,000,000 annually levied on the holders of real property for the relief of the poor, the repression of crime, and all other objects enumerated in these four classes of rates, while the personal property employed in banking, commerce, shipping and professional services is exempt? The banker, the merchant, the shipper and the professional man, who hold no other than exempt property, are alike under obligation to aid the poor and to protect that society of which they all form a part. They alike share the benefit of safe roads and bridges, and even more than others the blessings of a strong municipal government. The question of a national rate—that is, a tax imposed equally on the community at large, for all these purposes, has already been mooted, and with it the abolition of the law of settlement. An inquiry into the latter has been promised at the next session of Parliament. But these changes must bring with them a radical change in legislation, for the power which imposes should control the expenditure of a tax. If, for every pur-

pose, taxes assume the form of a *national rate*, they must be levied by the central government, and the details of their disbursement must be arranged by its agents. This would open the door to evils of the greatest magnitude; it would superadd to the abuses of the present poor-law system, by destroying all local interest in the poor, and by giving the control of the poor and other funds into the hands of those who would have no special interest in their economy. But, levy, collect and expend rates as they may, the government must change their basis and lessen their amount, ere the burdens of its laboring millions can be made light. On the contrary, they are every year growing larger. In England and Wales alone they have doubled in the last eight years. Since 1813 their united expense for the relief and support of the poor has amounted annually (in the falling ratio, it is true,) to \$3.25 to \$1.50 on each head of their population. Apply these conditions to every city, village and rural district in the United States, and what a picture would it present! New-York city is the great entrepôt of the country for foreign immigrants, and never in its history were its poor-law burdens as heavy as in the last year; yet the cost was less than \$1 for each inhabitant. But add to this 50 or 75 per cent., and then impose the like burden on every city, village and town in the Union, and we are taxed for the poor precisely as England has been for nearly forty years, while millions of her subjects have struggled, not for luxuries, but for life. Such has been the normal state of the poorer class of British subjects—subjects of a nation of vast wealth, whose bounds and whose commerce, in all points of the compass, alike girdle the globe. The moral has a mine of truth, impressive to all her statesmen.

A bird's-eye view of Ireland previous to the famine, gives still stronger proof of this depression, if stronger be needed.

She has an area of 33,000 square miles. It is chiefly a plain, intersected by low hills, and with mountain ranges on its coast. She has fourteen bays, which will safely hold and navigate the largest men-of-war, and from thirty to forty for other vessels. Her rivers, to the number of near 200, water almost every district. She has large and beautiful lakes—one, her famed Lough Neagh, has a surface of 98,000 acres. She is rich in her mines of coal, iron and copper. In

1845, though yet in their infancy, they employed near 4000 men, and yielded more than 80,000 tons of the best ore. Some of her coal strata equal, both in quality and quantity, any in the British empire. Nor need her 3,000,000 acres of turf-bog be a waste; for by its judicious use alone, says Sir Robert Kane, she may make as fine a quality of iron as England has ever produced. Her centre, for nearly 150 miles square, is a soil of the best limestone. The residue of her soil has the finest basis—granite, clay, basalt and trap. "Some parts of the island," said Wakefield, "exhibit the richest loam I ever saw turned up by a plough;" and "the rich pastures and the heavy crops," says McCulloch, "that are everywhere raised, even with the most wretched culture, attest its extraordinary fertility." Thirteen out of its twenty millions of acres are arable land, and of its eight and a half millions of people, five and a half are engaged in agriculture. Its natural resources of every kind, its climate, the variety and beauty of its scenery, are all unsurpassed by any other part of central Europe.

She is not wanting in means of education. She has a public Board, at the head of which is Bishop Whately, one of the most learned and practical men in the kingdom. This Commission has corporate powers, holds a capital of \$200,000, builds and repairs all school-houses, and controls all the interests of education supported by the public funds. She already has free model agricultural schools; five more are in progress, and seven of the ordinary national schools give instruction in this branch. In 1846, her Board expended \$450,000 for common schools; the Church expended one-half and the Sunday School Society one-fourth that sum, to which if we add the expense of twenty endowed grammar schools, the annual amount was not less than \$800,000. Add to this all other provisions, and her means in *proportion to her population* are at least one-third of those of New-York—a State we may safely assume as a model and as one of the best endowed and best organized in our Union. New-York has a population of two millions, and she expends for her common schools and academies \$1,000,000 per annum, or \$2 for every five of her people, while Ireland expends that sum for every fifteen.

Let us look now at the counterpart of this picture. With all this natural wealth,

with these means of education, nearly three millions of the people of Ireland are constantly bordering on starvation, and of seven millions above five years of age, three and a half millions can neither read nor write.

The island is divided into four provinces, thirty-two counties, and into 2422 parishes. Her soil is chiefly in the hands of large resident and non-resident holders. Besides these, her population is divided into four classes: 1st. The middle-men or agents of the holders, who rent large tracts to be again let and re-let; 2d. The tenant, who rents his small lot of one, two, five or ten acres, from the owner or the agent; 3d. The day laborer for wages. The middle-men are among the most exacting and oppressive class. Their large lease is often so minutely divided and subdivided, and re-let at rates so exorbitant, that the poor tenant can scarcely drain from it a meagre subsistence. The cottiers and con-acre men are the most degraded class. A cottier is one who receives the use of a small patch of land in payment for labor; con-acres are those who rent and use land in common. The rent to the latter is often \$25 per annum for each acre, but more commonly near towns and villages \$15. This upon a farm of 100 acres worth \$100 per acre, in the more fertile parts of the United States, would be \$2,500 and \$1,500 per annum—25 and 15 per cent. of its value for a yearly rent. Yet of this class, and living from year to year under similar or precisely these con-acre exactions, Ireland has more than three millions of inhabitants. It is these small holdings which have so impoverished her. It is these and their burdens, added to her wide game forests, which from her earliest history have been the source of idleness and prodigality, that have ruined her agricultural skill, her industry and her morals.

As in England her local taxes are levied upon the annual letting value of the property held. Her rates are, the grand jury, the poor and the parish rates: they are levied as in England, and for like purposes. The effects of pauperism have been more terrible here than in England; for while the leading features of her poor-law and the principles of taxation are the same, there are other causes which run far back in her history, and which make these burdens lie with crushing weight upon her people. These belong to her primitive condition. They are among the antecedent causes which made her

normal condition what it is. They existed in the character of her original race, and in the incompleteness of her conquest. The invasion and partial conquest of Ireland, under the Anglo-Norman king, Henry II., under Elizabeth, and again under William III., have finally produced two owners to every estate in her territory. A contest therefore has been kept up during four centuries, until her primitive inhabitants, by legislation and the growth of habits incident to their position, are brought into hopeless servitude.

Her poor-law went into operation in 1838. One hundred and thirty unions have been formed and workhouses opened. These cost, for their erection, \$5,725,750—a per centage of more than 8 cents on the dollar, for her entire valuation. In 1845 she had upwards of 50,000 paupers. Their support and the direction of these houses during that year cost \$1,580,130. During that year also she had 12,000 lunatics, 6000 of whom were wandering as outcasts; and for crimes against person or property there were 17,000 commitments. What a moral spectacle is this unfortunate country! so depressed and so nearly destroyed by the systems of political tyranny and of corrupt social economy which govern it; by the prodigality and exactions of the chief owners and agents of the soil on the one hand, and by the ignorance and improvidence of its cultivators and laborers on the other. But the injustice and depression growing out of the poor-laws of England and Ireland, the principles and the burdens of their taxes, must in some measure be the condition of every nation where the few control the labor of the many, and where equality of right is not an element of the social compact.

The love of liberty and justice is as quenchless in the heart of the miserable serf of Russia, the degraded tenant and the squalid laborer of Ireland, the vagrant of Germany and the lazaroni of Italy, as in the poor freeman. The difference is, the latter knows its value by sweet experience; he has tasted its peaceful enjoyment; while the former are nurtured in ignorance of its blessings, and scarcely hope for it in the future. Still the love of it is a part of their being, and whenever and wherever science has annihilated space and brought nations into the frequent intercourse of neighbors, and has thus placed the means in their power, they will seek a home where these rights and this liberty are recognized.

Five nations form the great mass of our foreign immigrants: they are English, Scotch, Irish, French and German. The Irish and German make the largest fraction; for Great Britain colonizes her English and Scotch, but never her Irish subjects. The former create new branches of her government, and build up new institutions; while her Irish subjects are left to emigrate at will, or to go, like wandering tribes, where they can best gain a subsistence. But for this she has a reason. It is, to make both the colony and the institutions thoroughly English. She desires no turbulent provinces, which cannot be made, root and branch, after the model of the parent government, and into which she cannot most fully infuse its spirit. They may cultivate with neighbors intimate relations of both amity and commerce, but they must be so governed, and so hedged around, that they shall at all times preserve perfect loyalty. The voice of parental affection or authority, whether it be heard across the Atlantic or Pacific ocean, at the north or south pole, must be alike supreme. Great as have been her commercial conquests, and great as are her resources and power, the first and highest object of all her legislation seems to be still to augment this power, and still to extend her fame and glory. Through her entire history it has been the alpha and the omega of her policy; and in this respect, stands in strange contrast with the aim and career of many of her greatest statesmen. History gives us no record of nobler men or of purer philanthropists than her Howards, her Wilberforces, or her Romillys. These results she has sought as an end never to be lost sight of, whatever her internal struggles or conflicting interests. It has become her cloud by day and her pillar of fire by night, to lead her on to that millennium of nations when all others shall be assimilated to her likeness and spirit. This end all her theories of legislation, and the entire net-work of civil, social, and religious interests that stretch over her dominions, are made to subserve. Hence her vast wealth and wretched poverty; her ranks of kingly nobility and degraded paupers; her princely endowed universities and her destitution of common schools; her wide gaming resorts and her stinted cottier rentals.

The second cause of immigration is the extent, fertility, and easy tenure of our public lands yet unoccupied. It affords the widest scope for new settlements, and

even cities and villages, which may equal, if not rival, those which now dot the Atlantic table-lands of our country.

Nine-tenths of all immigrants who land on our coast go into the interior of the Middle States, to the Far West, or become the builders of our railroads and canals; the residue become the domestics and the menial laborers of our cities. As true literally as proverbially, they are our hewers of wood and drawers of water. But they have become our paupers too, and in this relation are so rapidly increasing upon us, that, unless all changes in our own poor-laws are made with a wise forethought of the evils that threaten us, we shall soon have filled our poor-houses with the inmates of the prisons and poor-houses of Europe.

The estimated quantity of our public lands yet to be sold in the several States and territories, including the unceded territories east and west of the Rocky Mountains, and south of 49° , is 1084,065,000 acres. To the present time there have been sold 107,000,000 of acres; and for the purposes of internal improvement, education, grants for military services, and reservations made for the benefit of Indians, upwards of thirty-three millions; making an aggregate of lands sold and to be sold, of near thirteen hundred millions of acres, which have constituted the public domain of the United States. We cannot here enter into an estimate of the amount in each of the States and territories. Oregon and Missouri Territory comprise nearly half the whole amount. Not enough is yet known of the amount of arable land they contain, and of its fertility, to compare them with other parts of the Union. Of the gross aggregate to be sold, more than two hundred and seventy millions have been surveyed, and during the last three years the sales have amounted to nearly two millions of acres per annum. Land offices have been open in twelve States. During 1846 there were proclaimed for sale in all the States, about twelve and a half millions of acres.

The valley of the Mississippi contains upwards of 500,000 square miles. It is nearly five times the area of the British islands, and three times that of France. Were it as densely populated as the former, it would contain one hundred and thirty millions of souls, or even as densely as the latter, more than one hundred millions. But this valley cannot

justly be compared with the soils of Europe in respect to the population it can eventually sustain. The effect of climate on all its products, and on the amount required to sustain each inhabitant in comfort under its temperature, the intelligence of its cultivators, and the protection given to property and labor, must each have its estimate. If now peopled in the ratio of our own State, its population would amount to twenty-six millions of souls. If we deduct the five millions, or nearly that number, which at present people this valley, the 150,000 immigrants which will annually pour into it, with the increase of its present population, will, in the next half century, fully or more than amount to the twenty-one millions yet wanting to make its density equal to that of New-York.

Beginning with the head of the valley, Wisconsin and Iowa, which exceed in extent, by nearly one-third, the whole kingdom of France, we find them a part of the table-land of the continent, and at an elevation of between 800 and 1200 feet above the level of the sea. The beauty of their scenery is unequalled by any other States of the west. The extreme north is less fertile, but in other parts they are rich beyond any other territory. They have the general characteristics of the northern half of the valley: the rich bottom lands or the alluvials of the river; forests of gigantic trees and a thick undergrowth of shrubs; prairies richly covered with grasses and the most gorgeous-colored flowers.

Illinois is distinguished for its extensive prairies and its heavily wooded tracts along the borders of its streams; the entire length of its western line is washed by the Mississippi; on the south and east by the Ohio and Wabash; while the Illinois extends from the centre of its western limit north-east to within a short distance of Chicago on Lake Michigan.

Missouri, along its entire eastern line, is also washed by the Mississippi, while diagonally from near the centre of this line, the Missouri runs across it, with his numerous arms extending north and south. From the extreme north to the Osage, and along the Mississippi to the extreme south-east, the alluvials of the streams as well as the uplands are exuberantly fertile.

The plains of Kentucky and Tennessee, originally covered with forests of majestic trees, are unsurpassed in fertility.

Through Arkansas, Mississippi and

Louisiana, there are more swamps and marshes, but for the staples adapted to their soils and climate, they are characterized by the same fertility. The bluff zone of Mississippi, commencing in Louisiana and stretching through the State into Tennessee, is equal in value to any soil of the Union. We speak particularly of the rivers of this territory, because, extending from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, they constitute its grandest natural features. The greatest of these, the Missouri and Mississippi, stretch their giant arms in every direction, gathering up the waters of all the most fertile valleys. The former has its source in the Oregon Mountains, and courses its way through this great central valley of the American Continent 4,500 miles; nearly 4,000 of which is navigable. We refer to them, also, because along their banks are found the finest timber lands and the richest soils.

No part of America is equaled by this valley in its physical and natural resources. It will eventually become the garden of the New World. Into it the tide of foreign immigration is already chiefly flowing.

On the extent of its resources and its extraordinary fertility, we quote from the Hon. Thomas H. Benton, and one of our most distinguished writers on climatology:—

"The river navigation of the great west," says Mr. Benton, "is the most wonderful on the globe; and since the application of steam power to the propulsion of vessels, possesses the essential qualities of open navigation. Speed, distance, cheapness, magnitude of cargoes, are all there, and without the perils of the sea from storms and enemies. The steamboat is the ship of the river, and finds in the Mississippi and its tributaries the amplest theatre for the diffusion of its use, and the display of its power. Wonderful river, connected with seas by the head and by the mouth, stretching its arms towards the Atlantic and the Pacific, lying in a valley, which is a valley from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson's Bay, drawing its first waters, not from rugged mountains, but from the plateau of the lakes in the centre of the continent, and in communication with the sources of the St. Lawrence and the streams which take their course north to Hudson's Bay, draining the largest extent of the richest land, collecting the products of every clime, even the frigid, to bear the whole to a genial market in the sunny south, and there to meet the products of the entire world. Such is the Mississippi! And who can calculate the

aggregate of its advantages, and the magnitude of its future commercial results?

"Many years ago, the late Gov. Clark and myself undertook to calculate the extent of the boatable water in the valley of the Mississippi; we made it about 50,000 miles! of which 30,000 were computed to unite above St. Louis, and 20,000 below. Of course, we counted all the infant streams on which a flat, a keel, or a batteau could be floated, and justly; for every tributary of the humblest boatable character, helps to swell, not only the volume of the central waters, but of the commerce upon them. Of this immense extent of river navigation, all combined into one system of waters, St. Louis is the centre! and the entrepôt of its trade! presenting even now, in its infancy, an astonishing and almost incredible amount of commerce, destined to increase forever."

"The great and magnificent central basin of North America," says Dr. Forry, "which spreads from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Sea, is comprised only in part within the United States; but this section constitutes the most fertile and valuable portion of this vast central plain, which, including the valley of the St. Lawrence, embraces an area estimated at 3,250,000 square miles. On its northern borders, where winter holds perpetual sway, vegetable life expires, or survives only in some species of mosses and lichens. South of these dreary wastes, stunted trees begin to appear, forming gloomy and desolate forests; and it is not until we reach the fiftieth parallel, that the eye is cheered with the vegetation known in the temperate zone. Proceeding still farther south, we ultimately discover in the valley of the Mississippi, the palms and splendid foliage of the tropics—a land peopled by millions, and one destined, as a necessary consequence, springing from natural adaptation, to nourish upon its fertile bosom multitudes as countless as on the teeming plains of India and China. A characteristic feature of this immense basin of the Mississippi and Missouri, is the vastness of its level surface, covered with primeval forests or spreading in vast savannahs, unless where encroached upon by the rapidly advancing tide of human colonization. Its tracts of fertile lands, with its great and navigable rivers terminating in one main trunk, open to it prospects of opulence and populousness to an extent incalculable. In this region man is everywhere occupied in opening new lands, in building houses, in founding cities, and in subjugating nature.

"That this immense plain is destined to become the seat of a mighty empire, is a result that will inevitably follow, unless some convulsion of nature, as has been

suggested, may cause the ocean lakes on our Canadian boundary to overwhelm it with a catastrophe more formidable than the deluge of Deucalion. The possibility of this event is sufficiently obvious, when we consider that Lakes Superior, Huron and Michigan have a mean depth of 1000 feet, and that the surface of these interior seas, comprising an area of 94,000 square miles, is elevated more than 300 feet above the level of the Mississippi basin. Now, should this intervening barrier suffer disruption from volcanic agency, (of which force there are not unfrequent indications in the valley of the Mississippi,) the devastation that would sweep these plains would find no parallel in the history of our globe since the Noachian deluge."

The easy and secure tenure by which our public domain is held, is one of the great inducements to immigration. Our government has pursued a most liberal policy towards the actual settler. The pre-emption laws invest him with the right of soil from the time he occupies it, provided he pays into the local land office the *minimum* price of the government, within one year or before a public sale shall have been made within the district. This law has been continued notwithstanding the numerous frauds connected with its operation. In 1843 there were in one office not less than two thousand cases of declaration of settlement, in which the lands were despoiled of their timber and then forfeited or sold on speculation. It has been modified only to prevent these frauds, while its beneficial provisions are still operating on the honest settler. So easy of acquisition are these lands, and from the first organization of the government so equitable have been its laws in regard to landed property, that the cultivators of the soil over the entire Union are universally its proprietors.

There is much depression, it is true, existing among the small farmers of the New-England and Middle States, from the vast amount of land held under mortgage. In some of the States nearly one-fourth of the land is held in this condition. We cannot, nor would we deny the evils growing out of single tenures to the amount of from one-half to two and a half millions of dollars. There are capitalists of this class in several of our large cities. But between the tenure of these lands by the farmer, of 50 or 100 acres, and a rental in the old world, there is no analogy; for with Puritan enterprise and prudence, he will pay the legal interest, and with a small yearly surplus eventu-

ally redeem his farm; and although not really the proprietor, his being fully so in the eye of the public at least, and really so in part, secures that pride and independence of character which is the germ of American enterprise.

The United States, therefore, are a signal illustration of the lasting blessings which, in any age or part of the world, flow from such proprietorship in the soil. In no part of the civilized globe have the laboring classes so generally acquired it. And, whatever the predictions of monarchists or theorists, so long as this and the self-respect and pride of character that such a condition inspires shall continue; so long as the light of public education shall be diffused, and from both causes the mass of the people shall feel that individually, as well as collectively, they have a common interest at stake in a free government and free institutions, we have little to fear from demagogues or the rage of party spirit. As our population becomes more dense, science and the domestic arts will correspondingly increase the capacity of each acre of arable soil for production. With such a proprietorship, with general intelligence and peace within our borders, the production of the fruits of the earth will always be in advance of the tide of population. It is their towering mountains of wealth and their abysses of pauperism which have created a redundant, starving population in central Europe. Their soil is divided among the few, while the many sustain burdens from which there is no release, and which destroy all pride of rising to a better state. What stronger check upon the indulgence of the lowest passions of a people, and upon a consequent rapid and improvident increase in population, than this universal *proprietorship* in the soil, and these equitable rights as to the *tenure* and *control* of all other property, which will of necessity *occupy the mind* in efforts to rise higher and higher in the scale of society?

But against these fair hopes and prospects, must be put the evident perils which this enormous immigration is spreading before us.

With such a territory and such conditions offered them, emigrants of every class from all parts of Europe are pouring in upon us. After a few years' toil and privation—always far greater and more severe than they had anticipated on leaving their fatherland—they gain a

comfortable livelihood. In the majority of cases two or three families, or branches of families, form a *nucleus* of interest. The ties of kindred which stretch across the Atlantic draw their friends and their kindred around them, till these interests swell into communities. Thus are these ties multiplying in a geometrical ratio, and every year swelling that vast tide of population which flows into the great central valley of our continent. The extent of our domain, its extraordinary fertility, and more than all, the easy and secure tenure by which every man may hold enough of it for himself and his children, are inviting alike the honest, the industrious and the robust, the vagrant and the criminal of Europe. A quarter of a century ago, a few thousands only were annually landed on our shores; now thousands come, we had almost said, in a day.

If the hordes of pauper-house inmates and the thousands of the famishing laborers of Europe shall continue to increase the stream of immigration in the next ten years as they have in the five closing with the current year, the graphic picture of Alison the historian, though now it much exaggerates the truth, will prove but a simple, unvarnished account:—

"There is," says he, "something solemn and almost awful in the incessant advance of the great stream of civilization, which in America is continually rolling down from the summit of the Alleghany mountains, and overspreading the boundless forests of the Far West. Nothing similar ever was witnessed in the world before. Vast as were the savage multitudes which ambition or love of plunder in Gengis Khan or Timour brought down from the plains of Tartary to overwhelm the opulent regions of the earth, they are as nothing compared to the ceaseless flood of human beings which is now, in its turn, sent forth from the abodes of civilized man into the desert parts of the world. Not less than three hundred thousand persons, almost all in the prime of life, now yearly cross the Alleghany mountains, and settle on the banks of the Ohio or its tributary streams. They do not merely pass through like a devastating fire or a raging torrent; they settle where they take up their abode, never to return. Their war is with the forest and the marsh—not against the corrupted cities of long-established man. Spreading themselves out over an extent of nearly twelve hundred miles in length, these advanced posts of civilization commence the incessant war with the plough and the hatchet; and at the sound of their strokes resounding

through the solitude of the forest, the wild animals and the Indians retire to more undisturbed retreats. Along a tract of nearly twelve hundred miles in length, the average advance of cultivation is about seventeen miles a year. The ground is imperfectly cleared, indeed, by these pioneers of humanity; but still the forest has disappeared under their strokes; the green field, the wooden cottage, the signs of infant improvement, have appeared; and behind them another wave of more wealthy and refined settlers appear, who complete the work of agricultural advancement.

"The effect of this wonderful immigration and settling of civilized man in the fertile but hitherto desert regions of the western world, must ere long, if it continues, as it apparently will, uninterrupted, produce the most important effects on the

prospects and situation of mankind on the globe."

But with all these results of comfort and happiness to thousands of the emigrants' families thronging into our country, besides many benefits to ourselves, the dangers to the ultimate state and nation, from this vast influx of all countries upon us, are immense and imminent.

In a subsequent article we shall speak of the extraordinary causes of immigration, and the evidences of its rapid increase from these combined causes to be found in the history of our almshouse and other forms of charity; as also of the perils in prospect, at which we have merely hinted.

To be continued.

VALLEY OF THE LAKES.*

BY R. W. HASKINS, A.M.

In the exploration of the New World, as our Continent has been called, after its discovery by Columbus, nothing so much astonished the European as the vastness of all with which Nature had surrounded him. The towering mountain ranges, losing themselves, on either hand, in the shadowy distance; the forests of giant trees, seemingly boundless in extent, on every side; the mighty rivers; the still more mighty Inland Seas; the prairies, surpassing some European kingdoms, in extent, covered, in every part, with flowers that, playing to the fanning of the winds, seem to roll, like ocean waves, upon their surface, and yet still and desolate, in their beauty, like those vast oceans they so much resemble; the eternal cataracts, thundering in their everlasting solitudes: all these conspired to fill the new beholder with the most solemn awe, while they awakened his soul to more vast, and consequently more just, conceptions of that creation of which he realized himself a part.

To these first impressions, which nothing can obliterate from the mind of which they have once taken possession, others have subsequently been joined, arising from farther, and less general investigations; and with these superadded, per-

haps no one section of the American Continent has either commanded, or deserves to command, more pointed attention to its character and importance, than the great Valley of the Lakes. To the solemn grandeur of this region, in a state of nature, we have referred; and the gorgeous splendor of its autumnal sunsets we may not entirely overlook. Italian sunsets are world-renowned for their splendor and their beauty; yet these are really tame in comparison with those witnessed in the region of the great American Lakes; and they are so adjudged by the deliberate opinions of those whose perfect familiarity with both leaves no room to doubt the correctness of the decision. But, Italian scenery and Italian sunsets were in the enjoyment of long established reputation before the vast American Lakes, or the region surrounding them, had been, for the first time, gazed upon, by the astonished white man. Fashion in this, as in all else, has its central, and hence, notwithstanding the stupendous sublimity of American landscapes, with their giant mountains, we still talk and write imitatingly of "Alpine scenery," even when we would describe, for instance, one of the most wild and elevated regions of that vast, and ever

* Portions of both the evidences and the deductions embraced by this paper, the author before employed, in illustration of some features of the same subject.

snow-capped range which divides our own valley of "the Father of Waters" from our Pacific coast, upon its west.

But, enough, here, of Nature's majestic rudeness—our immediate business is with the practical, the humanizing; in short, the useful, rather than the poetic.

The early French explorers, with Charlevoix, Hennepin, and the Baron Lahontan at their head, who penetrated the region under consideration, by way of the St. Lawrence, saw, with quick eye, its importance, at least in a political point of view, and were not long in convincing their government that this was by far the most important portion of New France. Other American colonists, too, passing from the Atlantic coast, over the Alleghany mountains and the Blue Ridge, in due time penetrated the same region, and were no less struck with its importance, as a means of securing possession of other, and adjacent territory. Both parties found the country filled with savages; and among these were some of the most powerful tribes and confederacies that this portion of our continent has been known to produce. These possessed the country as their own; and within its waters they fished, while upon its lands they alternately hunted and fought. But, while our Colonist Fathers only looked upon this land of future promise, and then withdrew, the French authorities lost no time in the adoption of measures for securing its possession. A vast chain of military posts was quickly established along these Inland Seas, and their adjacent rivers; placed, no doubt, chiefly with reference to their importance, in a military point of view, but the sites of which have most of them since become no less important to the pursuits of peace. In the ensuing wars between France and England, Quebec having fallen, in 1759, the English, pursuing their conquests west, soon found themselves in conflict with the natives, throughout the entire valley of the lakes, since their attachment to the French was at that time universal. Many were the warlike feats that had been enacted in these realms, before, between native bands; but now strife was to arise between the white invaders and the dark-skinned and wily native warriors who dwell in the unbroken forests which still cumbered the soil. From that day to the termination of the Black Hawk war, in 1833, with scarcely an intermission, the Lake Valley was a scene of fierce strife and conten-

tion. Bright and glowing names adorn the records of these struggles, throughout every period of their history. Some of the most justly renowned Aborigines whose fame has reached us had their birth and their burial place in this Valley. Pontiac, Tecumseh, Little Turtle, Corn Planter, Red Jacket, Farmer's Brother, Black Hawk—these, and their numerous native associates, made this the scene of their daring exploits, and their stirring eloquence, whereby they have left a name that will never be forgotten. The first and the last of these has each imparted his individual name to a war which he here waged against the whites; and the former was very near clearing of all white men the entire region in which his operations were conducted. In fifteen days from the time of striking his first blow, this Napoleon of the wilderness was in quiet possession of every garrison in the west, but three. In that brief space Le Boeuf, Venango, Presq' Isle, La Baie, St. Joseph's, Miamis, Ouachtanon, Sandusky and Mackina had submitted to his power; while Detroit escaped only through the treachery of a squaw, who disclosed the plans of her chief to his enemy. These were the days of Colonial strife; the American Revolution ensued, and the savages everywhere, throughout the Valley, fought as the ally of Britain, and in her pay. The close of this long conflict brought neither peace nor security to our western frontier: on the contrary, still stimulated and paid by agents of the British government, the savage warriors continued the strife; and often with success, too, as the bloody defeats of Generals Harmer and St. Clair bear witness; and when subsequently so ruinously defeated by Wayne, they were fighting under the very guns of a fort in possession of a British garrison, which had promised them shelter in case of defeat! Their defeat again, by Harrison, at the battle of Tippecanoe, in 1811, but just preceded our second war with England—an event which again enlisted the western Indians with their old allies, against us. The power of these was finally crushed at the battle of the Thames, where Tecumseh fell, heading the same tribes which had so often followed Pontiac to victory.

But it is not savage warriors, alone, whose deeds, in the Valley of the Lakes, have given their names for good or for evil to posterity. It was here that our General Hull disgraced himself and his

country's flag; and here Harrison and his companions in arms retrieved that disgrace, and restored the confidence of brave men. It was here that one British Major-General fell, while in command against us; another was led captive from the field of his disaster, and a third, the Governor of a province, was saved from the like fate by the fleetness of his horse, upon the day of his most signal defeat and total discomfiture. Here, too, Perry carried our flag in triumph through the fight, and brought to port the entire fleet of his enemy, as the fruit of his well-earned victory. And of how many other American heroes has this Valley been witness of the deeds of prowess and of fame? Here the lamented Harrison, victorious alike over savage and European foes, won immortal renown: here Capt. Z. Taylor, the great commander, rather than the mere General, at Buena Vista, to adopt his own words, on the occasion of his defence of Fort Harrison, amid "the raging of the fire, the yelling and howling of several hundred Indians, the cries of nine women and children, who had taken shelter in the fort, and the desponding of so many of the men," gave early proof of the possession of those qualities which have since filled both continents with admiration. Here Governor Shelby, at the age of sixty-six, exhibited all the sagacity in planning and coolness in execution which distinguished him at King's Mountain, in our war for independence. Here the brave Croghan wrested victory from fearful odds; and here Gaines, Brown, Scott, Porter, Ripley, McNeil, Towson, Worth, Morgan, Miller, Cass, and a host of others, no less deserving personal mention, won for themselves applause and enduring fame, and for their country the respect of her contemners.

Thus far, then, we have seen that, although the Valley of the Lakes has constantly been conspicuous in the annals of our country, and has been the scene of many a noble deed, of high national importance, yet it has only been conspicuous in connection with dominion—with sovereignty—and nothing more. It seemed, all this while, too distant and isolated from established settlements to be thought of, in any other sense; and the fact that it really was so, is well verified by the protracted and wasting march of General Sullivan, who, with his utmost efforts, and with all his toil, crossed but a portion of the single State of New-York, and was deemed to have accomplished won-

ders in penetrating even as far west as the Genesee River. But, with the war of 1812, this state of things may be said to have terminated. No farther struggles—at least no doubtful ones—were remaining in prospect, for either sovereignty within this realm, or protection to those who should become its permanent indwellers. In short, war and its desolations having disappeared, the whole region seemed silently inviting to peaceful occupancy; and this, too, before the difficulties which interrupted intercourse were in any considerable degree removed.

There is yet but a small portion of any community, in all probability, which fully appreciates how extensive and irresistible a control geological characteristics exercise over the population, wealth, and character of the people—the destiny, in short, of the various habitable portions of our globe. Yet, not only are the producing capabilities of the soil of any given region, controlled by its geology, but its topographical conformation, and consequently its climate, to a wide extent, are no less dependent upon this. This control, both for the purposes of peace and of war, we shall find more pointedly manifest as we proceed with our subject. The redundantly silecious character of a large portion of the soil of New-England—the region from which the early occupants of the west were to come—fixes, for this soil, a low average capability of production. This is most prominently true in regard to some of the leading products of human consumption, and particularly wheat. When our forefathers first opened the soil of New-England to tillage, encouraging crops of wheat were, for a short time, produced from it; but some of the components of a legitimate wheat soil—of which lime is one—being present there in but minute quantity, were soon exhausted; and in the absence of these, the capability of the soil, for this crop, was destroyed; while for others, almost equally important, such capability was materially lessened. The direct and inevitable consequence of this, of course, is to keep down the agricultural population of the region in question to a comparatively low average. True, the geological characteristics to which reference has been made, while they deprive the soil of New-England of the power of high productiveness, are precisely those which have given to the topography of the region a conformation by no means unimportant, in other re-

spects. The elevated ranges of primary mountains, with the numerous spurs thrown off by these in all directions, throughout New-England, so break up the surface of the country into a multitude of limited rainsheds, as to give rise to a vast number of streams; while the altitude of these ranges, above the level of the sea, is such as to repeat, at short intervals, upon every stream, cascades and water-falls, whose easy convertibility to the purposes of motive power, for machinery, was too palpable to be overlooked. This source of employment and of wealth has been by no means neglected, but still it did not prevent a numerous emigration of the hardy children of New-England to the unreclaimed regions of the west.

When the great Erie Canal, for uniting the tide waters of the Hudson with the chain of Western Lakes, was first proposed, and even when, at the close of the war to which we have referred, the undertaking of its construction had been entered upon, few thought of consequences from it so momentous as even those already realized. To such minds as that of CLINTON, and a few others, those consequences were, indeed, present; but by those who saw thus clearly, these visions were revealed only in whispers, and then but to chosen ears; for they were so far in advance of the age as to be deemed too wild for society to entertain; and it was felt that there was great danger, therefore, that all would be lost, by claiming too much, whereby general confidence would be withdrawn from the undertaking, and its prosecution thereby abandoned. Prior to the construction of this work, the counties along the shores of the Hudson and Mohawk were deemed the essential agricultural portions of the State of New-York; which in truth they then really were. But it began to be realized that there lay a region beyond this, upon the west, and within the great chain of Western Lakes, which, could communication be had with it, would become one of great productiveness. From the date of Sullivan's Expedition this was familiarly called the Genesee Country, and in New-England, forty years ago, it was known as "the Genesees," to which an occasional adventurer, even then, wended his lonely way. This wild and distant region was "the west"—the utmost west of that day; and to open this indefinite realm to population and to culture, by connecting it with

a market, was one, and, in the opinion of the many, the only result to be looked for, or desired, from the construction of the Erie Canal. At this day none need be told how successful was that great work in this, its first intent: for the forest-clothed "Genesee Country" has been converted, by it, into the present rich and populous garden of Western New-York.

Here the primary rocks of New-England, with the sterile soil they produce, nowhere prevail, but the whole geology is changed. Stratified rocks, namely, limestones, sandstones, and argillaceous shales predominate, bearing upon them, of course, a soil partaking largely of these materials. From their position, in the geological series of rocks, these formations, here, constitute the coal floor; and the soil resting upon them is compounded of those identical earths which are inseparable from great productiveness in the leading crops of the husbandman, and particularly that most essential one, wheat. Had the opening of this new realm, so prolific in the staff of life, to an Atlantic market, begun and ended the advantages of the Erie Canal, as the many supposed it must, much would have been accomplished, even then, abstractly; but, comparatively speaking, all this is really diminutive. At the completion of that canal, in 1825, little was either said or thought of any expected wheat crop west of the State of New-York: much less was it supposed that a few brief years would suffice, as they already have, to convert Buffalo into the first inland wheat mart in the world. The vast wilds, as they then were, of forest and prairie, which bordered the western chain of the Inland Seas, were as little counted upon as are, at this moment, the forest regions of our coast upon the Pacific. Thus distant and neglected, it is not strange that the general nature of the Valley of the Lakes should have been unknown. Its geology was almost wholly so; and consequently its agricultural capabilities could not be anticipated. The Erie Canal, fulfilling the high destiny assigned to it by its authors, by opening an easy route to the lakes, soon covered these hitherto solitary seas, with vast fleets of mercantile marine, and thus, at once, removed all difficulties in the way of reaching, at pleasure, either in person or with property, the comparatively unbroken solitude lying adjacent to, and beyond, the great Western Lakes. These facili-

ties soon produced a current of emigration, from New-England and elsewhere, to the west, which has grown broader and deeper, in each succeeding year, and which is yet to reach its maximum at some period still far distant in the future. Geological investigations, stimulated by the sudden growth of powerful states, within the wilds in question, have now shown us that the new wheat-field, thus opened to the market of the Atlantic coast, extends from the limits of the State of New-York, across the Mississippi, to the base of the Rocky Mountains, on the west; and north, to the regions of primary rocks, beyond the boundary line of the United States. Throughout all this vast territory, the general constituents of the soil are the same; and these of the kinds, and in the proportionate quantities best adapted to the richest productions of agriculture, generally, and particularly, wheat. Of all this extended realm, which in Europe would constitute the surface of a large kingdom, only here and there a spot has yet been occupied. By far the greater part is even now an unbroken wild; there being, at this moment, for every acre that has been subjected to tillage, hundreds whose surface has never yet been disturbed. The capabilities, then, of the realm in question, to receive and sustain population, are still incalculably great; and so of necessity are both the quantity of its future production of raw material, and its consumption of manufactured products.

The topography of the realm in question is, of course, like that of all others, controlled and modified by its geology. The rainshed which casts its waters into the great chain of western lakes, is one of great extent, and of so gentle a slope as to admit, in many parts, of the construction of canals from the lakes to great distances inland, wherever rivers, for the transit of property, are either not available, or do not exist. When the Erie Canal had connected our Inland Seas with the ocean, the full importance of opening communications between these seas and the interior regions adjacent, was promptly, and for the first time, realized. Accordingly, in July of the very year in which New-York completed her "Pioneer work," the Ohio Canal was begun. This crosses the State of Ohio, from Cleaveland, upon Lake Erie, to the Ohio river, at Portsmouth, a distance of three hundred and ten miles—the whole of which was early completed. Then fol-

lowed the Wabash and Erie Canal, a gigantic work, extending from the mouth of the Maumee river, upon Lake Erie, across part of Ohio, and penetrating Indiana almost to its western border, and there connecting the Wabash river with Lake Erie. No less important than either of these is the Michigan and Illinois canal, which unites the waters of Lake Michigan with those of the Illinois river. This canal commences at Chicago, upon Lake Michigan, and terminates in the Illinois river, at the distance of one hundred and two miles from the lake, and from which termination that river is navigable to the Mississippi. Aside from these, there is a cross-cut canal connecting the Ohio canal with the Ohio river, near Beaver; the Miami Extension, which, branching from the Wabash canal, and passing through one of the richest portions of the State of Ohio, terminates upon the Ohio river, at the Queen City of the valley of that stream; also a canal from the Ohio, which, after traversing extended regions of both coal and iron, comes to Lake Erie at the harbor of Erie, Pa.; while around the Falls, at the outlet of Lake Superior, a ship canal is now in progress of construction, which is to add that lake, the largest body of fresh water upon the globe, to the number of those which now concentrate their commerce at Buffalo, upon the western frontier of New-York. To these must be added the various railroads, both completed and in progress, that traverse sections of this region. The Central Railroad extends over a wide and fertile section of the State of Michigan, and connects this with Detroit: the Pontiac road in like manner connects another equally important section of the State with the same city: the Southern Michigan road, passing through the southern tier of counties of that State, comes to the lake at Monroe: the Erie and Kalamazoo road, passing into the interior, nearly in the direction of the Michigan Southern road; the two roads that leave the lake at Sandusky City, and extend, one to Cincinnati, and the other to Mansfield, Richland county, and both passing over some of the finest and most productive soil of the State of Ohio. The chain of lakes in question is navigated by steamboats, ships and other mercantile marine, from Buffalo to Chicago, a distance embracing an inland sea-coast of some fifteen hundred miles in extent, upon the American shore, exclusive of the shores

of Lake Superior, which lake, alone, is seventeen hundred miles in circuit. To this extent of natural navigation is added that of the artificial works enumerated, and all which works operate as but so many prolongations of the Erie Canal. A region as favored by soil and climate as the one under consideration, lacked but an opening to market to begin its course of greatness. This, through the Erie and other canals which have been mentioned, aided by the numerous railroads and rivers, as well as by the great lakes themselves, has been effected; and henceforth the course of this portion of the Union is onward, to the completion of its high destiny.

It seems proper, here, to advert to the position in regard to the low limit of population of the "country of the lakes," that it has been assumed will necessarily be fixed by the extent of its prairies and the consequent want of fuel. This assumption is conceived wholly in error—as not only do the prairies produce timber in profusion and with great rapidity when planted, but the very region under consideration contains the largest fossil coal-field, or rather collection of coal-fields, in the known world. The extent of this is, in length, one thousand five hundred miles, and in breadth six hundred miles, constituting an area of nine hundred thousand square miles. Throughout all this vast realm, at short intervals, coal is found in profusion. It occurs, indeed, in exhaustless quantity, and is, in general, of excellent quality, being bituminous, and in many of the beds so pure as to be fit for use, both in furnaces and smitheries, without coking. The average thickness of the principal beds of this coal is from two to six feet; while, in some situations, they are ten feet, or more: the beds are free from the dislocations and faults which so much impede the operations of the miners in other coal districts, and particularly those of England. The great and practically important peculiarity of the structure of the coal strata in this region is, that they are, in general, nearly horizontal, having only sufficient inclination to drain off the water. Many of the beds are situated above the level of the rivers, and may be traced round the sides of the hills, at the same elevation, or nearly so, upon every side. "This circumstance gives an amazing advantage in working the mines, as no perpendicular shafts are necessary to

reach the coal, but passages can be cut through it, from one side of the hill to the other; and the expense of lifting the coal from the depth of seven and eight hundred feet, as well as that of pumping all the accumulating water from that distance beneath the surface, as is most frequently required in the best English coal mines, is altogether avoided. Besides this advantage, the proprietors can ascertain accurately, without boring, and with scarcely any expense, the exact thickness of each bed of coal before they commence mining operations." Few of the beds have yet been much worked, as their products have not been largely demanded; but the supply is equal to the wants of any population which the country can receive. Beds of this fossil were cut through in excavating both the Ohio and the Erie, Pa., canals; and the route of the Michigan and Illinois Canal, in the midst of the rich prairie region, back from Chicago, lies directly through vast supplies of this; while geological researches are daily disclosing other localities still, where chance or ordinary domestic arrangements had not before detected its presence. From these ancient fossil, vegetable deposits, so indispensably important to a country dependent on steam navigation for much of its prosperity, not only will the millions that are one day to people the soil which covers them be supplied with fuel, but the immense demand for firing, created by the fleets of steamboats that now are, and will ever be, in active employment, in ministering to the wants of the population, will in like manner be answered; and when all this shall have continued for generations—for centuries—there will still be no want of supply.

In a given geographical position, as already shown, the nature and conformation of the soil, which result mainly from geological causes, settle and determine the principal questions of the existence of a people, with their measures and their habits, no less than the rank which the section of the globe that these occupy is to enjoy, upon the theatre of the world. It is not, therefore, a nearly uniform climate which constitutes Upper India, Persia, Asia Minor, Syria, Greece, Italy, the south of Germany and of France, and all the Iberic Peninsula, a distinct physical region; but it is, rather, the uniformity of their geological constitution, now well understood, from Lisbon to Libanus, and from the eastern slopes of the Imaus to

the points where the chains of the Pyrenees, the Spanish and Portuguese mountains, are lost in the Atlantic. It was for this reason that, in the migrations of human tribes, within the realms in question, after crossing the elevated ranges which presented in their course, these tribes again found the same climate, the same qualities of soil, the same forms and aspects, the same productions, and all the physical circumstances which they had left behind, and which exercise so powerful an influence over a people, in the infancy of civilization. But, if these causes direct, within certain limits, seminomadic tribes in their wanderings, and determine them in their final settlements, their control is still more direct and imperious wherever the business of the husbandman is pursued. Nor is the agency of geological causes less apparent in the founding and building up of cities, within a country, than in determining its regions of greatest agricultural production. From the combined agency of these last is drawn the elements of a nation's wealth; and the topography of the country adjacent to them is ever decisive of the question with whom, and through what channels, the commerce of these is to be carried on. It is in this view, only, that the cities of the Valley of the Lakes—since they form no exception to the general rule—are to be considered, if just and valid conclusions, in regard to the future, are either sought, or hoped for. The application of steam to the purposes of navigation, has hastened, by perhaps one hundred years, the settlement of the valley of the Mississippi: it has also had its agency in the peopling of that of the Lakes. But in this last something more than steamboats was required. This chain of Inland Seas was not in navigable connection with the less favored soils of the East. The shores of these waters, therefore, though covered with a soil of giant strength, remained, for the most part, a solitude; while the waters themselves were sparingly traversed, except by the canoe of the savage. The topography of the adjacent region pointed out the route of the Erie Canal; and that great work was completed. This connected the Lakes and their Valley with tide water; but still, such connection was, alone, insufficient to call into existence cities and towns. The West was still unpeopled; but it was now open to settlement: steam and sails both usurped the place of the canoe, and through their agency the eastern emi-

grant could reach the West; and its soil would promptly sustain him, when once there. A current of immigration, therefore, though weak and contracted at first, now began to set in upon the West, through the Erie Canal and the Lakes; and as, through those thus planted there, the capabilities of the realm became gradually disclosed, this current both deepened and widened, from year to year, until it swelled from a rivulet to a river, and from a river to a broad sweeping ocean, bearing, upon its laboring tide, the thousands who daily cast themselves upon its waters, that these might waft them to the haven of their hopes—the wild, but luxuriant and teeming West. The over rapid augmentation of this suddenly created colony—since such, for all the purposes of political economy, the new settlement had become—at a period so soon after its commencement, produced the inevitable result in this, as in all similar instances: namely, the demand for subsistence outran the supply; and provisions, so far from being produced in profusion, for export, were, for a time, required to be furnished from older settled portions of the country, to sustain this rapid accumulation, until the occupants had time so far to cultivate the soil as to make it yield a quantity of food more than sufficient for their own support, and which, consequently, they could divide with those whose more recent arrival left them still dependent upon extraneous supplies.

The reader has already seen that the agency of geological causes is no less apparent in the founding and building up of cities within a given country, than in determining the region of that country's greatest agricultural production. Of these there are already several of much importance, within the realm we are considering; and while they shall long continue to increase in magnitude and wealth, others, which have yet scarcely attracted notice, are no less destined to rise to future eminence. Yet, among all these, it of necessity happens that one, only, can exhibit, in a concentrated form, the commerce of the Valley; or show, collectively, what that commerce is. This one, from its position, is Buffalo; and the history of its rise and progress may therefore be taken as a just type of all the rest. During the entire progress, then, of the events last enumerated, and with all it had been able to accomplish before, Buffalo, by its utmost

efforts, had only struggled its way upward, in the scale of being, to the character of a scattered and unthrifty hamlet. In both population and business, it was then exceeded by numerous inland villages which have since dwindled away and been forgotten, as their short-lived energies have been gradually absorbed by the spreading and overshadowing efficiencies of more commanding positions. And all this, of necessity, was so; for the West, as yet, yielded nothing for Buffalo—and without that West she was already all she ever could be. In other words, had the soil of the Valley of the Lakes been identical with that of New-England, for instance, even could it have retained the same topography it now presents, the site of Buffalo must have remained without pavements, or even streets in which to lay them; while such of its surface as is now covered with buildings, or thronged with busy thousands, each eager in his vocation, would have been still, and through an indefinite future must have continued, either the lounge of the vagrant Indian, or, at best, but the pasturage of his Caucasian supplanter. While the West, then, consumed all, or more than all that she produced, and hence yielded nothing for market or exchange, Buffalo lacked that creative principle that was to give her being; but her development could not be delayed beyond the period when the energies of that West began to be manifested. The proofs of all this we find in the annals of the past, and they are valuable, as affording data for comparisons with the present and the future.

The following table exhibits the commerce of Buffalo from 1815 to 1827, inclusive, being for thirteen consecutive years:—

Years.	No. of arrivals and departures.	Years.	No. of arrivals and departures.
1815,	64	1822,	200
1816,	80	1823,	236
1817,	100	1824,	286
1818,	100	1825,	355
1819,	96	1826,	418
1820,	120	1827,	572
1821,	150		

At the close of this period the total number of American vessels, of all descriptions, constituting the mercantile marine of Erie and the upper Lakes, was but fifty-three, with an aggregate burden of 3611 tons.

This meagre exhibit is in perfect keeping with the population, which, in 1825,

consisted of but 2412 souls. This last, it will be observed, is the year of the completion of the Erie Canal; and the above table of lake commerce extends through the first two years of the canal business.

Without troubling the reader with the yearly details, to the present moment, this whole question will be as fully satisfied by contrasting these meagre results with the same items of the business of a few subsequent years. Not to cumber our pages with protracted tables, we will confine ourselves to exhibiting simply the actual quantity of wheat and flour imported, via the Lakes, into Buffalo, in each of the following years, together with the estimated value of the entire Lake importations, so far as known, for each of these years:—

Year.	Bbls. Flour.	Bush. Wheat.	Estimated value of all imports via the Lakes.
1841,	730,040	1,635,000	\$10,000,000
1842,	734,308	1,555,439	Unknown.
1843,	917,517	1,827,241	\$10,000,000
1844,	915,000	2,177,500	8,000,000
1845,	746,750	1,770,740	Unknown.
1846,	1,324,529	4,744,184	\$20,000,000

The number of arrivals at the port of Buffalo, in 1846, was three thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven—a number contrasting very strongly with the thirteen different years of our earlier history, that we have detailed above. As bearing upon the intercourse with, and emigration to, the region in question, we may state that the number of passengers up and down the Lakes, whose route lay through Buffalo, was estimated, from the best available data, at 200,000 for the year 1845; and for the ensuing year, namely, 1846, at 250,000; of whom, particularly in the last of these years, a very large portion were emigrants, seeking new homes in the west. In connection with this, too, we must advert to the tolls received at Buffalo, upon the Erie Canal. These, of course, are mostly paid upon property which arrives by way of the Lakes, in search of an eastern market; and the amount so paid in each of the last two years is as follows: 1845, \$538,221; 1846, \$847,613; while the receipts of the current year will very greatly exceed this last. But these sums, enormous as they really are, are far from showing, as they would seem to do, the total revenue of the State, arising from property from other States, entering the Erie Canal at Buffalo. For instance, wheat is pur-

chased at Buffalo, say, for the Rochester mills. The tolls on this are paid at Buffalo as far as Rochester, only. Then the wheat is ground, its flour shipped to Albany, and the tolls from Rochester to Albany are paid at Rochester—thus swelling the receipts of that office, and, *apparently*, too, upon the products of the State of New-York, when, in fact, all this is paid on property brought from beyond the limits of that State, and the tolls so paid, at Rochester, are so much actually deducted from the true Buffalo amount, and added to the just sum belonging to Rochester. This is equally true of all places upon the canal, where milling is done. Not unfrequently, too, boats are loaded at Buffalo for Albany or Troy, whose tolls, for reasons of business convenience, are paid at Buffalo for only a small portion of the distance—in all which cases the result is the same as in those above. The amount of these operations is annually very great; and the errors they create of course are of proportionate magnitude. One other item, namely, that of population, remains for comparison. We have seen that in 1825, with the same canal, and the same extent of coast, and of navigable water, upon the chain of Western Lakes that is now possessed, Buffalo contained a population of 2412; in 1840 the United States' Census made that population 18,213, while at the present moment it is between thirty-five and forty thousand.

Local results so gigantic as these, and of which the history of the world probably furnishes no parallel, could not be produced without extending their influences far beyond the immediate scene of their origin. That identical Valley of the Lakes, which, in its wilderness state, was so long the field of martial contest between France and England, for sovereignty only, has, within the past year, under the dominion and tillage of republican freemen, furnished that bread to both these countries, on which, alone, they found themselves dependent to stay the ravages of death from starvation! How essentially, then, have these results influenced the condition of the civilized world! All the northern Atlantic cities of our Union have been powerfully influenced, too, in their growth and prosperity, through the agencies in question; though probably none other so directly, and to the same extent, as that of New-York. Through all the period of that city's existence, down to 1817, when the construction of the Erie Canal

was commenced, being a period of near two hundred years, with all the foreign trade she could command, from every sea, she had only reached a population of 125,000—being less than four times the present size of Buffalo. Up to that period, the internal trade of our country had scarcely been felt, in aid of her prosperity, for the Erie Canal had not then opened to the Atlantic coast the great Valley of the Lakes. The present population of New-York, including the settlements upon its immediate borders, and which in fact belong to that city, is half a million. In 1817, the valuation of property, in New-York, was less than \$58,000,000; and during the ensuing eight years, up to the completion of the Erie Canal, in 1825, with all the trade the city could command, the increase of this valuation was less than one million of dollars. From 1825, when the Erie Canal first connected the city with the great Valley of the Lakes, to 1828, a period of only *three years*, that valuation was augmented within a mere trifle of nineteen millions of dollars. The same cause continuing to operate, but with increased momentum, in 1833 this valuation had risen to upwards of \$114,000,000; and in 1841 it had reached \$186,000,000! And yet it was against the most untiring efforts of the city thus augmented in population and in wealth, that the Valley of the Lakes was ever connected with the Atlantic coast, through the Erie Canal.

There remains but a single feature more of our subject for consideration; and that is, the future political importance of this Valley, in the counsels of our Republic. We have abundantly shown, by the agricultural capabilities of the realm in question, the high limit of population which it is destined to support; and the reader must needs add to these the very large numbers which the great riches of the same region in coal, iron, copper, zinc, lead, salt springs, &c., will call for and sustain; and to both of which he must still farther add a very numerous body which will ever be employed in the commerce of the Lakes, including both the mariners who navigate there, and all those who devote themselves to the duties of that commerce, at all its numerous points, on shore. In 1840, the United States' census gave to the region under consideration a population of 2,967,940; and to the six New-England States, at the same period, 2,234,822. Here was a fraction of difference, in favor of the West, even

then, when the greater part of that West was, and, in truth, still is, a native wild, but whose territory greatly exceeds that of all New-England, in extent. The increase since 1840, we have not the means to fix; though we know it to have been overwhelming, compared to what was there before; and probably the census of 1850 will astonish, in this particular, even those who suppose they have kept pace with the progress of western growth. But still, little, even then, will have been done towards peopling this West, as it is one day to be peopled; and certainly many generations must yet pass away ere this local accumulation of human life shall have reached its ultimate limit. All now see that the seat of empire of our Republic is departing, and forever, from the Atlantic coast, where it has been constantly fixed, from the day we became a nation. The western portion of the Valley of the Lakes, with that of the Ohio, and the northern division of the Mississippi Valley, constitute the foreshadowed seat of this future power. The very next census will, in all probability, fix it there, in numerical strength. That day

is at hand; and may it not rationally be looked forward to as one big with eventful fate? What changes of policy will such transfer of power bring? What fostering of new interests, and repudiation or neglect of old ones, may not this event introduce into our national policy; and how are these likely to influence the fate of our Republic, and the well-being of its present and future millions? Alas! these several questions, and numerous others, flowing all naturally from these, though they may be said to belong, in some sort, to our subject, would, if pursued, manifestly lead us quite too far for the present occasion: and better may it be, too, after all, for us to wait their slow but certain development, without attempting more than barely to remind the reader of their proximate certainty, rather than here strive to delineate consequences which now are, and must indefinitely remain, open to powerfully modifying contingents, to a degree that may, ere long, set at naught the ablest deductions which can now be drawn from present existing data.

OCTOBER WOODS.

AN AUTUMN PIECE.

WHAT soul, save one of imitative mould,
Whose home is in the funeral vaults of Time,
Would not in reverie roam thine Autumn woods,
America! or from the uplands see
The quiet glory of their solemn depths,
And find in these a virgin realm for thought?

I have been walking all the golden day
Over the leaves, beneath the colored trees,
By many-murmuring streams or silent mountains,
And saw a cloudless Heaven bend o'er the world,
A deep eternity of calm; and Earth,
So soberly she took the glorious time,
Seemed meditating some great birth of thought,
Should flush the universe.

The Norland-wind
Was very low amid the withered leaves,
And full of pity as she gently laid them
Within the small, deep hollows of the wood,
Like children in their little graves: the streams,

Those ancient sagas of the wilderness,
Were chanting of the mighty change—the air
Was eloquent of the hour.

And it was well :
The year was in his beautiful masking time,
And on his shoulders wore a purple robe,
And on his thoughtful brow a golden plume,—
Not of the Seraphim unworthy, when
Assembled to behold the Imperial Thought
Take form in a new star.

'Tis thus the year,
Where I was born, in sweet October wears
The brilliant guise which men of other climes
Find only in the continents that lift
Their far-off shores in Fancy's silver sea,
To the wild power of some great Poet's verse.
But here, star-eyed Imagination drops
Her useless wand upon the tinted leaves,
Finding a world in bright Reality,
Where Poetry is enthroned by his own right.
I heard his cadences in every breeze :
I saw his presence fill a thousand glens
Like music on the waters, and I knew
He was a living and immortal form.
No matter where he lifts his passionate voice,
All men shall crown him as a radiant power,
Who, wandering through his heritage of Earth,
Makes pleasant music in the pastoral vales,
Where poor men ply their rugged toil : who smiles
Within the mellow sunshine when it paints
The swelling upland where October sits,
Pressing her lip upon the ripened fruit :
Who stands upon the dim-browed mountain-top,
Beautiful as the light : who, solemn, chants
Full many a rune above the coral hills
Down in the deep, deep sea—and sways all hearts :—
The angel of the world !—who soars at will
Into the ample air, and walks the wind ;
Or waves his wand upon the splendid stars,
Orion, Mazzaroth and the Pleiades,
Ruling their people by a gentle law ;
Or stands majestic in the round, red sun,
And charms the sky until its passion finds
A language in the rainbow and the cloud,
And in the splendors of th' Autumnal moon
Throned on her Venice in a sea of air—
Or, swelling to a larger vehemence,
Shouts in the glorious thunder.

Ye who seek
For Poetry in cunning rhythm alone,
Come out with me into the pictured woods
When Autumn owns the world : and thou, too, come,
Whose heart is shadowed by the ills of life,
The bitterness and the wo,—the agony
That higher natures feel in selfish crowds,
Whose eyes glare at each other o'er the prey,
Silver and gold, for which they madly strive—
Come out into these lovely Autumn haunts,

And with a pitying smile we shall behold
 The unheroic aims and deeds of men,
 And nurture in our souls a nobler life—
 And on the cold-faced Alps of icy Fact,
 Crown us with fadeless flowers of holy song,
 And in the distance of the abyss beyond,
 Though full of stormy cloud and swathing mist,
 Behold God burning like a moveless star.

LETTERS ON THE IROQUOIS.

BY SKENANDOAH.

ADDRESSED TO ALBERT GALLATIN, LL.D., PRESIDENT NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

LETTER XII.

Grandeur of our Forest Scenery in the days of Aboriginal Dominion—Territory of the Hohenosaunee—Their Home Country—Indian Trails—Eastern and Western: Southern—Boundaries between the Nations—Longitudinal Lines substituted for Natural Boundaries: Their Courses—Generosity of the Oneidas to Expatriated Nations—The Seasons, and their Employments—Hunter Spirit—Freedom from Restraint—Contentment of the Red Man with his Destiny.

As we recede from the aboriginal or poetic period of our territorial history, each gliding year both deepens the obscurity upon the Indian's footsteps, and diminishes the power of the imagination to recall the stupendous scenery by which he was surrounded. To obtain a glance at the face of nature during the era of Indian occupation, the wave of improvement which has rolled over it, and effaced its primitive lineaments, must be turned backward; displacing in its recession, not only the city and the village which were planted in the wilderness, the works of art, and the productions of industry, but restoring also, by a simultaneous effort, the original drapery in which nature was enveloped while under the dominion of the laws of vegetation.

Our Indian geography, excluding lines of latitude, descriptions of soil and climate, and precise territorial limits, confines itself to the external features of the country, and to the period when the hemlock and the maple, the pine and the oak, in endless alternation, interlocked their branches from river to river, from lake to

lake—spreading out in one vast, continuous, interminable forest.

In those days of wild and majestic scenery, the graceful swan* folded her wings in unmolested seclusion upon our inland lakes; and, perchance, with "failing tongue," sung her own requiem upon the noiseless wave.

"Dulcia defectâ modulatur carmina lingua

Cantatur Cygnus funeris ipse sui."

The deer also, and the more stealthy bear, descended, in careless security, to taste their limpid waters; while the fiercer animals of prey, and the reptile "startlingly beautiful," appeared upon their banks. The deep recesses of the wood were enlivened by the feathered tribes; and all unmarked by the eye of man—

"Their various ways of life,
 Their feuds, their fondnesses, their social flocks."

Surrounded by all the grandeur of this forest scenery, the Indian constructed his Gā-no-sote of bark upon the winding stream or on the margin of the lake; and,

* The American swan, (*Cygnus Americanus*), called by the Senecas Ah-weh-ah-a, was common upon our lakes in the days of Indian sovereignty; but on the departure of the red man, she spread her wings, and followed him. They sat upon the lakes in pairs and not in flocks; and it is said they still frequent the small sheets in the wild regions of northern New-York.

one of the multitudinous inhabitants of the forest, rather than a distinct and higher being, he spent his days and years in sylvan pursuits, unless he went forth upon the war-path in quest of adventure or renown. Of all the developments of the human intellect, and of the inclinations and passions of the human heart, the hunter state is the most remarkable. It is a more profound enigma than a state of the highest civilization, and a greater subject of wonder and astonishment.

Between the Hudson and Lake Erie, our broad territory was occupied by the *Hodénosaunee*, scattered far and wide in small encampments, in solitary wigwams, or in disconnected villages; and their council-fires, emblematical of civil jurisdiction, burned continuously from *I-can-de-rā-go*, on the Mohawk, to *Tā-nā-wan-déh* in the country of the Senecas.

A central trail or thoroughfare passed through it from east to west, intersected at numerous points by cross trails, which passed along the banks of the lakes, rivers, and smaller streams. This great trail of the Iroquois not only connected the principal villages of the nations of the League, but established the route of travel into Canada on the west, and over the Hudson on the east.

Upon the banks of the Susquehanna and its branches, the sources of which are near the Mohawk, and upon the banks of the Chemung and its branches, the sources of which are near the Genesee, were other trails; all of which uniting at Tioga Point, and descending the Susquehanna, formed the great Southern Trail. The established route into Pennsylvania and Virginia was upon this trail. For unnumbered centuries, and by race after race, these old, deeply-worn trails had been trod by the red man. From the Atlantic (*O-jik-ha-dā-ge-ga**) to the Mississippi, (*Gā-no-we-yo-ga,†*) and from the northern lakes to the Mexican gulf, the main Indian routes through the country were as accurately and judiciously traced, and as familiar as our own. On many of these distant foot-paths the *Hodénosaunee* had conducted warlike expeditions, and had thus become practically versed in the geography of the country. Within their immediate territories they were quite as familiar with its geographical features, its routes of travel, its lakes, and hills, and streams, as we ourselves.

Concerning the original country of the Iroquois, it is not necessary to the present purpose to make any inquiry. Subsequent to the era of Dutch discovery, (1609,) they held under their dominion our entire State west of the Hudson; with the exception of certain tracts on this river below the junction of the Mohawk, which were occupied by the "River Indians," and some settlements upon the *Gā-no-wo-geht* or St. Lawrence. In the valley of the Mohawk, and between this valley and the Genesee, along the chain of inland lakes, the substance of the confederacy was seated. This particular territory, embracing the most valuable portion of our State, constituted the Home Country of the *Hodénosaunee*, as distinguished from other territories upon the north, south, and west, which they held in subjection by conquest, and occupied only in the season of the hunt. Their singular position upon the head waters of the Hudson, the Delaware, the Susquehanna, and the Ohio, gave to them advantages in a military point of view, over those nations whose territories were watered by these streams, which have frequently been remarked. From their centres of population they could put themselves upon these rivers, and descend in their warlike enterprises upon any part of the country.

The boundaries between the nations of the League are worthy of attention, that the hereditary territory of each may be understood. Upon this subject it is a singular peculiarity of our predecessors, that they rejected natural boundaries, and substituted longitudinal lines. This appears to have resulted, in part, from the custom of establishing their settlements upon both banks of the streams on which they resided. Having no knowledge of the use of wells, it became an established custom to fix their habitations upon creeks or easily-forded rivers. With regard to the inland lakes, they were never divided by a boundary line; but the entire circuit of each was possessed by a single nation. The natural limits which rivers and lakes might furnish having thus been disregarded, and straight lines, as near as might be, having been substituted, the inquiry is divested of much of its difficulty; and additional certainty is given to the boundaries, if any points upon them can be ascertained.

After the expulsion of the Neuter Na-

* Salt-Water.

† Smooth-Water.

‡ The Rapid River.

tion from the banks of the Niagara river in 1643,* and of the Eries from the country between the Genesee and Lake Erie in 1655,† the Senecas, who before that time resided chiefly in the valley of the Genesee, thus extended their jurisdiction over the whole area of western New-York. On the east their territory joined that of the Cayugas; and the line between them is well authenticated, and easily traced. It commenced at the head of the Si-o-dougs, sometimes written So-dougs, or Great Sodus Bay, on Lake Ontario, and running south on the longitude of Washington, it crossed the Gā-nāre-gweh, or Clyde river, near the village of Clyde on the west, and the Ska-yis-kā-yā,‡ or Seneca river, about four miles east of its outlet from the Seneca lake. The name of the Seneca river is given in the Onondaga dialect, and signifies *Long Wing*. Following nearly the direction of the lake, the line bore a little to the east; and having passed nearer the head than it did the foot of the lake, it continued south; and crossing the Gā-hā-to, or Chemung river, east of Elmira, it passed on south into Pennsylvania. Gā-hā-to signifies *A log in the Water*. The Chemung river is formed by the junction of the Tioga and I-car-nase-te-o, or Canisteo, with the Gā-hā-to, or Couhocton. Among the Iroquois the Couhocton, from its source to the junction of the Chemung with the Susquehanna, was regarded as one river under the name of Gā-hā-to.

Between the Cayugas and Onondagas, the limital line is not as well defined. It commenced on Lake Ontario, near the mouth of the Swa-geh, or Oswego river, on the west side, as averred by the Senecas. The name of this river, O-swa-go in Onondaga, Os-wage-ga in Oneida, and Os-we-go in Mohawk, is rendered in each dialect *The Rib*s. How this singular designation originated, is unknown. From the mouth of the river, the line of boundary, leaving its banks, passed in a southerly direction, running between the Yu-neen-do, (Onondaga,) rendered *Hemlock-tops lying on the Water*, or Cross Lake, and the Squā-yen-nā, (On.) signifying *A good way up*, or Otter lake. Continuing south, it crossed the Seneca river near the junction of the Ha-nan-to, (On.) translated *Small hemlock-tops lying on the Water*, or outlet of the Skeneateles; and

bearing a little to the east, it passed between the Dwas-co, rendered *Floating Bridge*, or Owasco Lake, and the Skeneateles. The name of this lake in the Seneca dialect is Skā-ne-o-dice; in Onondaga Skan-e-at-dice; in Tuscarora; Skon-yat-e-las; and in Oneida, Ski-ne-ā-dā-yes: it signifies *Long Lake*. Continuing south, the line of boundary passed through the eastern towns of the counties of Cayuga and Tompkins, and crossing the Susquehanna west of Owego, it proceeded south into Pennsylvania.

On the boundary line between the Onondagas and Oneidas, the most prominent point was the Deep Spring near Manlius in the county of Onondaga. This spring not only marked the limital line between the nations, but it was a well-known stopping place on the central trail of the Iroquois, which took this spring in its route. The boundary line run from thence due south into Pennsylvania, nearly on the first degree of east longitude from Washington. It passed near the lines of boundary between the counties of Onondaga and Madison, Cortland and Chenango; and crossed the Susquehanna near its junction with the Chu-de-nan-ge, (On.) rendered *In the head*, or Chenango river, near the site of Binghampton. From the Deep Spring north, the boundary line turned out of its course to the north-west, leaving in the Oneida territory both banks of the Jo-do-nan-go, (On., signification lost,) or Chittenango creek. It crossed the Tā-gune-dā, or Oneida river, near the Fishing Ground, about three miles west of its outlet from the Kā-no-ā-lo-hā (Onei.) signifying, *A head on a pole*, or Oneida lake; and from thence run north to lake Ontario. The Oneidas possessed a favorite fishing ground upon the Oneida river; and in the treaty of Fort Schuyler, in September, 1788, in which they ceded "all their lands to the people of the State of New-York forever," they reserved this fishing ground in connection with their original reservation. It is expressed in the treaty as follows: "A convenient piece of ground at the fishing place in the Oneida river, about three miles from where it issues from the Oneida lake, to remain as well for the Oneidas and their posterity, as for the inhabitants of the State to encamp upon." The name of this river, Tā-gune-dā, signifies *Between*

* Charlevoix, v. I., p. 377.

† Ib. v. II., p. 62.

‡ ā as in *art*, ā as in *at*, ī as in *in*, ō as in *tone*.

All aboriginal names will be in the dialect of the Senecas, unless the particular dialect is mentioned.

the fish. In addition to the testimony of the Iroquois concerning the direction of this line of boundary, some further confirmation may be derived from existing treaties. It appears that the western boundary of the Oneida reservation was on the line of the national boundary, and that the Deep Spring was also upon it. From the south-western corner it ran "due north to the Deep Spring; thence the nearest course to the Canaseruga creek." The limital line between the Oneidas and Onandagas, as above stated, crossed the Susquehanna near its confluence with the Chenango. That the Oneida territory included the land east of, and at the mouth of this river, appears by the treaty of Fort Herkimer in June, 1785. It embraced a part of the tract assigned by this Nation to the Tuscaroras on their expulsion from Carolina in 1713; and as the Oneidas were the original owners, they were made a party with the Tuscaroras to the treaty in question, by which this tract was ceded to the State. It was bounded as follows: "beginning at the mouth of the Unadilla river, where the same empties into the Susquehanna, thence up the said Unadilla ten miles in a straight line; thence due west to the Chenango; thence southerly down the said Chenango, to where it empties into the Susquehanna, and to the line of property, and thence along the said line of property to the place of beginning."

Of the national boundaries, that between the Oneidas and the Mohawks is the most uncertain and difficult to trace; there being a disagreement between the line of boundary given by the Hodénosaunee, and that indicated, although imperfectly, by existing treaties. From the best evidence that can be gathered, it came down from the north between the East and the West Canada creeks; and crossing the Mohawk between St. Johnsville and Herkimer, it continued south on a line west of the Ote-sa-ga, (Oneida dialect,) signifying *A bladder*, or Otsego lake; and from thence ran south into Pennsylvania, crossing the Susquehanna below its confluence with the Charlotte river, and the Delaware in the county of Sullivan.

It appears from numerous treaties with the Oneidas, that they sold lands to the State on both sides of the Mohawk as low down as Herkimer, at the mouth of the Te-uge-tā-ra-ran or West Canada

creek; and also on the Mohawk branch of the Delaware as far east as Delhi.

The generosity of the Oneidas in sharing their territory with expatriated and discomfited nations is worthy of remembrance and commendation. In addition to the Tuscaroras, who shared largely in their bounty and in their friendship, they also bestowed upon the Mohekunnucks, or Stockbridge Indians, a valuable tract a few miles south of Oneida Castle, out of which the Mohekunnucks subsequently secured a reservation six miles square. And in the same manner they gave a small district to the New-England Indians, south of Clinton, in Oneida county. To the two bands the possession of these lands was subsequently recognized, and secured by treaty. "The New-England Indians, (now settled at Brothertown,) and their posterity forever, and the Stockbridge Indians, and their posterity forever, are to enjoy their settlements on the lands heretofore given to them by the Oneidas."

The territory of the Mohawks extended to the Hudson on the east, embraced the sources of the Susquehanna and Delaware on the south, and reached as far into the wild regions of the north as the country itself was valuable for the hunt.

Such were the divisions of Ho-dé-no-sau-nee-geh, or, *The Territory of the People of the Long House*, as accurately as they can now be traced. By thus marking the territorial limits of the several nations, the political nationality of each was continued in view. In hunting and fishing excursions, it was their custom to confine themselves within their respective domains; which to a people who subsisted chiefly by the chase, was a matter of the highest importance. Upon their foreign hunting grounds, which were numerous, either nation was at liberty to encamp.

In connection with their territorial divisions, and foreign conquests, are revealed some of the peculiarities of the hunter life. The Senecas, for example, at the season of the fall hunt, would leave their larger settlements in small hunting parties, and depart on distant expeditions. Some, turning to the south, would encamp on the Gā-hā-to or Chemung, and traverse the whole adjacent country. Other parties, turning to the west, and descending the O-hee-yo or Allegany, penetrated the inland regions of Ohio; which

* Treaty of September 22, 1788, between the Oneida Nation and New-York.

was a favorite hunting ground, not only of the Senecas, but also of the Iroquois. Still others encamped on the Niagara peninsula, which was formerly a great resort for the beaver hunt. The Cayugas, leaving the inlet of the Cayuga and their settlements down the lake, turned towards the Susquehanna, which furnished them an inexhaustible store. They also ranged Pennsylvania; and with parties from the other nations of the Long House, not unfrequently encamped on the Cohou-go-ron-ton or Potomack. In like manner parties of the Onondagas descended the Chenango to the Susquehanna; while others turned northward, and, perchance, crossed the lake into Canada. The Oneidas also, for the fall hunt, either turned south down the Unadilla, or moving in an opposite direction, penetrated the regions watered by the Ka-yune-hā-go* or Black river. Lastly, the Mohawks leaving their valley, found ever-stocked hunting grounds upon the head waters of the Delaware and the Susquehanna, and also in the wild and rugged regions of the north.

About mid-winter these widely scattered parties began to find their way back to their villages, and usual places of abode; where for a season they surrendered themselves to idleness and apathy. When spring appeared, another movement, nearly as general, was made for favorite fishing encampments, throughout these vast territories. In this occupation, and upon this subsistence, a few weeks were spent. When at length planting time came, they all returned once more to their summer homes to cultivate the maize, the great staple of the red man, and a few other simple plants to which their wants were limited. The summer again was a season of idleness, unless enlivened by councils, and games, and amusements.

In this round of occupations, and in this manner of life, the Hodénosaunee glided through the year. Unmindful of the past, and careless of the future, he was a hunter in spirit and in deed, and sought not to control that frenzy for the

chase, which was his inheritance and his birthright. Aspiring to a freedom as boundless as the forest, and as unshackled as his imagination, he dreamed away his life, without seeking to comprehend the mysteries of nature before him; and pursued his spontaneous inclinations, without troubling himself to search out the end and object of his existence. The progress of the seasons suggested to him their appropriate employments; if not marked, in the exuberance of unsubdued nature, by the same attractive changes which pursue each other in regions beautified by cultivation.

"Frigora mitescunt Zephyris: ver pro-
terit æstas
Interitura. Simul
Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit, et mox
Bruma recurrit iners." †

The colds of winter, indeed, were softened by the vernal breezes: spring came forth with its opulence of foliage, and of flowers, followed quickly by the animated, living summer; but "fruit-bearing autumn" had no ripened stores to pour forth for the Indian's sustenance, before "sluggish winter" again closed in upon him. While with the keenest appreciation he enjoyed the solemn grandeur of nature in her wild attire, and surrendered himself to her fullest inspiration, he knew nothing of her inexhaustible fruitfulness, and of her more delicate features of beauty, which are revealed only by the hand of industry, and the touch of refinement.

In the midst of such scenery, and in the pursuit of such employments, the Iroquois passed through the successive seasons, from planting time to planting time, from hunt to hunt; unless drawn together around the council fire of the Nation, or of the Confederacy, or led forth upon the war-path to resist an invader, or make a conquest. Conscious of no higher occupation, and satisfied with the present, the people of the Long House thus measured out their days; with all the happiness which self-satisfaction could secure, and all the contentment which could result from knowing no higher destiny.

* Oneida dialect. It signifies *A great river*.

† Horace, Lib. iv., Ode 7.

LETTER XIII.

Geography of the Hodenosaunee—Features of Nature first Christened by the Red Man—Names of Ancient Localities transferred by our Predecessors to the Cities and Villages since reared upon them—The Great Central Trail of the Iroquois—Leaves the Hudson at Albany—South Trail of the Mohawks—Indian Villages—North Branch, Ko-la-ne-ka, or Johnstown—Trails uniting at Rome, proceed to Oneida Castle—Thence to the Valley of Onondaga—Villages in this Valley—O-was-go, or Auburn—Cayuga Ford—Indian Village near Geneva—Trail continues west to Ga-nun-da-gwa, thence by two routes to the Valley of Genesee—Genesee, Avon Springs—Passing over the sites of Le Roy and Batavia, it leads to the Indian Village of Ta-na-wan-deh—Branch Trail to Niagara—Main Trail continues west and comes out upon Lake Erie at the site of Buffalo—Termini of this Trail now marked by flourishing Cities—The Route judiciously selected—Turnpike laid on the line of this Trail—Cities and Villages located upon it—Indian Trails indicate Natural Lines of Migration—The Main Trail of the Iroquois one of the Natural Highways of the Continent.

OUR Indian geography is a subject of inquiry peculiar in its interest, and in its character. Many of the names bestowed by our predecessors having been incorporated into our language, will be transmitted to distant generations, and be familiar after their race, and perhaps ours, have passed away. The features of nature were first christened by the Red Man: the record of their baptism, and the legacy of a former age, it were prodigality to cast away. There is still attainable a large amount of geographical information pertaining to our predecessors, which, estimated at its value, would amply remunerate for its collection; and which, if neglected, must fade, ere many years, from remembrance. To the future scholar this subject will commend itself with an abiding interest, when, perchance, the mists of time have obscured the avenues of inquiry, and the muse of Research has sat down in silence and despondency, among the ruined and deserted fragments of the Long House of the Iroquois.

In an antiquarian aspect, it may be considered fortunate, that as the villages and settlements of the Hodenosaunee disappeared, and the cities and villages of another race were reared upon their sites, all of these ancient names were transferred to the substituted habitations of the White Man. Yielding step by step, and contracting their possessions from year to year, the Iroquois yet continued in the constant use of their original names, although the localities themselves had been surrendered. If a Seneca were to refer to Geneva, he would still say Ga-nun-dā-sa-ga; the Onondaga would call Syracuse Nah-tā-dunk; and the Oneida, in like manner, would call Utica Nun-dā-dasis. All of these localities, as well as our rivers, lakes and streams, still live among the Hodenosaunee by their ancient names; and such places as have sprung

up on nameless sites have been christened as they appeared. These names, likewise, are significant, and are either descriptive of features of the country, the record of some historical event, or interwoven with some tradition. From these causes, their geography has been preserved with remarkable accuracy.

The principal villages of the Hodenosaunee, in the days of aboriginal dominion, were connected by well-beaten trails. These villages were so situated, that the Central Trail, which started from the Hudson, at the site of Albany, passed through those of the Mohawks and Oneidas; and crossing the Onondaga Valley, and the Cayuga country, a few miles north of their chief settlements, it passed through the main villages of the Senecas, in its route to the Valley of the Genesee. After crossing this celebrated valley, it proceeded westward to Lake Erie, coming out upon it at the mouth of Buffalo creek, on the present site of Buffalo.

Since this great Indian thoroughfare passed through the centre of the Long House, as well as through the fairest portions of New-York, it is desirable to commence with this trail on the Hudson, and trace it through the State. It will furnish the most convenient method of noticing such stopping places as were marked with appropriate names in the dialects of the Hodenosaunee, and also the numerous Indian villages which dotted this extended route.

Albany, at which point the trail started from the Hudson, owes its Iroquois name to the pineries or openings, which lay between this river and the Mohawk, at Schenectady. Long anterior to the foundation of the city, this site was well known to our predecessors. It was called in Seneca and Cayuga Skā-neh-tā-de, in Tuscarora Skaw-na-taw-te, and in Onondaga and Oneida Skā-nā-tā-de. In

the several dialects it has the same signification: *Beyond the Pineries*, or more correctly, *Beyond the Openings*.* The Iroquois name of the Hudson originated from the name of this site: Skā-neh-ta-de Gā-hone-dā, *The River beyond the Openings*.

The trail, leaving the Hudson at Skā-neh-tā-de or Albany, took the direction of the old Albany road north of the Capitol, and proceeded mostly on the line of this road to a spring which issued from a ravine about five miles west on the route. From this spring it continued towards Schenectady; and descending the ravine through which the railway passes, it came upon the Mohawk at the site of this city, and crossed the river at the fording place, where the toll-bridge has since been constructed.

Schenectady has not only appropriated the aboriginal name of Albany, but has by inheritance one of the most euphonic names in the dialects of the Iroquois, as given by the Oneidas: O-no-al-i-gōne,† signifying, *In the head*. In Onondaga it is less musical: Noo-nā-gun-nā; in Seneca: Ho-no-ā-go-neh; the same word in both cases under dialectical changes. The Senecas have preserved the signification of this name more fully—*The place where a man is pained in the head*; a somewhat fanciful origin of a geographical designation.

From O-no-al-i-gōne or Schenectady, two trails passed up the Mohawk, one upon each side. The one upon the south was most traveled, as the three Mohawk castles, as they were termed, or principal villages, were upon that side. Following the valley, and pursuing the windings of the river, the first stopping place was at I-can-de-rā-go, sometimes written Ti-en-on-de-ro-ge, the lower castle of the Mohawks. This Indian village was situated upon the site of Fort Hunter, at the confluence of the Mohawk and the Ose-ko-har-lā, (Oneida dialect,) Ye-sko-hā-ou, (Onondaga,) or Schoharie Creek. The former names are in Mohawk, and their meaning has not been ascertained. Of the names of the creek the signification is the same in both dialects: A dam made by flood-wood. Leaving I-can-de-rā-go, the trail crossed the Ose-ko-har-lā

creek, and proceeding up the valley nearly on the line of the Erie Canal, it crossed the Ot-squā-go (Mohawk) creek, near its mouth, and led up to the Canajoharie or Middle Mohawk Castle, which was situated at the junction of this stream with the Mohawk. This favorite and populous village occupied a little eminence near the present site of Fort Plain, which they called Car-rag-jo-res, (Mohawk,) or *The Hill of Health*. The name of the village, in the Oneida dialect, Can-a-jo-har-ā-lā-ga, signifies *A kettle inverted on a pole*.‡ From Canajoharie the trail continued up the river to Gā-ne-ā-ga, the Upper Mohawk Castle, which was situated in the town of Danube, Herkimer county, nearly opposite the mouth of East Canada creek. It is put down upon some ancient maps under the name of Mo-hock. From this Indian village, the last in the territory of the Mohawks, going west, the trail followed up the bank of the river, without passing any other stopping place, until it reached the site of Utica, in the country of the Oneidas.

Near this city, on the west side, the trail passed around a hill in such a manner as to be noticeable for its singularity. Hence Nun-da-dā-sis in Oneida, Nun-da-dā-ses in Seneca, and Ot-none-tā-na-dā-sis in Onondaga, signifying, in each dialect, *Around the Hill*, was bestowed upon this locality, as a name descriptive of the winding of the trail around the base of the hill. When Utica, at a subsequent day, sprung up near this spot, the name was transferred, according to the custom of the Hodénosaunee, to the city itself. From Nun-da-dā-sis the trail proceeded on the line of the river, and crossing the Che-gā-queh creek at Whitesboro, which was also called Che-gā-queh, and the Ole-his-ka or Oriskany creek, near its confluence with the Mohawk, it came at once upon the site of Ole-his-ka, or Oriskany. This name is in the Oneida dialect, and is rendered *Nettles* or *Ustjca*. Leaving the "region of nettles," it continued upon the bank of the Mohawk up to Rome, where this river turns to the north.

The site of Rome was an important point with the Iroquois, both as the terminus of the trails upon the Mohawk,

* In Seneca, it is derived or compounded from Ga-neh-ta-yeh, *Openings*, and Se-gwa, *Beyond*, and simply means, *Beyond the Openings*. In the same manner, Skai-da-de, *Beyond the Swamp*, is a compound of Gai-ta-yeh, *A Swamp*, and Se-gwa, *Beyond*.

† ō, as in tone.

‡ In Seneca, it was called Ca-na-jo-hi-e, which literally means, *Washing a basin or kettle*; and it is said to have originated in some geographical peculiarity at this locality.

and as a carrying place for canoes. A narrow ridge at this point forms a division between those waters which flow into the Atlantic through the Mohawk and Hudson, and those which flow through the St. Lawrence, having descended through the Oneida lake and the Oswego river into Lake Ontario. In the days of aboriginal sovereignty, the amount of navigation upon the northern and inland lakes, in birch-bark canoes, was much greater than we are apt to suppose. With these frail vessels, they descended from the upper lakes, and if their destination chanced to be the country of the Mohawk, they ascended the Oswego river from Lake Ontario; and having made their way into the Oneida lake, and from thence into the Ta-gā-soke (Oneida, *Between the Lips*) or Fish creek, and ascended from this into the Kā-ne-go-dik or Wood creek, they soon came upon the "carrying place," opposite Rome. In an hour after touching the shore, their light bark was launched into the Mohawk.* The aboriginal name of this locality, in Seneca De-yo-wās-tā, in Onondaga Te-ā-hun-quā-tā, and in Oneida, Te-yā-oo-wa-quā-ta, signifies in each dialect, *A place for carrying boats*. As usual, the name has been conferred upon Rome by the several nations.

Before tracing the main trail farther to the westward, it will be necessary to follow up the one upon the north side of the Mohawk. Crossing the river at Schenectady, as heretofore stated, the trail ascended this stream nearly on the line since pursued by the Mohawk turnpike; fording the Chuc-te-ron-de creek, (Mo.) sometimes written Juck-sa-ran-de, at Amsterdam, and from thence continuing up the valley to Tribes' Hill, nearly opposite I-can-de-rā-go. At this point the trail branched: one, turning back from the river, crossed the country to Ko-lā-ne-kā or Johnstown; the other continued up the valley to the small Indian village of Ga-nō-wau-ga, which signifies, *On the Rapids*, where the trail returning from Johnstown intersected.

Ko-lā-ne-kā in Oneida, Go-nā-na-ge-hā in Onondaga, signifying simply, *Indian Superintendent*, was the name bestowed upon Johnstown, the residence of Sir William Johnson. This remarkable personage, from the period of his settlement in the Mohawk Country in 1714, but more especially after the battle of Lake George, in the French War in 1757, which secured to him both his title and his superintendency, until his death in 1774, acquired, and constantly exercised, a greater personal influence over the Hódénosaunee than was ever possessed by any other individual or even government. His house or hall at Ko-lā-ne-kā was a favorite place of Indian resort; and the Mohawk and the Seneca, the Cayuga and the Oneida, felt as much at ease under the roof of the Baronet, as under the shelter of their own forests.

From Ga-nō-wau-ga, the trail continuing up the Mohawk mostly on the line of the turnpike, crossed the Ga-ro-ge creek, (Mo.) near Palatine; and passing over the site of St. Johnsville, it came upon the Car-ho-a-ron, (Mo.) or East Canada creek, at its confluence with the Mohawk. Fording this stream, and following up the bank of the river, it next came to De-yo-wās-tā, or Little Falls. This name, the same as that of Rome, was bestowed upon this locality in consequence of there being a "carrying place" around the falls. Continuing to ascend the river, the trail crossed the Ta-gā-yune-hā-na,† (Oneida,) rendered *Coming Across*, or West Canada creek, and came at once upon the site of Herkimer, at the confluence of this stream with the Mohawk. Herkimer, christened Da-yā-o-geh in Seneca, Te-ā-o-gā in Oneida, Ta-yo-geh in Cayuga, and Te-o-gun in Onondaga, has received a name descriptive of its situation at the junction of the two streams. It is rendered, in the first dialect given, *At the Forks*; in the second, *Between*; and in the third and fourth, *In the Middle*. Leaving Te-ā-o-gā, the trail followed up the bank of the river, and having crossed the Te-yā-

* For many years after the commencement of the rapid settlement of Western New-York, about the year 1790, the greater part of the supplies of merchandise from the East, as well as multitudes of immigrants, with their household furniture and farming implements, ascended the Mohawk in batteaux, or small river boats, as far as Rome. Here having drawn out their vessels and unladed them, they carried them over the ridge, and launched them into Wood creek. Descending this stream into the Oneida lake, and crossing the same, they still continued down its outlet into the Oswego River, which being formed by the united outlets of all the inland lakes of the State, the whole lake country was thus opened to them. Like the Iroquois before them, they used the natural highways of the country.

† It is written Te-ugh-tagh-ra-ron in an old Mohawk Treaty, on file at the State Department, Albany.

nun-soke, (Onei.) rendered *A Beech Tree standing up*, or Nine-mile creek, it continued along the Mohawk to a point opposite Rome; where it passed the river, and intersected the south trail at the "carrying place."

The Mohawk is known among the people of the Long House under so many appellations, that it is difficult to determine whether it had any general name running through the several dialects. Upon an old Mohawk treaty it is written *Mau-quas*, Cusick, the Tuscarora, wrote it *Yen-on-au-at-che*, and gave *Going round a mountain*, as its signification. With the Onondagas it has two names: *O-nā-wā-dā-ga*, rendered *White Ashes*; and *Te-yone-de-a-gā*, rendered *Twin Day*; while the Oneidas are unable to furnish one. Among the Senecas it is called the *De-yo-wās-ta*.

From *De-yo-wās-ta*, or Rome, the main trail, taking a south-west direction, passed through *Te-o-na-tā*, (Onei.) signifying *Pine Woods*, or Verona, and finally came out at Oneida Castle. This was the principal village of the Oneidas, called in their dialect, *Kā-no-ā-lo-hā*; in Seneca, *Gā-no-ā-o-ā*, which has the same interpretation in each—*A Head on a pole*. In this beautifully situated Indian village burned the council fire of one of the nations of the League.

Another trail came from Utica to Oneida Castle by a more direct route, and was more traveled than the one leading through Rome. It passed through New-Hartford, and from thence continued west to the Oriskany creek, which was forded near Manchester. From this crossing-place it led direct to *Kā-no-ā-lo-hā*, passing through or over the site of Vernon, which at a subsequent day was christened *To-ha-ti-yon-ton* by the Oneidas. This word is rendered *A garter round the leg*; and was bestowed upon Mr. Knapp, one of the first settlers at Vernon, from this peculiarity of his dress. Many of our villages have in this manner received the name bestowed upon the first resident white man with whom the Hodénosaunee

became acquainted. At Vernon the trail crossed the *Skun-un-do-wā*, (Onei.) or Skenandoah creek. It signifies *A large hemlock*.

Fording the *Kā-no-ā-lo-hā* or Oneida creek, at the Indian Village, the trail, continuing west, passed near *Kā-ne-to-tā*, (Onei.) or Canestota, which is rendered *A pine tree standing alone*; and came next upon the *Kā-nose-swā-ga*, (On.) or Canaseraga creek, near the village of the same name. This word has an elaborate signification: *Several strings of beads lying beside each other, with one string placed across*. Passing this stream, and the *Jo-do-nan-go*, (On.) or Chittenango creek, near the village of *Jo-do-nan-go*, the trail proceeded direct to the Deep Spring, near Manlius, elsewhere referred to; a well-known and favorite stopping-place of the Iroquois, in their journeyings upon the great thoroughfare.*

From the Deep Spring the trail, continuing west, crossed the *Ka-che-ā*, (On.) *Gā-je-ā-lo*, (Onei.) or Limestone creek, at Manlius. This name, which has also been bestowed upon the village, is rendered *A finger nail in the water*. Proceeding mostly on the line since pursued by the turnpike, it crossed the *Kā-san-to*, (On.) rendered *Peeled bark lying on the water*, or Butternut creek, near the village of Jamesville, which has received the same designation; and from this fording-place continuing west, it descended into the Onondaga valley; and having crossed the *Kun-dā-quā*, it entered the Indian village of *Gis-twa-ab*, which occupied the site of the village of Onondaga Hollow.

The Onondagas made this picturesque and fertile valley their chief place of residence. Here was the council-brand of the Confederacy, which rendered it the sylvan seat of government of the League. In the estimation of the race, it was a consecrated vale. The eloquence of the Hodénosaunee, their legendary lore, and their civil history, are all interwoven, by association, with this favorite

* Extract from a letter written by Judge Jones, of Utica:—"Near the summit of what was formerly called the Canaseraga Hill, near where now runs the road from Chittenango to Manlius, is a large, singular, and well-known ever-living spring, familiarly known as the 'Big Spring.' The excavation, whether made by Omnipotence, or by human hands, may be fifteen feet in diameter, and several feet deep, with sloping sides easy of descent; and at the bottom is a reservoir ever full. What is quite singular is, that the water runs in at the lower, and disappears at the upper side of this reservoir. The spring, while the old woods were its shade, and the wild deer descended to taste its limpid waters, was long the favorite meeting place between the Onondagas and Oneidas. Here for ages had the old men of the two nations met to rehearse their deeds of war: here the young braves met in friendly conclave. * * * This was the boundary between the two nations."

valley; for here their sachems gathered together, in the days of aboriginal supremacy, to legislate for the welfare of their race. Here they strengthened and renewed the bonds of friendship and patriotism; indulged in exultation over their advancing prosperity; and counseled together to arrest impending dangers, or repair the mischances of the past.

It is watered by the Kun-dā-quā, signifying *Get it to me*, or Onondaga river, which rises near Kā-ne-ā-dā-he, rendered *A lake on a hill*, or Tully. Flowing through the valley to the north, this stream first passed the Indian village of Nan-ta-sā-sis, about eight miles above the point where the main trail crossed the valley. This village was upon the west side of the Kun-dā-quā, and its name signifies *Going partly round a hill*, in allusion to some geographical feature of the country. About four miles above the central trail, the stream flowed by Kā-nā-tā-go-us, rendered *A hemlock knot in the water*, or Onondaga Castle. It was situated upon the east side of the river, and was the principal village of the Onondagas: the place where the Hodénosaunee preserved the council-brand of the Confederacy. Descending the stream, the next village was Gis-twa-ah, rendered *Any little thing*, already mentioned. About three miles below the point where the trail crossed the valley, the stream passed by Nah-tā-dunk, the present site of Syracuse, signifying *A pine tree broken in the centre, with the broken part hanging down*; and having also flowed through Tā-tun-seh, rendered *Hide and seek*, or Salina, it discharged itself into the Gā-nun-tā-ah, signifying *Small sticks of wood*, or Onondaga lake. The preceding names connected with this valley are in the Onondaga dialect. There was another village of this nation of some consequence, named Tu-e-a-das, situated about four miles east of the castle.

After crossing the valley, the trail passed up a small ravine to the top of the hill, where it took a north-west direction, and came upon the Us-tu-kā, (On.) translated *Bitter hickory nut*, or Nine-mile-creek, near O-yā-han, (On.) rendered *Apples split open*, or Camillus. Forging this stream, it continued westward to a stopping place, where Carpenter's tavern was

subsequently erected, a short distance from Kā-no-nā-ye, or Elbridge. This name signifies *A head lying on the ground*. Crossing the Ha-nan-to, or outlet of the Skeneateles lake, near Elbridge, the trail turned south-west; and passing through the town of Sennett, Cayuga County, it came upon the Os-co creek, or outlet of the Owasco lake, at the site of Auburn; crossing at a point where the "Red Store" was subsequently erected, between the Auburn House and the Prison.

Owasco lake derives its name from O-was-go in Cayuga, Was-co in Oneida, Os-co in Onondaga,* and Dwas-co in Seneca. The word signifies, in the several dialects, *A bridge*, or *A floating bridge*; but the circumstance in which it originated, is beyond discovery. It has been transferred to the outlet and to Auburn; which village is as well known under this appellation among the descendants of the ancient Hodénosaunee, as it is known among us by its English name.

Leaving Dwas-co or Auburn, the trail proceeded nearly on the line of the turnpike, half way to the lake, where it crossed to the south side, and came down upon the Cayuga, about half a mile above Was-gwās, rendered *Long Bridge*, or Cayuga bridge. Gwa-u-gueh in Cayuga, Gue-u-gweh in Seneca, Qun-u-gwā in Onondaga, the radix of the word Cayuga, signifies *Mucky land*; referring to the marsh at the foot of the lake, and the loamy or mucky soil contiguous.* At the precise point where the trail came down upon the shore, the original Cayuga ferry was established by Col. John Harris. The principal trail turned down the lake, and followed the bank down four miles, to the old fording place, near the lower bridge, where having crossed the foot of the lake, it came out upon the north bank of the Skā-yis-kā-yā, (On.) or Seneca river. Following up its north bank, it passed through Te-skā-si-oun-sis, (On.) rendered *Rolling down*, or Seneca Falls; and Sā-yase, (Sen.) signifying *A long berry*, or Waterloo; and from thence continued along the river to the point of its outlet from the Seneca lake. The other route, from the east bank of the Cayuga, was to cross the lake in canoes, and from the west shore

* There is some disagreement concerning the derivation of this word. The Cayugas aver, that it signifies *A canoe drawn out of the water*; and is made from Ga-o-wa, *A canoe*, and U-gueh, *Taken out of the water*. The Senecas derive it from Gwa-o-geh, *Mucky land*. In the Seneca dialect, Ga-o-woh means *A canoe*; and Yo-gweh, *Taken out of the water*. Hence it would be compounded Ga-o-yo-gweh, if this was the origin of the name.

to proceed due west to the Seneca river. This trail came upon the river at the rapids a little above Seneca Falls; and following up the south bank, it passed through Skā-wā-yase, (Cayuga,) Sā-yāse,* (Sen.) or South Waterloo. This name the Senecas have transferred to Waterloo, although the inhabitants have retained it under the modified orthography of Seawas, and Skoies. From thence the trail continued up the river to its outlet from the lake, where it crossed and intersected the trail upon the north bank. Having run along the foot of the lake upon the beach to the present site of Geneva, it turned up the Geneva creek, which it ascended to the village of Gā-nun-dā-sa-ga,† one and a half miles north-west from Geneva, and the first of the Seneca villages.

Gā-nun-dā-sa-ga, which signifies *A new settlement village*, or *The place of a new settlement*, was also the aboriginal name of the lake, and of the creek upon which the Indian village was situated. The Iroquois method of bestowing names, as elsewhere illustrated, was peculiar to themselves. In Seneca the word T-car-ne-o-di means *A lake at*: hence Gā-nun-dā-sa-ga T-car-ne-o-di would be rendered *The lake at the new settlement village*, and under this name or description the lake would always be mentioned. In the Onondaga dialect this name is given Kā-nā-to-tā-sa-ga, and in Mohawk Kā-non-da-se-go. Geneva has been christened by the Senecas Gā-nun-dā-sa-ga, after their village in its vicinity; and it is always mentioned among them by this name exclusively. During the destructive inroad of Gen. Sullivan in September, 1779, into the Seneca territory, the Indian village was entirely destroyed, and no efforts were ever made subsequently to rebuild it. Many of the trees in the old orchard are still standing, and yield fruit, although girdled at the

time. The artificial burial mound,‡ about one hundred paces in circuit, still remains undisturbed; and also the trenches of a picket inclosure seventy by forty feet in dimensions, concerning the erection and uses of which but little can be ascertained.

From Gā-nun-dā-sa-ga the trail proceeded through the towns of Seneca and Hopewell, nearly on the line of the turnpike to the Indian village of Gā-nun-dā-gwa, situated at the foot of the lake of the same name. It signifies *A place selected for a settlement*; and Canandaigua, the fairest of all the villages which have sprung into life upon the central trail of the Iroquois, not only occupies the site of the Indian village, but has accepted and preserved its name with unusual correctness; the only legacy which the departing Seneca could bestow.

Leaving Gā-nun-dā-gwa there were two trails. One, turning southwest, passed through the town of Bristol; and crossing the Gā-nane-gweh (Sen.) Ger-nā-gweh, (Cay.) rendered *A village suddenly sprung up*,§ or Mud creek, it proceeded to the foot of the Hā-ne-ā-ya or Honeoye lake. This name signifies *A finger lying on the ground*. Crossing the outlet, it continued west through the town of Richmond; and going over the hill in sight of the O-neh-dā, rendered *Hemlock*, or Hemlock lake, it came upon the shore of the Gā-ne-ā-sos, *Place of Nanny Berries*, or Conesus lake, near the north end. Following the shore to the foot of the lake, and crossing the outlet, it proceeded west, and passing over the site of Genesee, it entered the valley of Genesee. The Seneca name of Genesee is of modern origin, and clearly indicates the period and the circumstances under which it was bestowed. It is O-hā-di-e, and by some lengthening process is made to signify *The place where trees have been girdled, and the clinging leaves have*

* Ska-wa-yase is the Cayuga, Sa-yase the Seneca, and Ska-yis-ka-ya the Onondaga name of the Seneca river.

† All names hereafter given, will be in the Seneca dialect, unless the particular dialect is expressed.

‡ There is an interesting tradition connected with this mound. A Seneca of giant proportions, having wandered west to the Mississippi, and from thence east again to the sea-coast, about the period of the colonization of the country, received a fire-lock from a vessel, together with some ammunition, and an explanation of its use. Having returned to the Senecas at Gā-nun-dā-sa-ga, he exhibited to them the wonderful implement of destruction, the first which they had ever beheld, and taught them how to use it. Soon afterwards, from some mysterious cause, he was found dead; and this mound was raised over him upon the place where he lay. It is averred by the Onondagas, that if the mound should be opened a skeleton of supernatural size would be found underneath.

§ This creek passes through Palmyra, and the name was bestowed upon the village, doubtless after some Seneca settlement. It is also the name of the creek.

turned brown. Having crossed the valley and the river, the trail led up to the Indian village of Ga-un-do-wā-neh, or *Big Tree*, situated upon the west bank nearly opposite Genesee. It is worthy of remark that Gen-nis'-hee-yo, the original of Genesee, was the name of the valley and not of the river, which was made a secondary object, and among the Senecas borrowed its name from the valley through which it flowed. Gen-nis'-hee-yo is rendered *The beautiful valley*; and those who have passed through it regard the name as not inaptly bestowed.

The other trail, which was the main thoroughfare, leaving Gā-nun-dā-gwa, passed along the north road, and through Gā-nun-dā-ok, *A village on the top of a hill*, or West Bloomfield; and from thence continuing west, it crossed the Hā-ne-ā-ya creek, and proceeded to the Indian village of Skā-hase-gā-o, on the present site of Lima. This word is rendered *Place of a long creek now dry*. Anciently there was a large and populous Seneca village in this vicinity, situated on the Honeoye creek, a short distance west of Mendon, on a bend in the stream.* It is still remembered among the Senecas under the name of Gā-o-sai-ga-o, which is translated, *In a bass-wood country*.

From Skā-hase-gā-o or Lima, the trail proceeded in its westward course nearly on the line since pursued by the State road; and having passed over the site of Gā-no-wau-ges or Avon, and descended into the valley of Genesee, it forded the river a few rods above the present bridge, and followed up its bank to the Indian village of Gā-no-wau-ges, about a mile above the ford. This word signifies *Sulphur Water*, and was bestowed by the Senecas upon the sulphur spring at Avon, and indeed upon the whole adjacent country. It is said that the original village of Gā-no-wau-ges was upon the east bank of the river; but that it was destroyed in 1687 by the Senecas, to prevent its falling into the hands of the Marquis de Nouville, who had landed with a body of French troops at the head of Irondequoit bay near Rochester, to make an inroad into their fertile, well-

peopled valley. At a subsequent period another village sprung up upon the west bank, and upon it the same name Gā-no-wau-ges was conferred. It is also the present name of Avon among the Hodéno-saunee.

Departing from the valley of Genesee the trail, taking a north-west direction, led to De-o-na-gā-no, rendered *Cold Water*, or the Cold Spring near Caledonia village; a well-known stopping-place on the great trail of the Iroquois through the Long House. Leaving De-o-na-gā-no, it turned westward, and came upon the O-at-ka or Allen's creek at the rapids near the dam in the village of Le Roy. This fording was known under the formidable appellation of T-car-no-wān-ne-dā-ne-o, rendered *Many Falls*, which is accurately descriptive of the locality. It has been conferred upon Le Roy. After turning up the O-at-ka about a mile to avoid a marsh near the rapids, the trail again proceeded west, and crossing the Geh-ta-geh, signifying *Swampy Creek*, or Black creek near Stafford, it continued in a westerly direction, and finally came out upon the Tā-na-wan-deh', rendered *Swift Water*, or Tonawanda creek, about a mile above Batavia. The name of Batavia, Je-ne-an-da-sase-geh, *The place of the Musquito*, was originally bestowed upon Mr. Ellicott, and after him, upon the village.

Descending the Tonawanda creek, the trail passed over the site of Batavia; and at the point where the arsenal is situated it turned north-west to the oak openings, north of the Indian village of Tā-na-wan-deh'. This village (one of the present villages of the Senecas) is situated upon the south side of the creek, and on the borders of the great swamp. Having crossed the creek at the point called "Washington fording place" to the Indian village, the trail branched. One, taking a north-west direction, re-crossed this creek below the village; and passing through the swamp, out of which it emerged near Royalton, it proceeded direct to De-o-na-gā-no, or the Cold Spring, about two miles north-east of Lockport. Tā-gā-ote, the name be-

* In 1792 the vestiges of at least seventy houses, or Ga-no-so-do, were to be seen at the place designated. Although it had been deserted for a long period, rows of corn hills still indicated the places which had been subjected to cultivation. There was an opening of about two thousand acres upon the creek, in the midst of which the village was situated. Extensive burial grounds in the vicinity, from which gun barrels, tomahawks, beads, crosses, and other articles have been disinterred, tend to show a modern occupation, while the sitting posture in which some of the skeletons are found, indicates a very ancient occupation.

stowed upon Lockport, signifies *Out of the grove into the openings*. From the Cold Spring, the trail continuing north-west came out upon the Ridge Road, where it intersected the Ontario or ridge trail, which it followed through the Tuscarora country to the Tuscarora village on Lewiston Heights. The name of this village, Kau-ha-nau-ka in Tuscarora, Gā-a-nogeh in Seneca, is rendered *On the mountains*. Here was the termination of one branch of the main trail on the Niagara river, which was the principal route into Canada.* The other trail, leaving the village of Tonawanda, took a south-west direction; and having forded the De-oon-go-at, rendered *Place of hearing*, or Murder creek, at Akron, it came upon the Tā-nun-no-ga-o, or Eighteen-mile creek, at Clarence Hollow upon the "Buffalo road." This word signifies *Full of hickory bark*, and has become the name of the village. From this point the trail continued west nearly on the line of the Buffalo road to Gā-sko-sā-dā-ne-o, *Place of many falls*, or Williamsville, situated upon the Geh-dā-o-gā-deh, rendered *In the openings*, or Ellicott creek. Having crossed this stream it continued its westerly course to the Cold Spring near Buffalo; and finally entering the city at the head of what has since become Main street, it came upon the bank of Buffalo creek at the place of its entrance into Lake Erie within the city. Another, and perhaps the most traveled trail, turned at Clarence Hollow south-west, and came upon the Cayuga branch of the Buffalo creek at Ga-squen-dā-geh, rendered *Place of Lizards*, or Lancaster, and descended this stream to the site of Buffalo. Here was the western terminus of the central trail; and like its eastern terminus on the Hudson, it has become a point of great commercial importance, and the site of a

flourishing city. It is not a little remarkable that these two geographical points should have been as clearly indicated, as places of departure, by the migrations of the red race, as they have been at a subsequent day by the migrations of our own.

The Buffalo creek has three branches, of which the northern or Cayuga branch is called Gā-dā-geh, signifying *Through the oak openings*, and the Cazenovia or southern branch is called Gā-a-nun-deh-tā, rendered *By the mountain flattened down*. The central or Seneca branch is called Do-sho-weh, and also the Buffalo creek, which results from the junction of these three streams. Concerning the derivation of Do-sho-weh, which has become the Indian name of Buffalo, and also of Lake Erie, there is some disagreement among the Senecas. It may be derived from Da-gā-o-sho-weh, signifying *A bass-wood or linden tree split asunder*, or, which is more probable, from Da-yo-sho-co-weh, literally *Splitting the fork*. The central creek Do-sho-weh (in Cayuga De-o-sho-weh) passes between the northern and southern branches; and although it falls into the Cayuga creek a short distance above its junction with the Cazenovia, it yet appears to pass between the two streams, splitting them asunder at the fork.

We have thus followed the great Indian Trail through the State from Skā-neh-tā-de on the Hudson to Do-sho-weh on Lake Erie; noticing, as far as ascertained, the principal stopping places on the route. To convey an adequate impression of the forest scenery which then overspread the land, is beyond the power of description. Nature was robed by turns in beauty, in majesty, and in grandeur. In relation to the trail itself, there was nothing in it particularly remarkable. It was usual

* Table exhibiting the principal points on the trail of the Iroquois from Albany to Niagara which were known to the immigrants who flocked into western New-York between 1790 and 1800. At most of these places taverns were erected, which, it will be observed, were chiefly upon the ancient trail, then the only road opened through the forest. The distances from point to point are also given.

	Miles.		Miles.		Miles.
Albany		Whitestown	4	Cayuga Bridge	7
McKown's Tavern	5	Laird's Tavern	9	Seneca	3
Imax's	7	Oneida Castle	8	Geneva	11
Schenectady	4	Wemp's	5	Amsden's	6
Groat's	12	John Denna's	7	Wells'	8
John Fonda's	12	Foster's	5	Sandburn's (Canandaigua)	4
Conally's	7	Morehouse's	6	Sears's and Peck's	13
Roseboom's Ferry (Canajoharie)	3	Keeler's or Danforth's	5	Genesee River	14
Hudson's (Indian Castle)	13	Carpenter's	15	Tonawanda (Ind. village)	40
Aldridge's (Germ. Flats)	11	Buck's	3	Niagara	35
Brayton's	13	Goodrich's	8		—
Utica (Fort Schuyler)	3	Huggins'	4	Total Distance	310

from one to two feet wide, and deeply worn in the ground; varying in this respect from three to six, and even twelve inches, depending upon the firmness of the soil. This well-beaten foot-path, which no runner or band of warriors could mistake, had doubtless been pursued by the Red Man for century upon century. It had, without question, been handed down from race to race, as well as from generation to generation, as the natural line of travel, geographically considered, between the Hudson and Lake Erie. While it is scarcely possible to ascertain a more direct route than the one pursued by this trail, the accuracy with which it was traced from point to point to save distance, is extremely surprising. It proved, on the survey of the country by the white man, to have been so judiciously selected, that the turnpike was laid mainly on the line of this trail from one extremity of the State to the other. In addition to this, all the larger cities and villages west of the Hudson, with one or two exceptions, have been located upon this ancient trail. As an independent cause, this trail, doubtless, determined the establishment of a number of settlements, which have since grown up into cities and villages.

There are many interesting considera-

tions connected with the routes of travel pursued by the aborigines; and if carefully considered, they will be found to indicate the natural lines of migration suggested by the topography of the country. The Central Trail of the Iroquois, which we have been tracing, after leaving the Mohawk valley, one of nature's highways, became essentially an artificial road; crossing valleys, fording rivers, and traversing dense forests; pursuing its course over hill and plain, through stream and thicket, as if in defiance of nature, without an aim and without a reason. Yet the establishment of this trail between two such points as the Hudson and Lake Erie exhibits not only the extent and accuracy of the geographical knowledge of our predecessors; but also indicates the active intercourse which must have been maintained between the various races east of the Mississippi. The tide of population which has poured upon the west, in our generation, mostly along the line of this old trail of the Hodenosaunee; and the extraordinary channel of trade and intercourse which it has become, between the north-western States and the Atlantic, sufficiently and forcibly illustrate the fact, that it was, and is, and ever must be, one of the great natural highways of the continent.

OUR FINNY TRIBES.—AMERICAN RIVERS AND SEA-COASTS.

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

PART FIRST.—THE SALMON.

If so be that the angler catch no fish, yet hath he wholesome walk and pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams.—*Burton.*

It is not our purpose, in the following essay, to enter into the poetry of the "gentle art," or to indite a scientific treatise, but merely to give the substance of all the practical information, on fish and fishing, which we have collected in our various journeyings in North America. Our remarks will probably be somewhat desultory, but as we intend them especially for the benefit of our brethren of the rod, we feel confident that they will not censure us for our wayward course. In a few paragraphs we may be

compelled to repeat what we have elsewhere published, but we trust we shall be excused for committing the harmless plagiarism. We now begin our discourse with the salmon.

Of the genuine salmon, we believe there is but one distinct species in the world; we are sure there is not in the United States. From its lithe beauty, its wonderful activity, and its value as an article of food, it unquestionably takes precedence of all the fish which swim in our waters. It is an ocean-born fish, but

so constituted that it has to perform an annual pilgrimage into our fresh-water rivers for the purpose of depositing its spawn. Their running time usually occupies about two months, and that is the period when they are in season, and of course the only period when they are taken in great numbers.

The variety of which we speak, is a slender fish, particularly solid in texture, and has a small head and delicate fins. The upper jaw is the larger, while the tip of the under jaw in the female has an upward turn. The back is usually of a bluish color, the sides of a silvery hue, and the belly pure white, while along the centre of its body runs a narrow black stripe. The scales are small, and the mouth is covered with small, but stout and pointed, teeth. A few dark spots are dispersed over that part of the body above the lateral line, and the females usually exhibit a larger number of these spots than the males. The tail of the young salmon is commonly forked, while in the adult fish it is quite square. To speak of the salmon as a bold biter and a handsome fish, or of his wonderful leaping powers, would be but to repeat a thrice-told tale.

And now for a few words on some of the habits of the salmon. He is unquestionably the most active of all the finny tribes, but the wonderful leaps which he is reported to have made are all moonshine. We have seen them perform some superb somersets, but we never yet saw one which could scale a perpendicular waterfall of ten feet. That they have been taken above waterfalls three or four times as high we do not deny; but the wonder may be dispensed with, when we remember that a waterfall seldom occurs, which does not contain a number of resting places for the salmon to take advantage of while on his upward journey.

Contrary to the prevailing opinion we contend that the salmon is possessed of a short memory. While fishing in a small river on a certain occasion, owing to the bad position in which we were placed, we lost a favorite fly, and it so happened that in about one hour afterwards a fish was taken by a brother angler, in whose mouth was found the identical fly that we had lost.

This fish is a voracious feeder, and an epicure in his tastes, for his food is composed principally of small and delicate fish, and the sea-sand eel; but it is a fact

that the *surest* bait to capture him with, is the common red worm.

The salmon is a shy fish, and as he invariably inhabits the clearest of water, it is always important that the angler's movements should be particularly cautious; and in throwing the fly, he should throw it clear across the stream if possible, and after letting it float down for a few yards he should gradually draw it back again, with an upward tendency.

Like all other fish that swim near the surface of the water, the salmon cannot be eaten in too fresh a condition; and judging from our own experience, they may be eaten three times a day, for a whole season, and at the end of their running time they will gratify the palate more effectually than when first brought upon the table.

The process of spawning has been described by various writers, and the general conclusion is as follows. On reaching a suitable spot for that purpose, the loving pair manage to dig a furrow some six feet long, in the sand or gravel, into which the male ejects his milt, and the female her spawn; this they cover with their tails, and leaving this deposit to the tender mercies of the liquid element, betake themselves to the sea whence they came. This spawning operation usually occupies about ten days, and takes place in the autumn; and when the spring-time comes, the salmon are born, and under "their Creator's protection" are swept into the sea, where they come to their natural estate by the following spring, and ascend their native rivers to revisit the haunts of their minnow-hood. And it is a singular fact, that the salmon leaves the sea in an emaciated condition, acquires his fatness while going up a river, and subsequently returns to the sea for the purpose of recruiting its wonted health and beauty.

The salmon is a restless fish, and seldom found a second time in exactly the same spot; but his principal traveling time is in the night, when the stars are shining brightly and all the world is wrapt in silence.

The salmon come up from the sea during a flood or a freshet, and in ascending a river, they invariably tarry for a short time in all the pools of the same. Their object in doing this has not been clearly defined, but is it unreasonable to suppose that they are influenced by the same motives which induce a human traveler

to tarry in a pleasant valley? The only difference is, that when the man would resume his journey he waits for a sunny day, while the salmon prefers a rainy day to start upon his pilgrimage. The best places to fish for salmon are the shallows above the deep pools; and it is a settled fact, that after you have killed a fish, you are always sure to find in the course of a few hours another individual in the same place. It would thus seem that they are partial to certain localities. Another thing that should be remembered is, that salmon never take the natural fly while it is in a stationary position, or when floating down stream; hence the great importance of carrying the artificial fly directly across the stream, or in an upward oblique direction. When you have hooked a salmon it is a bad plan to strain upon him in any degree, unless he is swimming towards a dangerous ground, and even then this is an unsafe experiment. The better plan is to throw a pebble in front of him, for the purpose of frightening him back, and you should manage to keep as near his royal person as practicable. Another peculiarity of the salmon is the fact that (excepting the shad) it is the only fish which seems to be perfectly at home in the salt sea, as well as in the fresh springs among the mountains. It is also singular in the color of its flesh, which is a deep pink, and the texture of its flesh is remarkably solid: the latter circumstance is proven by the fact that you cannot carry a salmon by the gills, as you can other fish, without tearing and mutilating him to an uncommon degree.

In olden times there was hardly a river on the eastern coast of the United States, north of Virginia, which was not annually visited by the salmon; but those days are forever departed, and it is but seldom that we now hear of their being taken in any river south of Boston. They frequented, in considerable numbers, the Susquehanna, the Delaware, and North rivers, but were eminently abundant in the Connecticut and the Thames. On the former stream it used to be stipulated by the day-laborer, that he should have salmon placed upon his table only four times in the week; and we have been told by an old man residing on the latter stream, that the value of three salmon, forty years ago, was equal to one shad—the former were so much more abundant than the latter. But steamboats, and the din of cities, have

long since frightened the salmon from their ancient haunts, and the beautiful aborigines of our rivers now seek for undisturbed homes in more northern waters. Once in a while, even at the present time, the shad fishermen of the Merrimack and Saco succeed in netting a small salmon; but in the Androscoggin, Kennebec, and Penobscot, they are yet somewhat abundant, and these are the rivers which chiefly supply our city markets with the fresh article.

As the ice melts away in the spring, says Dr. J. V. C. Smith, in his interesting little book on the Fishes of Massachusetts, they rush to the rivers from the ocean; and it is an undeniable fact, confirmed by successful experiments, that they visit, as far as possible, the very streams in which they were born. When undisturbed, they swim slowly in large schools near the surface; yet they are so timid, that if suddenly frightened, the whole column will turn directly back towards the sea. It has also been proven that a salmon can scud at the surprising velocity of thirty miles an hour. The young are about a foot long when they visit the rivers for the first time; and at the end of two years, according to Mr. Smith, they weigh five or six pounds, and attain their full growth in about six years. When running up the rivers they are in a fat condition; after that period, having deposited their spawn, they return to the sea, lean and emaciated. In extremely warm weather, and while yet in the salt water, they are often greatly annoyed by a black and flat-looking insect, which is apt to endanger their lives. As soon, however, as the salmon reaches the fresh water, this insect drops off, and the fish rapidly improves.

The streams which these fish ascend, are invariably distinguished for their rocky and gravelly bottoms, for the coldness and purity of their water, and for their rapid currents. Those which afford the angler the most sport, are rather small and shallow, and empty into tide-water rivers; while in these they are chiefly taken with the net. The tributaries of the Androscoggin, Kennebec, and Penobscot, having all been blocked up with mill-dams, the salmon is only found in the principal estuaries; and as these are large and deep, they are of no value to the angler, and will not be many years longer even to the fishermen who capture them for the purpose of making money. So far as our own ex-

perience goes, we only know of one river, within the limits of the Union, which affords the angler good salmon fishing, and that is the Aroostook, in Maine. We have been informed, however, that the regular salmon is taken in many of those rivers, in the northern part of New-York, which empty into Lake Ontario and the Upper St. Lawrence, but we are compelled to doubt the truth of the statement. Such may have been the case in former times, but we think it is not so now. Salmon are not taken at Montreal, and it is therefore unreasonable to suppose that they ever reach the fountain-head of the St. Lawrence; this portion of the great river is too far from the ocean, and too extensively navigated, and the water is not sufficiently clear. That they once ascended to the Ottawa river and Lake Ontario I have not a doubt, but those were in the times of the days of old. Another prevailing opinion with regard to salmon, we have it in our power decidedly to contradict. Mr. John J. Brown, in his useful little book entitled the "American Angler's Guide," makes the remark, that salmon are found in great abundance in the Mississippi and its magnificent tributaries. Such is not the fact, and we are sure that if "our brother" had ever caught a glimpse of the muddy Mississippi, he would have known by intuition that such *could* not be the case. Nor is the salmon partial to any of the rivers of the far South, as many people suppose; so that the conclusion of the whole matter is just this,—that the salmon fisheries of the United States proper, are of but little consequence when compared with many other countries on the globe. When we come to speak of our Territories, however, we have a very different story to relate, for a finer river for salmon does not water any country than the mighty Columbia—that same Columbia where a certain navigator once purchased a ton of salmon for a jack-knife. But that river is somewhat too far off to expect an introduction in our present essay, and we will therefore take our reader, by his permission, into the neighboring Provinces of Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia.

Before proceeding another step, however, we must insert a paragraph about the various methods employed to capture the salmon. The Indians, and many white barbarians, spear them by torch-light; and the thousands sent to market

in a smoked condition, are taken in nets and seines of various kinds. But the only instruments used by the scientific angler, are a rod and reel, three hundred feet of hair or silk line, and an assortment of artificial flies. Our books tell us, that a gaudy fly is commonly the best killer, but our own experience inclines us to the belief, that a large brown or black hackle, or any neatly-made gray fly, is much preferable to the finest fancy specimens. As to bait-fishing for salmon, we have never tried it—we care less about it than we know, and we know but precious little. Next to a delicately made fly, the most important thing to consider is the leader of the line, which should be made of the best material, (a twisted gut,) and at least five feet in length. But if the angler is afraid of wading in a cold and even a deep stream, the very best of tackle will avail him nothing. It is but seldom that a large salmon can be taken, without costing the captor a good deal of hard labor, and a number of duckings. And when the character of the fish is remembered, this assertion will not appear strange. Not only is the salmon a large fish, but he is remarkable for his strength and lightning quickness. Owing to his extreme carefulness in meddling with matters that may injure him, it is necessary to use the most delicate tackle, in the most cautious and expert manner. To pull a salmon in shore, immediately after he has been hooked, will never do; the expert way is to give him all the line he wants, never forgetting in the meantime that it must be kept perfectly taut. And this must be done continually, in spite of every obstacle, not only when the fish performs his splendid leaps out of the water, but also when he is stemming the current of the stream, trying to break the naughty hook against a rock, or when he has made a sudden wheel, and is gliding down the stream with the swiftness of a falling star. The last effort to get away, which I have mentioned, is usually the last that the salmon makes, and it is therefore of the highest importance that the angler should manage him correctly when going down. Narrow rifts, and even waterfalls, do not stop the salmon; and bushes, deep holes, slippery bottoms, and rocky shores must not impede the course of the angler who would secure a prize. And though the salmon is a powerful fish, he is not long-winded, and by his great impatience is apt to drown

himself, much sooner than one would suppose. The times most favorable for taking this fish, are early in the morning and late in the afternoon; and when the angler reaches his fishing ground, and discovers the salmon leaping out of the water, as if too happy to remain quiet, he may then calculate upon rare sport. As to the pleasure of capturing a fine salmon, we conceive it to be more exquisite than any other sport in the world. We have killed a buffalo on the head waters of the St. Peter's river, but we had every advantage over the pursued, for we rode a well-trained horse, and carried a double-barreled gun. We have seen John Cheney bring to the earth a mighty bull moose, among the Adirondac mountains, but he was assisted by a pair of terrible dogs, and carried a heavy rifle. But neither of these exploits is to be compared with that of capturing a twenty-pound salmon, with a line almost as fine as the flowing hair of a beautiful woman. When we offer a fly to a salmon, we take no undue advantage of him, but allow him to follow his own free will; and when he has hooked himself, we give him permission to match his strength against our skill. Does not this fact prove that salmon fishing is distinguished for its humanity, if not for its *fishanity*? We have sat in a cariole and driven a Canadian pacer, at the rate of a mile in two minutes and a half, on the icy plains of Lake Erie, and as we held the reins, have thought we could not enjoy a more exquisite pleasure. That experience, however, was ours long before we had ever seen a genuine salmon; we are somewhat wiser now, for we have acquired the art of driving through the pure white foam even a superb salmon, and that, too, with only a silken line some hundred yards in length.

One of the most fruitful salmon regions for the angler to visit lies on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, between the Saguenay and the North-west river in Labrador. A few years ago, however, there was good fishing to be had in Mal Bay river, above the Saguenay, and also in the Jacques Cartier, above Quebec, but good sport is seldom found in either of those streams at the present time. But the principal tributaries of the Saguenay itself (particularly the River St. Margaret) afford the rarest of sport, even now. The streams of this coast are rather small, but very numerous, and without a single exception, we believe, are rapid, cold and clear. They

abound in waterfalls, and though exceedingly wild, are usually quite convenient to angle in, for the reason that the spring freshets are apt to leave a gravelly margin on either side. The conveniences for getting to this out-of-the-way region are somewhat rude, but quite comfortable and very romantic. The angler has to go in a Quebec fishing smack, or if he is in the habit of trusting to fortune when he gets into a scrape, he can always obtain a passage down the St. Lawrence in a brig or ship, which will land him at any stated point. If he goes in a smack, he can always make use of her tiny cabin for his temporary home; but if he takes a ship, after she has spread her sails for Europe, he will have to depend upon the hospitality of the Esquimaux Indians. At the mouths of a few of the streams alluded to, he may chance to find the newly-built cabin of a lumberman, who will treat him with marked politeness; but he must not lay the "flattering unction" to his soul, that he will receive any civilities from the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company, whom he may happen to meet in that northern wilderness.

A large proportion of these streams run through an unknown mountain land, and are yet nameless; so that we cannot designate the precise localities where we have been particularly successful; and we might add, that the few which have been named by the Jesuit Missionaries can never be remembered without a feeling of disgust. Not to attempt a pun, it can safely be remarked that those names are decidedly *beastly*; for they celebrate such creatures as the hog, the sheep and the cow. The salmon taken on this coast vary from ten to forty pounds, though the average weight is perhaps fifteen pounds. They constitute an important article of commerce, and it is sometimes the case that a single fisherman will secure at least four hundred at one tide, in a single net. The cities of Montreal and Quebec are supplied with fresh salmon from this portion of the St. Lawrence, and the entire valley of that river, as well as portions of the Union, are supplied with smoked salmon from the same region. The rivers on the southern coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence are generally well supplied with salmon, but those streams are few and far between, and difficult of access. But a visit to any portion of this great northern valley, during the pleasant summer time, is attended with many interesting circum-

stances. Generally speaking, the scenery is mountainous, and though the people are not very numerous, they are somewhat unique in their manners and customs, and always take pleasure in lavishing their attentions upon the stranger. The weeks that we spent voyaging upon the St. Lawrence we always remember with unalloyed pleasure; and if we thought that fortune would never again permit us to revisit those delightful scenes, we should indeed be quite unhappy.

The most agreeable of our pilgrimages were performed in a small sail-boat, commanded by an experienced and very intelligent pilot of Tadousac, named Ovington, and our companions were Charles Pentland, Esq. of Launceau Leau on the Saguenay, and George Price, jr., Esq., of Quebec. We had everything we wanted in the way of "creature comforts;" and we went everywhere, saw everybody, caught lots of salmon, killed an occasional seal, and tried to harpoon an occasional white porpoise; now enjoying a glorious sunset, and then watching the stars and the strange aurora, as we lay becalmed at midnight far out upon the deep; at one time gazing with wonder upon a terrible storm, and then again happy, fearless, and free, dashing over the billows before a stiff gale.

Some of the peculiar charms of fly-fishing in this region, are owing to the fact that you are not always sure of the genus of your fish even after you have hooked him, for it may be a forty or twenty-pound salmon, and then again it may be a salmon-trout or a four-pound specimen of the common trout. The consequence is, that the expectations of the angler are always particularly excited. Another pleasure which might be mentioned, is derived from queer antics and laughable yells of the Indians, who are always hanging about your skirts, for the express purpose of making themselves merry over any mishap which may befall you. The only drawback which we have found in fishing in these waters, is caused by the immense number of musquitoes and sand-flies. Every new guest is received by them with particular and constant attention: their only desire, by night or day, seems to be, to gorge themselves to death with the life-blood of those who "happen among them." It actually makes our blood run cold, to think of the misery we endured from these winged tormentors.

Even with the Gulf of St. Lawrence

before our mind, we are disposed to consider the Bay of Chaleur the most interesting salmon region in the British Possessions. This estuary divides Lower Canada from New-Brunswick, and as the stream emptying into it are numerous and always clear, they are resorted to by the salmon in great numbers. The scenery of the bay is remarkably beautiful: the northern shore, being rugged and mountainous, presents an agreeable contrast to the southern shore, which is an extensive lowland, fertile and somewhat cultivated. The principal inhabitants of this region are Scotch farmers, and the simplicity of their lives is only equaled by their hospitality; and upon this bay, also, reside the few survivors of a once powerful aboriginal nation, the Micmac Indians. But of all the rivers which empty into the Bay of Chaleur, there is not one that can be compared to the Restigouche, which is its principal tributary. It is a winding stream, unequal in width, and after running through a hilly country, it forces its way through a superb mountain gorge, and then begins to expand in width until it falls into its parent bay. The scenery is beautiful beyond compare, and the eye is occasionally refreshed by the appearance of a neat farm, or a little Indian hamlet. The river is particularly famous for its salmon, which are very abundant and of a good size. But this is a region which the anglers of our country or the Provinces, with two or three exceptions, have not yet taken the trouble to visit, and many of the resident inhabitants are not even aware of the fact, that the salmon may be taken with the fly. The regular fishermen catch them altogether with the net, and the Indians with the spear; and it is a singular fact that the Indians are already complaining of the whites for destroying their fisheries, when it is known that a single individual will frequently capture, in a single day, a hundred splendid fellows, and that, too, with a spear of only one tine. It is reported of a Scotch clergyman who once angled in "these parts," that he killed three hundred salmon in one season, and with a single rod and reel. A pilgrimage to the Restigouche would afford the salmon fisher sufficient material to keep his thinkers busy for at least one year. The angler and lover of scenery who could spare a couple of months, would find it a glorious trip to go to the Bay of Chaleur in a vessel around Nova Scotia,

returning in a canoe by the Restigouche, and the Spring river, which empties into the St. John. His most tedious portage would be only about three miles long, (a mere nothing to the genuine angler,) and soon after touching the latter river, he could ship himself on board of a steamboat, and come home in less than a week, even if that home happened to be west of the Alleghany mountains.

Of all the large rivers of New-Brunswick, we know not a single one which will not afford the fly fisherman an abundance of sport. Foremost among our favorites, we would mention the St. John, with the numerous beautiful tributaries which come into it, below the Great Falls, not forgetting the magnificent pool below those falls, nor Salmon river and the Aroostook. The scenery of this valley is charming beyond compare, but the man who would spend a summer therein, must have a remarkably long purse, for the half-civilized Indians, and the less than half-civilized white people, of the region, have a particular passion for imposing upon travelers, and charging them the most exorbitant prices for the simple necessities they may need. The salmon of the St. John are numerous, but rather small, seldom weighing more than fifteen pounds. The fisheries of the Bay of Fundy, near the mouth of the St. John, constitute an important interest, in a commercial point of view. The fishermen here take the salmon with drag nets, just before high water: the nets are about sixty fathoms long, and require three or four boats to manage them. The fish are all purchased, at this particular point, by one man, at the rate of eighty cents apiece, large and small, during the entire season. The other New-Brunswick rivers to which we have alluded, are the Mirimichi and the St. Croix; but as we have never angled in either, we will leave them to their several reputations.

We now come to say a few words of Nova Scotia, which is not only famous for its salmon, but also for its scientific

anglers. In this province the old English feeling for the "gentle art" is kept up, and we know of fly fishermen there, a record of whose piscatorial exploits would have overwhelmed even the renowned Walton and Davy with astonishment. The rivers of Nova Scotia are quite numerous, and usually well supplied with salmon. The great favorite among the Halifax anglers is Gold river, a cold and beautiful stream, which is about sixty miles distant from that city, in a westerly direction. The valley of the stream is somewhat settled, and by a frugal and hard-working Swiss and German population, who pitched their tents there in 1760. It is fifteen years since it was discovered by a strolling angler, and at the present time there is hardly a man residing on its banks who does not consider himself a faithful disciple of Walton. Even among the Micmac Indians, who pay the river an annual visit, may be occasionally found an expert fly fisher. But after all, Nova Scotia is not exactly the province to which a Yankee angler would enjoy a visit, for cockney fishermen are a little too abundant, and the ways of the people in some ridiculous particulars smack too much of the mother country.

Having finished our geographical history of the salmon and his American haunts, we will take our leave of him by simply remarking, (for the benefit of those who like to preserve what they capture,) that there are three modes for preserving the salmon:—first, by putting them in salt for three days, and then smoking, which takes about twelve days; secondly, by regularly salting them down, as you would mackerel; and thirdly, by boiling and then pickling them in vinegar. The latter method is unquestionably the most troublesome, but at the same time the most expeditious; and what can tickle the palate more exquisitely than a choice bit of pickled salmon, with a bottle of Burgundy to float it to its legitimate home?

GERMAN VIEWS OF ENGLISH CRITICISM.

BY THEODORE A. TELLKAMPE.

It is often admitted in English publications, that little was known of German literature in that country until recently. Certainly, no one familiar with the languages and modern literary history of the two nations, will be disposed to question the truth of the admission. Indeed, it is only very lately that the English *public* can be said to have possessed any real knowledge of the poetry and scholarship of their Germanic neighbors across the Channel. Previous to the present century only a few individuals were acquainted with them, and they only to a very limited extent. Many of the old German epic songs and traditions, such as the Hildebrand song, Horney Siegfried, or Sigurd, Reynard the Fox, &c., were imported into England, and now rank, although very erroneously, with the antiquities of its literature. Besides these, comparatively few German works, chiefly on religious subjects, or on mathematics and astronomy, were known; and they, from the nature of their subjects, only to the learned few.

At first the progress of German literature in England within this century was slow. Many prejudices and much bigotry had to be overcome before it could gain favor and a firm footing among a nation whose natural distaste for what is foreign was heightened by appeals from various quarters, even from men of high reputation, and on various absurd grounds. German literature was at that time particularly proscribed as dangerous to the "classical taste" and to the "good morals" of the United Kingdom. Such views had a temporary retarding effect, but they soon gave place to more just opinions, as it began to be better and more generally understood.

Twenty years ago, independent readers of German poetry and scholars familiar with the state of the sciences in Germany, were rare in England; but since their number has rapidly increased, and many of the most distinguished writers, having directed their attention that way, have done much to eradicate that narrow nationality which prompts men to condemn

what is foreign merely because it is so, without the form of a trial. The former erroneous sentences passed on German literature, are now only quoted to show the ignorance of the critics who passed them, and who, in thus attacking what they had so little knowledge of, appear to have acted with the same disregard of reason and the same consequences that distinguish the adventure of Don Quixote and the windmill. Some writers, for instance, in the blindness of their prejudice, would go so far as to pronounce one German author an atheist, another a deist, or ascribe to one work an immoral, to another an irreligious tendency, with as little justice and real knowledge of the matter as they would exhibit, who should style Shakspeare immoral and atheistical. Some even asserted that "German theology" was akin to irreligion, because of a few works like those of Strauss; and they even seemed to fear that the study of it would endanger the Christian religion. Surely no one could seriously entertain such a fear, who knew the religious feeling or the religious views of the great mass of the German people, or who has an appreciation of what theology, as a science, means. What was sneered at as "German theology" has already been controverted and condemned by both English and German critics, theologians of the highest standing: it is no more the theology of Germany than the views of any sect or of Tom Paine are the theology of England. But the instance shows what difficulties, what ignorance and prejudice the literature of one nation has to contend with in its first introduction to another.

The natural desire of men of literary taste to read the imperishable productions of the great poets of other nations in the original, leads frequently to the study of other languages, but the active interest felt in the pursuit of the sciences leads perhaps more generally to it. At present, whoever is desirous of keeping pace with the rapid progress of the sciences, especially of the natural sciences, has to make himself familiar with the languages of

those countries in which those sciences are principally cultivated. The scholar can no more rely on his Greek and Latin. The time has passed when the latter was the universal language of the learned. Though many scientific works are yet written in Latin, by far the greater number are in the modern languages, all of which elucidate each other, and the student necessarily lags behind if he is obliged to wait for or trust to translations or compilations. He must therefore connect the study of the ancient with that of the modern tongues. The importance of this has been for some time generally recognized in Germany; and accordingly the study of the living languages has been very generally introduced there, into literary institutions. For some years also the study of the German has been made a part of education in the schools and colleges of England, France and the United States; and now, where a short time ago, owing to the national prejudice before alluded to, German literature was almost proscribed, the knowledge of the German language is considered not only as a source from which much enjoyment may be drawn, but as an essential acquirement of scientific men.

This change in literary public opinion in England has been brought about partly by the more frequent intercourse between Germans and Englishmen consequent upon the modern increased facilities for travel, but chiefly by the writings of some thorough students in particular departments of German literature, and their selections and translations from German authors. The efforts of these few scholars have done more than anything else to awaken that sympathy which belongs inherently to nations of the same family, but which lies dormant until a common language is found to express it. For two nations cannot through mere literal translations understand each other; the writings of each must not only be rendered, but *adjusted to the spirit of the other*. Thus the masterly translation of Homer by Voss marked an epoch in the history of German literature. The marvelous excellence of this epic song, admitted before on the authority of philologists, was now unveiled to every educated man in the nation. The excellent translation of Shakspeare by Schlegel and Tieck produced in a different sphere a similar effect. These plays were not novel in Germany; they had been translated before, and well translated; but the Promethean spark—

that which kindles in the reader a spirit kindred to the poet's—had been wanting. Schlegel and Tieck have raised the standard of translation, and since their labors there have appeared there translations of classic and modern poets from time to time of merit almost equal to theirs.

To these great modern translators in a great measure, and partly also to its central position in Europe and its various relations to surrounding countries upon which its historical development so much depends, it is mainly to be attributed that there is scarcely any people so free from national jealousy in matters of literature. Works of genius are ever alike welcome there, come from what source they may. Literary men are more catholic and cosmopolitan there than in any other country; and it is pleasant to reflect that no evil results have attended the prevalence of such a spirit; on the contrary, the rapid development of men of great genius has been aided by it, and its only effect on men of inferior talents is, that they are forced to imitate and soon sink back again into the insignificance from which some immature indications of genius had drawn them.

Of the English writers who have contributed to bring the study of German literature more into fashion, since Scott and Coleridge, Carlyle holds at present the most prominent position. He is eminently qualified for it by his intimate knowledge of the German mode of life, and of the language in all its niceties, such as the shades of meaning given to words by popular associations of ideas, as well as their strict scientific significations. All his writings evince a familiarity with the spirit of German poetry, and his criticisms and translations have produced a marked effect on subsequent reviews and translations of German authors. But he, though his writings have had more influence than those of any other author, is by no means the only one who has distinguished himself in this department, both in England and in this country. We need not enumerate them; it is perfectly evident, however, through their writings and from other facts, that a transference has been going on between England and Germany, and that the two countries understand each other now much better than they ever did before. Old prejudices have melted away on both sides, and especially in England the outcries, once fashionable, by those who were entirely ignorant of it, against Ger-

man literature, have been silenced by the progress of knowledge. For several years the greater number of articles on the subject in the leading Reviews have evinced a considerable, and many even a thorough knowledge of it.

But the English writers still occasionally fall into some errors, naturally enough, in treating of the different departments of a literature so various and universal as the German; and as these errors ought not to be passed over by students, or least of all by a lover of his native literature, who is, at the same time, an admirer of that of the land of his adoption, without notice, we have undertaken this article chiefly with the view of pointing out and correcting a few of the most obvious. An article on Lessing which appeared in the Edinburgh Review for October, 1845, contains samples of most of them, and we shall therefore refer to it for illustration, though it is not our purpose to reply to its false positions at any length.

One of the most common mistakes has arisen from confounding national prejudices with nationality. This leads to many others; for instance, to that of judging things not according to real merit, but according to what some who are misled by a narrow taste or conventional notions regard as the English standard of excellence. Thus some reviewers find fault with certain constructions of German sentences, not because they are so unlike *English*, but because they are unlike the modern flippant *review English* which they themselves write. They pay no regard to the different frame-work of the language nor to its distinguishing and by no means objectionable feature in deriving its words from the Latin and Celtic as well as pure German. English censure by those who write a vicious style in their mother tongue, of the grammatical peculiarities of a language they evidently do not well understand, is hardly worth a serious reply. They dislike the style of Schiller, or Goethe, or Von Humboldt, but can give, at least the author of the article on Lessing does not attempt, any better reason than *ipse dixit*. The reader must believe it. But this "*jurare in verba magistri*" has gone out of fashion since "the spirit of free inquiry" has become the order of the day. Such writers seem not to be aware that the development of the German has differed in many respects from that of any other modern European language; that

it has kept pace with the mental development of the German people, and was never considered fixed like a dead language, or as the French was at one time thought to be by a decree of the Académie Française. A language is the medium for the conveyance of impressions, images, emotions, passions and ideas; as these become more and more comprehensive, it has to conform. A clear and correct idea, if it cannot be expressed in a simple sentence, must be given in a compound one, as in music an idea which cannot be conveyed in a simple melody may be uttered through a full harmonic current. It is obviously a fault if a language does not permit an appropriate expression of ideas and their modifications, through a slavish deference to conventional rules.

Critics who sit down to compare German and English literature, with the notion that the style of the former is necessarily cloudy and inflated, will of course soon conclude that the former is "empty," while they speak of the latter as full of "inexhaustible energy and wealth;" after having thus "in broad outlines" established the superiority of their own over the German literature, to the satisfaction of themselves and their quasi constituents, they can easily delude themselves into a belief in their fairness, by saying something in praise of some individual German writers. The phrases in quotation marks are from the article on Lessing, the author of which would seem to have proceeded in his task of criticism in much the manner indicated. But we must refer to this article more particularly; and though its tone is sufficiently provoking to a lover of German literature, we do not think it necessary to disclaim any personal feeling in commenting upon some of its mis-statements.

A few sentences may show the spirit in which it is written, and with what confident dogmatism its erroneous views are put forth. After some general remarks, to the tenor of which we have already referred, the author says, "Their literature is of yesterday; and though its brief career has been prolific beyond example, it has not yet attained a tithe of the richness of ours, and will never attain its vigor." But he lets us know in another place, that he is far from believing German literature to be "of yesterday;" and it is evident he only says so here, because he is fond of "brief sentences." Unfortunately, this, like many others of his brief sentences, wants

the redeeming merit of the direct mode of writing—correctness as well as brilliancy. The “literature of yesterday” includes, by his own admissions, the works of Klopstock, and therefore dates back at least a century. The relative age of the two literatures he is speaking of, does not touch their comparative merit; but one who undertook to write on German literature, should have known the historical fact, that the old epic and popular songs of the Germans—the records of their early life—originated and were sung by the people before the Anglo-Saxons left the northern shores of Germany, and by conquest took possession of a part of England, and before another German tribe, the Franks, conquered the north-eastern portion of Gaul. Those old rudiments of literature, which the Anglo-Saxons took with them to their new home, must have been as old as any of the tribes of which they were the common property.

In another place our author states, that the “radical defects of German literature spring from want of distinct purpose.” That this is so, he argues, is shown by the disproportionate excellence the Germans exhibit “in those departments of intellectual activity, wherein only distinct purpose and proper culture can bestow any success.” What idea he attaches to the words “distinct purpose,” we do not distinctly gather from the manner in which he uses them. But surely, *a priori*, if the Germans excel in such “departments of intellectual activity” as he mentions, it is incredible that they should not have “written to the purpose” in others. The fact also supports this plain conclusion of logic. If the author means that German literature does not abound in clear, direct, and vigorous writers, he exhibits an ignorance of it which should have kept him silent. The idea that men of letters in Germany are thick-headed and slow-brained, is a remnant of the old bigotry that a reviewer ought to be ashamed of. It savors of the spirit of Mr. Lillywick, in Dickens’ story. What is “water” in French? he asks. *L’eau*, he is told. “I thought it was a low language!” That there are German works written to no purpose, and which had better never been written, is very true; there are such also in English, and in any language worth studying; but that the tendency of the mass of German writing is to indefiniteness or cumbersome pedantry, is a notion which but a

little study of it will clear from the mind of any unprejudiced reader.

The author’s predilection for pointed sentences misleads him in another place to say of German literature, “Klopstock had made it English, Wieland had made it French, Lessing made it German.” Again, “He (Lessing) was the first German who gave to it its natural tendencies and physiognomy.” It is more easy to write such fanciful expressions than to give a correct account of what Klopstock, Wieland and Lessing have actually done for the literature of their country. A reader not acquainted with the matter can form no true idea of this. The latter sentence quoted would give the impression that before Lessing’s time Germany had no national literature. But the truth is, at the utmost, all Lessing could possibly do in this respect would have been to re-establish its genuine character, to give new impulses for its farther development, and to enrich it by his various writings.

In another paragraph the author amuses us by saying, “His (Lessing’s) mind is of a quality eminently British.” This is another “brief sentence.” But it was not Lessing’s habit to jump at conclusions, nor to write sentences more remarkable for brevity than correctness. He was a man of singular modesty; indeed, it is scarcely possible to imagine a mind more opposite than his to that of the writer of this review, who is an Englishman. If Lessing had an “eminently British” mind, the reviewer is not a fair sample of his countrymen. By this mode of classifying minds according to countries, it is not possible to conceive *both* minds to be British. They have so little in common, that even the natural affinity and sympathy acknowledged to exist between two nations, branches of one family, seems in these individuals to have ceased.

The direction and culture of Lessing’s genius, or natural talents, owing to his education, the means afforded him in the pursuit of his studies, intercourse with the most distinguished literary men of his time, a thousand circumstances peculiar to the life of literary men in Germany, all, as well as his works, denote him most distinctly a German.

The reviewer would have his readers believe that Lessing stands first and alone among his countrymen, as a poet, prose writer and critic; but, in answer to this, it is enough to refer to the name of Winkelmann, well known in England as

one of his predecessors. A closer study of his subject would also have convinced the writer that the quality of Lessing's mind, which he pronounces eminently British, is as common in Germany as in England. The quality of writing directly and to the purpose, is the universal feature of the early German poetry; Lessing pointed it out, and contrasted it with the style of the imitators of the French. His criticisms apply as well to English as to German writers, who were governed by the then prevalent French taste. Since his time a style similar to his has been the most popular. There are among the vast number of German writers many who have written "lumbering sentences," and without a "distinct purpose," but they are as much exceptions to the general mass of writers as they would be in England.

Lessing's modesty, impartiality and independence are known the world over; it were well if the writer of this article upon him had studied to be like him, for as it is, he is neither modest in his opinions, independent in his reasoning, nor impartial in his deductions. He says very presumptuously of Goethe's style, that "though very beautiful, transparent and harmonious, it wants freshness and impetuosity." Schiller, again, "writes with considerable power, and with care, but he wants precision and vivacity." Lessing's style he prefers to theirs, because Lessing's sentences are "brief, pregnant, colloquial and direct," admitting of no doubt as to meaning, yet "eschewing all superfluous words." A German reader will readily see that if a writer who lays on his adjectives so indiscriminately, had imitated Lessing in this last particular, we should have been spared his entire article. He is satisfied with expressing vague ideas clearly, a mistake not unfrequently made by those who cannot comprehend the difference between ideas, clear, precise, simple or complex. He is too little acquainted with his subject to write fairly upon it, and is most especially unlike Lessing, in venturing to express confident opinions where his knowledge is only that of a smatterer.

But let us consider the "eminently British" mind again for a moment. The phrase, or others like it, is often used by flippant and superficial writers, but after all, what does it mean? Mind is admitted to be unlike matter; you cannot confine thoughts to any place or country. Different nations have different prevailing

notions, but the soul of man is one all over the earth, and as regards its vigor, it is the same everywhere. What is clear, strong, deep, vigorous thinking in England, is so in Germany. The cool assumption of English writers that their nation has a monopoly of all the mental wealth of the world, all the power and fire of the imagination, and all the majesty of the reason, is rather too much. If there is any one quality more "eminently British" than another, it is that rooted self-complacency which nothing can put to the blush.

The reviewer's remarks on Lessing's drama, "*Nathan der Weise*," are a specimen of the superficial views our "Anglo-Saxon minds," some of them, are frequently contented with. They tell us nothing new. Lessing in his modesty had said of himself that he was not a great poet, being too much a critic, and wanting the easy flow of poetic ideas which should characterize the genuine poet: the reviewer takes him at his word, and thence arrives by an easy leap to the conclusion, "*Nathan der Weise* is not a great drama." By the same rule he should consider the *Paradise Regained* Milton's greatest poem, for the poet himself thought so. He thinks the character of Nathan wanting in propriety, and reasons as follows:—"If Nathan has none of the bigotry of his race, he cannot be a perfect type of that race. If he can regard Christianity with forbearance, he is no longer a Jew. That which is great in Nathan is not Jewish; it has grown up in his large soul in spite of Judaism." Is this fair criticism? Have not tolerant men of large souls proceeded from intolerant monasteries? Must we have no Jews but Shylocks? A Jew has the same hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions, with other men—can they not have as large souls? We might as well ask if an Englishman would cease to be an Englishman, by abandoning the prejudices of certain of his countrymen. The greatest among great men were great both as men and as types of their race and people, and surely there is no offence to propriety in drawing a wise Israelite. Before the author can sustain his position on this point, he should first successfully controvert Lessing's *Laocoon*, than which there is no abler exposition of the universally recognized principles of the dramatic art.

This review affords also, as we will not take space to show at length, exam-

ples of another error English writers often fall into, viz., that of repeating the *dicta* of German or French critics upon German works. It should be remembered that since Lessing's time, and introduced chiefly by him, a most severe and logical criticism has been exercised in his native country, and that hence to rely on the decisions of German writers as to the merits of authors, is very unsafe for English readers. What at home is merely a strict examination of a work, becomes abroad condemnation, and it would, therefore, be hardly possible for an Englishman to obtain just opinions; even if he could survey the whole field of German review writing. There is surely nothing gained by comparing German writers, estimated thus at second hand, with English ones, whom our scholars are accustomed to reverence. Indeed, any one who reflects knows that there is nothing more idle than the classification of men of great genius of different countries; for supposing all the elements ascertainable, great men are still individuals, and each is great in an individual and peculiar manner. We ought to be able to study them as they are, without ranking them over one another.

But this article on Lessing stands by no means alone in the English periodicals for its confident ignorance. In another, on the rise and fall of the European Drama, in the Foreign Quarterly for July, 1845, (there are several of later date we might select,) we find the same dogmatic tone, and the same sufficient evidence, to those who know, that the writer does not know what he treats of. This way of writing only needs to be answered in one fashion: it is reply enough to mere naked assertions, to say they are not true. To every one familiar with the German drama, it will be clear that this reviewer was not familiar with it. For example, in one place he says, "Germany has been late in establishing a national drama, and in spite of the ability there occasionally bestowed upon it, we cannot on the whole regard it as at all equal to that of Greece, England, Spain and France." Now if the author had ever read the dramas of these five countries, he might have decided differently; but with regard to Germany, at least, it is plain that he has not read the plays whose titles he quotes. Further he says, "Goethe's is doubtless a great name, but its lustre does not come from the drama. Schiller was unquestionably

a man of rare talents, but both Goethe and Schiller contented themselves with being translators (!) and, in some sort, imitators of the plays of Greece, England and France." Yes, other writers had written dramas, and they wrote dramas; that is the only sense in which they can be said to be imitators. Again, "A national drama they did not attempt." In Germany it is thought that they attempted it, and succeeded. But, says he, "Lessing and Kotzebue in some measure attempted it. The 'Bürgerlich' (he should have written 'Bürgerlichen') Trauerspiele,' the sentimental dramas, such as 'Minna von Barnhelm,' 'Menschenhas,' und Reue,' are, of course, miserably inferior to 'Tasso,' 'Clavigo,' 'Fiesco,' and 'Die Jungfrau von Orleans,' in point of poetic beauty and of literary interest; but we suspect that in this species lay the germ of a real national drama, for it was the expression of a national character." It would be just as fair to say, that Richardson, or Young, or Macpherson, were exponents of the English national character. By what witchcraft, these, writers discover that the German character tends so to sentimentality, is to Germans a perfect mystery. If they would read German history, and really *study* its literature, they would certainly think differently; or if they would reflect, they would see that false sentiment cannot possibly ever be a prominent and permanent feature of a national character, though it may be, as what may not, the fashion of a day. The author of the article on Lessing falls into the same error. Speaking of Minna von Barnhelm, by Lessing, (which the writer above thinks "miserably inferior to Tasso," &c.) he says, "Of all the German comedies it has our preference. In no other have we seen such pure dramatic presentation of character, and that character so unmistakably German." Now the truth is, this play is no more an index to the German character than "Werther's Leiden," "Götz von Berlichingen," "Egmont," "Tasso," or "Faust;" all these contain ideal portraits, which are at once German and universal. To insist that a peculiar cast of mind is essentially German, and that no other mental development is, and then to cull out of German literature those writings which show this cast of mind, and say that they are the most national, strikes us as a plain *petitio principii*, which learned reviewers ought avoid.

Goethe and Schiller, whom the author of the article referred to in the Foreign Quarterly regards as translators and imitators, and of course as not original dramatists, are by no means thus thought of in Germany. It is there considered that in regard to "harmonious completeness and finish," i. e. perfection of the dramatic form, they have surpassed even Sophocles, Shakspeare and Racine, and that in point of genius they have just claims to be ranked with those great poets. They were both familiar with the poetry of Homer, Sophocles, Shakspeare and Racine, and they looked upon the poetry of the Grecians as furnishing, in respect of perfection of form and finish of detail, the best models. They were not disciples of what in Germany is styled the school of "force-genius," (*Kraftgenies*), which contends that genius stands above all rules of art, and should be left as though it were an instinct, to create its own laws; and hence they studied to be perfect in form as well as powerful in poetic effect. Lessing had already cautioned young poets against an indiscriminating admiration of Shakspeare's works, as leading to irregularity—and very justly too, for it is everywhere admitted that in respect of form, he would be a dangerous model, though he is by no means regardless of rules. He was less exact than the Greeks, yet the structure of his dramas is somewhat like theirs, as are those of contemporaries and successors. He never made his plays hinge upon one idea, as fatality, dependence on the gods, and the like. Lessing, Schiller, Goethe and others who regarded the portraying an ideal harmony of human actions as the highest aim of the dramatic art, have done so, following so far a principle derived from the ancients. They made their art the study of their lives, as the Greek poets had done. Though they have not written dramas

exclusively, yet their mental occupations were all in unison with that department. They were classical scholars, students of history and science, and at the same time mingled much with men in active life. They did not lose their independence as men of genius, by cultivating and enriching their minds. Their genius was so free, that study could not fetter it. Their dramas, which the reviewer calls imitations, are so far from being such, that they have as little in common with those of Sophocles, Shakspeare and Racine, as the spirit of their time had with the separate times of those writers. And as certainly as there can never appear another Sophocles, so certainly will there never be again another Shakspeare, Racine or Goethe. These are universal men; they were colored by the tendencies of their times, but they wrote not for their country or for "an age," but for all times and all countries.

But we must here conclude this brief article, in which we have only intended to present some of the views with which English knowledge and criticism of German literature is generally regarded by the educated public of Germany. They fancy that though their literature is and has been of late years making rapid progress in England, still that much time must elapse before it will be fully appreciated. They do not believe the mass of their great writers to be mystical or wanting distinct purpose, and they look forward confidently to the time when the diseased sentimentality that was in vogue for a while shall not be considered by English scholars as a permanent element of their national character, and when English critics shall discover that the soil of Germany produces more minds like Lessing's, which was, according to our reviewer, "eminently British," than they have hitherto supposed.

HON. JOHN MINOR BOTTS, AND THE POLITICS OF VIRGINIA.

THE recent triumph of the Hon. JOHN M. BOTTS in Virginia, under circumstances of marked peculiarity, over the Democracy of the metropolitan district not only, but over and in spite of overwhelming gerrymandering on the part of the Legislature of that State, justifies us in introducing him prominently to the readers of the REVIEW. It is the cause to be seen, however; it is the cause to be presented, and not the man. His triumph gives evidence of a returning sense of justice; it is the crowning proof that honest opinions, fearlessly avowed, faithfully maintained, adhered to amid disaster and defeat, without shadow of turning, constitute the certain groundwork of ultimate success and reduplicating honor. In this point of view, in this *moral* point of view, the example presented in his political history, is transcendently more valuable than the merely personal success of any man, however cherished. It is the prestige of better days, and gives cheering hope to the hearts of those who prefer truth to expediency, honest privacy to inglorious notoriety. Amid the too frequent surrender of principles for place and power—amid the repeated compromises of constitutional opinions for popular applause—amid the sometime delinquency of those upon whom the Whig party relied in times gone by—amid the general confusion of the public mind as to what is constitutional, since the numerous and successful assaults made of late upon that sacred instrument—it is cheering, it is refreshing, to behold the successful progress of one who, scorning to “bend the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning,” undisturbed by detraction, unseduced by bribery, unintimidated by defeat, unawed by the oppressive power of a whole legislative assembly, still moved forward, clinging to the Constitution, imbibing its spirit, expounding, in effective practical speeches, its principles, until at last an overwhelming majority-vote of his fellow-citizens crowns the summit of years of toil.

This late struggle in the “Old Dominion” presents a moral picture, and a moral result, worthy of being contemplated. It deserves a limner. Mr. B. will merely stand for the canvas upon which we sketch it.

Mr. Botts entered public life in the year 1833, as the delegate from the county of Henrico to the General Assembly of Virginia. He very early distinguished himself as a ready and powerful debater, as an original and independent thinker, and an ardent and uncompromising Whig. He may be said to have leaped at a bound to a high position in a body usually containing a goodly number of able men. There was no precursor to this distinction, nothing in his past history known to the public which justified the hope of his most sanguine friends, of so much success in legislative life. Though admitted in early youth to the practice of the legal profession, it is pretty well admitted that he never studied, *con amore*, Coke or Blackstone; and it is quite certain that he never made, as a lawyer, any practical use of their lore.

There was nothing in his pursuits, so far as the public saw, calculated to develop a mind which evinced such masculine proportions. There was certainly nothing cognate or kindred to the labor of legislation in his previous occupations. It is not a matter of surprise, therefore, that a murmur of satisfaction trembled on the lips of the Whig party, in the State, at finding unexpectedly so valuable an auxiliary to their force—a force bearing, then, but a small ratio to that of the opposite party. Nor is it matter of surprise, that the county which had furnished so faithful a representative, should have looked upon itself as deriving a reflective honor from the tenacious fidelity with which it has clung to him, through every adversity, up to the present moment.

In the House of Delegates of Virginia, Mr. Botts was distinguished, as he has since been upon another theatre, for unwavering constancy to principle, by an impatient scorn of expediency, where it supplied the place of a less explicit course of proceeding, by a manly boldness of thought and action, which, while it must be confessed, sometimes caused timid and recusant Whigs to fear for his discretion, ultimately triumphed over doubts, and carried dismay into the opposite ranks. His sound and practical views, of the Constitution, his forcible illustration of its bearings, his thorough Whig sentiments, above all, his sudden rise and successful

position as one of our eminent leading politicians, very speedily secured for him the cordial dislike and undying opposition of the Democratic party. It would have been a phenomenon indeed, if one so true to himself, and to the purity of the Constitution—one so truth-loving and truth-telling—one who had such a perverse habit of thinking aloud, and calling things by their right names—one who quoted at all times, and without mercy, upon the party of misrule, the acts and opinions of their ancient leaders, as precedents of authority against them—could have secured aught else than now damning faint praise, and then furious detraction.

The lingering remnant of the Richmond junto gave out the Jacobin signal, *à la lanterne*, and the henchmen of the party every where re-echoed, *à la lanterne*. There was one—we will not name him—who, distinguished for ever prophesying, and with success but once, when he predicted that the election of Jackson would prove a curse to the country, assumed the tripod, and oracularly gave out that the career of Mr. Botts would be both brief and inglorious:

"Thus have I seen a magpie in the street,
A chattering bird we often meet,
For curiosity well known,
With head awry and cunning eye,
Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone!"

We have said, the order for devoting Mr. B. to the nether gods had gone forth. The altar was prepared, the libation (of gall) had been poured out; the fire had been kindled, and the priest stood ready, mumbling the cabalistic words of the party: "Resolutions of '98 and '99;" "Shade of Jefferson;" "Glory to Old Hickory." All this was profitless as the labor of the priests of Baal, when they strove with the prophet. There was no sacrifice. The voice of the metropolitan district had summoned Mr. Botts, after repeated services in the House of Delegates, to the National Legislature.

Mr. Botts entered Congress in the year 1839. His acts and doings while a member are before the nation. It is our purpose only to call before us in review some of his more prominent actions.

During the first session he sat in the House, the memorable New-Jersey election return came under consideration. The people of New-Jersey will long remember (as they have often with enthusiasm testified) how promptly Mr. Botts

came to their aid, and with what signal ability he vindicated the majesty of her broad seal. The train-bands of Locofocoism were, nevertheless, too powerful, and the country witnessed a spectacle, from the sight of which it has been but too willing to avert its eyes, and which we are loth to revert to. We only do so to call back the recollection of the fact, that upon that first opportunity which offered, Mr. Botts stood forward to aid in protecting the honor of a sovereign State. His speech on that occasion elicited general applause, and fixed the eyes of the nation upon him, as a man of mark and promise. This speech was delivered January 9th, 1840. On the 10th of March, the minority report of the committee on that subject was presented to the House. Their address and report (then published) was from his pen, though, not being chairman of the committee, it was not accredited to him. During the same session, he made a speech in favor of retrenching the expenditures and stopping the official abuses of the Federal government, on the bill making appropriations for the support of the army, July 14th, 1840. It cannot have been forgotten that this happened at a time when the office-holders, under Mr. Van Buren, were reveling at will in a practical application of that most catholic doctrine, the enunciation of which, in so neat and compendious a form, viz., "to the victors belong the spoils," secured a canonization to its author, and a life estate in the public domain. Those corruptions and profligacies Mr. Botts exhumed from their dark hiding-places, and, exposing them to the light of day, hurled upon the responsible persons of the government a torrent so powerful, that the officials, from high to low, both feared and dreaded him—the best commentary upon and evidence of the impression made by his effort. To no one more than to this gentleman, perhaps, was Mr. Van Buren indebted for that immense retinue of people who bowed him out of the gates of power to the peaceful sheep-walks of Lindenwald.

But a new administration came into office. In a month the nation beheld the reins of government drop from the trusty hands to which they had confided them: Mr. Tyler drives the chariot of state; but he swerves—he veers—and something like the fate of Jehu follows: certainly, he fell from the mid-heaven of

honor to—where we will not follow him. It suffices that he fell into the embrace of Locofocoism, which first debauched and then abandoned him.

Mr. Botts perceives the first aberration; he marks the point of departure from the acknowledged track, small though the deviation be at first. He cries out, he gives the alarm, like a faithful sentinel; he denounces him, and spurns him, more in sorrow than in anger, and more in disgust than either. He will make no compromise, he will submit to no half measures; he assumes the attitude of unqualified hostility. Neither entreaties nor threats, neither the blandishments of power nor brisk wit and ridicule, neither promises of place nor menaces of displacement, move him.* Like Luther before the Diet, he stands up in the rugged earnestness of native honesty, and proclaims, "*Hier stehe ich, ich kan nicht anders*;" "Here I stand—I cannot do otherwise."

Mr. Botts has been by some blamed for his part in the proceedings of Congress during the period of which we speak; and it has been alleged that he, among others, by violence drove Mr. Tyler from the Whig party. Let us look a little more narrowly into this question. Let us recapitulate a few facts, some of them, perhaps, not generally known. Mr. Botts and Mr. Tyler had been at the same time members of the Legislature of Virginia. He had supported Mr. Tyler in that body as a candidate for the United States Senate, in opposition to Mr. Rives, upon the express ground that Mr. Tyler was in favor of a bank, while Mr. Rives, though opposed to the sub-treasury, had not yet taken that stand. They were friendly, intimate, confidential. They knew each other well. These relations subsisted up to the period of Mr. Tyler's accidental accession to the presidency—nay, more, up to the moment just prior to Mr. Tyler's veto of the bank bill. The sentiments of Mr. Tyler were known to Mr. Botts, fully and freely expressed to him, and it cannot be supposed that there was any one more ready to detect, or in a better situation to discover the first latent evidences of the leprosy taint festering within. Upon whom could the discovery have fallen with more stunning surprise? Whose indignation

was it more likely to excite? He knew well the vulnerable part. He had seen the hand that inflicted what proved to be the immedicable wound, and his position enabled him to see, before others saw it, that the cautery alone could promise relief. He did not scruple, he did not hesitate therefore to apply it. It failed, but he had done his duty.

The action of Mr. Tyler was in no sense influenced by the conduct of Mr. Botts, but Mr. Botts quickly perceived and promptly denounced the action of Mr. Tyler. He had already discovered that the gangrene was complete, the corruption total. It has been claimed for Mr. Tyler, that his conduct on that occasion was but consistent with his previous opinions. To say nothing here of the tortuous contradictions in which Mr. Tyler involved himself, while the matter was then in hand—his writing with his own hand the amendments which he desired to be inserted, which, when complied with to render the bill palatable to him, he nevertheless vetoed; to say nothing of all this well-known under-current of things—the bare fact that Mr. Tyler's friends in the Virginia House of Delegates had voted for him upon the emphatic position that he was a bank man, and that his most intimate friends so considered him, is pregnant evidence against him of deceit and duplicity then, or treachery afterwards.

It is well known that Mr. Botts was in favor of passing, and sending to Mr. Tyler for his approval, the scheme of a bank bill, presented in the report of Mr. Ewing, then Secretary of the Treasury, and that he was opposed to passing any other bill. He was then aware that Mr. Tyler would veto the bill proposed, even if amended according to his dictation. This he did do. To send him, therefore, the bill which he had already publicly recommended, was to place him in a position in which he would be compelled to sanction a bank bill, which would have defeated his proposed union with the Democrats. This was the latent meaning of the phrase "Head him," contained in a letter written about that time by Mr. Botts.

The suggestion that, by flattering the vanity and humoring the caprice of Mr. Tyler, he might still have been retained

* "*Iustum et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida.*"

in relation with the Whig party, was a suggestion which could not for a moment find favor with one whose whole character and career evinced that no extrinsic motives could control him. The suggestion was untrue in fact and dishonorable in spirit. Well and nobly did the Whig party act, when it wheeled in solid column away from Mr. Tyler, and left him in the plenitude of solitary power, but still at the climax of disgrace.

It forms a unique instance in partisan history of noble sacrifice for principle! To no one, perhaps, was the personal sacrifice greater than to this gentleman.

Mr. Botts during the session made two speeches upon the subject of the bank, which we commend to the perusal of such as are desirous of reviewing these matters: the one, a "speech on the bill to incorporate subscribers to a fiscal bank of the United States," Aug. 4, 1841; the other, "on the objections of the President to the bill to establish a fiscal corporation," Sept. 10, 1841. As a brief statement of the origin of this latter, and evincing the character of this gentleman, we extract the following:

"Mr. Botts took the floor, and said: I should have been content, Mr. Speaker, to have permitted this second veto of President Tyler to pass without remark from me, but for the peculiar position I happen to occupy before the House and the country.

"Coming not only from the same State, but from the very district which gave birth to Mr. Tyler, and which he formerly represented in this House, and bearing to him the relations of personal and political friendship at the opening of Congress, I have, from a high sense of public duty, felt myself called upon to array myself in opposition to him, and have employed terms relative to his public course at once strong, harsh, and offensive. I have, in an address to the public, and in my representative character on this floor, charged him with perfidy and treachery to the party that elected him—with infidelity to the principles upon which he obtained his present lofty situation; and I feel that it becomes me to make good the charge, not by denunciation merely, but by proof, by facts that cannot be contradicted; and if I do not establish it conclusively and irresistibly to the mind of every disinterested man, I will not only take back what I have said, and make the most ample atonement in my power, but will consent to take upon myself all the odium that ought to attach to one who would bring a false and groundless charge against a high public functionary.

"It will be borne in mind, also, that when this charge was uttered on the floor, the honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, (Mr. Cushing,) like a gallant knight, at once came forth in defence of the President, and *challenged an argument* on the subject. The glove being thus thrown, I promptly took it up, and now come forward before the nation to repeat the charge, and vindicate my cause; and to an intelligent public I shall leave the decision."

We are under the impression that Mr. Cushing never did attempt any reply to this speech; we have certainly never seen or heard of it.

Among the other more prominent public acts of the gentleman under consideration, were his efforts and votes for the abolition of the 21st rule. For this he was severely censured by some of the members of his own party at the South, who did not understand his views and motives, and still more bitterly denounced by the opposite party, who did not desire to understand them.

Fortunately for Mr. Botts, he possesses an epidermis as little pervious to misrepresentation as it is to misconception. He has a copious faith in truth and the mellowing influence of time; once convinced that he is right, he embraces a view with all his conscience, and observes the apothegm of Burns:

"Its slightest touches instant pause,
And barring all pretences,
Resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences."

Perhaps this is putting it rather too strongly. It is not because he does not care for, but he does not apprehend any ill consequences from conscientious action.

The most striking illustration of this quality is to be found in his votes upon the twenty-first rule. Embracing from the first the notion that it was but the pretext and the occasion for the manufacture of an inordinate quantity of capital for domestic consumption on the part of both the extreme advocates and opponents of the institution which gave rise to it, he lent his influence at once and decidedly to its abrogation. His argument was, that it would give quiet to both parties, who had wandered from and lost sight of the main practical issue it involved, and were occupying unceasingly the time of the House in fruitless discussions of abstract themes; that if anything was to be gained by the North

which that rule impeded—anything to be dreaded by the South which that rule defended, it were far wiser and more economical to come to a plain, direct issue on the question it concerned. The result was, as the world knows, an eventual abrogation of the rule, (and that too by a Democratic Congress,) and a finale to petitions on that subject. It is undoubtedly true, and ought to be stated in this connection, that Mr. Botts admitted the right of petition, and used these memorable words:—

“The right of petition, as guaranteed by the Constitution, is absolute, unqualified and unlimited; and to impair that right, is to inflict a fatal wound upon popular freedom.”

Though well calculated to subject him to misapprehension and consequent animadversion among his own constituency, he boldly took that stand, and when fully aware of its import and after due reflection, his constituency sustained him. His views and feelings as a southern man were fully known and confided in, and it is not believed that he lost the confidence of any considerable portion of the Whig party of the South or North. As for certain of the Democracy who had been much indebted to him for editorial leaders and stump speeches, it is to be presumed in all humanity that he felt a sincere sympathy for them—that a *Democratic Congress* should have spiked all their cannon and hushed their thunder.

In this connection it may be profitable to recall the painful scene the lower House of Congress exhibited at the commencement of the extra session in 1841; when for three weeks the House was engaged in a painful struggle to organize itself for business. This twenty-first rule was the obstacle. The pros and cons kept the Congress in moral throes, during that period, in painful labor to reduce itself to dignity and order. It was well calculated to excite apprehension. Matters began to look alarming. Men of the North and of the South turned to Mr. Botts. He promptly drafted a resolution which (though presented by another to whose credit it enured) as soon as it was pronounced from the Speaker's chair, secured the assent of both the belligerents, and order once more reigned in the National Legislature.

Among some whose opinions are entitled to consideration, an impression has prevailed that Mr. Botts is, as the phrase

goes, a rash man. Now rashness is a term so purely relative, so dependent for its comprehension upon attendant circumstances, that it is difficult to understand, and still more difficult to meet such an objection. If by rashness haste is meant, nothing is plainer than that under fitting circumstances and for a proper object, haste, so far from being a vice, is on the other hand an essential virtue: some actions cannot be too quickly done—others cannot be too speedily abandoned. If it implies being sometimes in advance of those with whom one is acting in concert, then it is easily understood. A practical answer in this view of it would be, that so far as the subject of this brief sketch is concerned, the party with which he has acted has never failed sooner or later to occupy the very ground occupied by him, and to embrace the very opinions which he has expressed.

It will be remembered that we stated that Mr. Botts had scarcely entered upon public life before the sacrificial altar was prepared for him, or to change the figure, the gallows was erected, whereon Haman himself was destined to hang. He was *then* too bold, too frank, too able. He disturbed mightily, even then, the delicate nerves of the gentle Democracy of the meridian of Richmond. How much greater was the intensity of their dislike *now!*—*now* that he had achieved distinction where they had meditated only disgrace. It was too bad—too bitter: there was hereafter no truce to be made with him—no locus penitentiae for enormities like his. Something must be done. The legislature of the Old Dominion busied itself in the ignoble work of legislating him out of public life. It remodeled the congressional districts—changed the metropolitan district to smother the voice of the sterling Whig city of Richmond; and after giving Mr. Botts a dead majority of about six hundred Democratic votes to carry, finally, to make sure work, it added an additional county giving about two hundred majority of Democratic votes. Having buried him, as they supposed, they added the “two last as a ponderous cenotaph to keep him under ground.”

The district being thus organized, Mr. Jones, afterwards Speaker, was selected as the Democratic candidate to oppose Mr. Botts. After a labored canvass before the people in the old-fashioned Virginia way, this immense majority fell down to the paltry number of 32 votes. Mr. Botts contested the seat, but without

success. The House of Representatives decided against him, notwithstanding it remains to be told that the next House (both Democratic) decided principles that were involved in the former case precisely the contrary way.

Mr. Speaker Jones declined another canvass, and the Hon. James A. Seddon—a gentleman whose popularity with the Whigs entitled him to high hopes of success—was the competitor of Mr. Botts. Owing to the paralysis of the Whig party, consequent upon their recent Presidential defeat, Mr. Botts fell behind about 230 votes.

A third time, Mr. Botts, nothing daunted, took the field. He was opposed by Mr. W. D. Leake, a gentleman selected by a convention of Democrats, and after an animated struggle Mr. Botts closed the day with a majority of near 600. So that the overwhelming democratic majority was not only in two unsuccessful attempts overcome, but was nearly transferred to the other side.

During the temporary exile of Mr. Botts from Congress, he had never failed to speak out, in some emphatic manner, his opinions upon the great questions which were before the country.

He was prompt, in an able letter published in the Richmond Whig, Dec. 1844, to express his decided hostility to the annexation of Texas—a position which he never changed up to the moment of its final accomplishment. In that letter he predicted with accuracy many if not all of the disasters which have resulted from that measure.

Equally was he opposed to the war with Mexico—the manner of it, the matter of it, and the objects of it. In a letter published in the same journal, in Dec. 1846, reviewing the message of the President, he gave a searching commentary upon the whole Mexican war question.

He was no less explicit in his opposition to the party who claimed the line of 54° 40' as the boundary of our territory in Oregon, and who were willing to hazard a war with England to secure that line. His opinions on that subject were laid before the public with equal candor and ability, in an extended letter to the paper named above, in December, 1845.

Lastly, upon the Wilmot Proviso—a question upon which his old friends, the Democracy, hoped to have ensnared him—he manifested the same willingness to be understood by his friends, and lofty dis-

regard of his enemies. We quote some of his views on that topic. They occur in a letter in reply to some interrogatories propounded by the Richmond Enquirer during the recent canvass. That paper desired to embarrass him, by demanding to know if he would pledge himself not to vote for a candidate for the Presidency who was in favor of the Wilmot Proviso, &c., &c. Among other things he replies:—

“If popular error exists upon any question upon which I may be called to act, instead of encouraging and yielding to it, I choose rather, as far as I can, to correct it; and so I shall do in reference to this question.

“First, then, let us see what is the character of the Wilmot Proviso. Here it is:—

“‘Provided, That as an express and fundamental condition to the acquisition of any territory from the republic of Mexico by the United States, by virtue of any treaty which may be negotiated between them, and to the use by the Executive of the moneys herein appropriated, neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall ever exist in any part of said territory, except for crime, whereof the party shall be first duly convicted.’

“And this proviso, which tells us no more than every intelligent man knew before, to wit: that the people of the free States, of all political parties, from the highest to the most humble, are opposed to the extension of slavery, is now, for political effect, attempted to be connected with the abolition of slavery. Where does this proviso propose to abolish slavery? In Mexico? Why, it don't exist there, and therefore cannot be abolished. The truth is, that this proviso, although of Democratic origin, was adopted by the Whig party of the North, for the purpose of furnishing a motive and an object to the South to put an end to this unbridled lust for acquisition, which, if not arrested, must put an end to our institutions, sooner or later. Substantially they have said this: ‘We have aided you in annexing Texas to your southern border, as a slave State; we want no more territory, and advise you not to take any part of Mexico; but if you will persist in carrying on this war, we caution you not to look to us for any aid in the farther extension of slavery. If you take it at all, you must take it as free territory.’

“Now I say, my answer to all this is, and the answer of the entire South should be, we don't want any more territory, and we won't have any part of Mexico, and it is not for the purpose of dismembering Mexico that we carry on this war. But notwithstanding the Wilmot proviso has passed the House of Representatives, and

would have passed the Senate, but for the apprehension that it would have defeated the \$3,000,000 bill, and notwithstanding its principles have been adopted by almost unanimous votes by the legislatures of New-York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Ohio, and several other of the smaller free States,—aye, notwithstanding *it is made manifest and clear*, that this is the sentiment of a large majority of the people and of the States, yet the Richmond Enquirer and its followers (and Mr. Leake also) insist upon taking this Mexican territory, even on these terms, (for they can get it on no other,) as an indemnity for the war! And now, I ask, which is the best friend to the South and Southern institutions? What *I will* pledge myself to, is this: *I will vote for no man, as President or Vice-President, who is justly liable to the suspicion even of a disposition to interfere with the institution of slavery in any manner whatever, as it exists under the Constitution.* That I am opposed to the principle of the Wilmot proviso, is certainly true. But why? Not because I think we have any right to ask the North to aid us in the extension of slavery—but because I *deny their right* to lend any such aid. If I acknowledge their right to aid in its extension by legislation, I cannot deny their right to curtail it by legislation. *I deny their right to legislate at all upon the subject.* My opinion has always been, that, after the territory has been admitted as a State, *it is for the State authorities alone to determine whether slavery shall exist or not*; and as Virginia has an undoubted right to abolish slavery within her limits, so has Ohio the same power to admit it within hers, without consultation with, or the consent of, the authorities of the United States, or any of the departments of the General Government.

"I expect to vote for the candidate of the Whig party, against any and all the candidates of the Locofoco party, and will give no pledge that will deprive me of this privilege. Suppose John M. Clayton, for example, who (like all other Northern men) is opposed equally to *interference with as to giving aid to the extension of slavery*, should be the candidate of the Whig party, and Mr. Polk the candidate of the other party—does the Enquirer expect me to pledge myself to vote for Mr. Polk? It is certainly a very modest request; but I would see them in—Abraham's bosom first.

"But suppose Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Wright, Mr. Van Buren, or Governor Cass, all of whom we know to be in favor of the Wilmot Proviso, and dare not say they are opposed to it, should be the regular nominee of the Democratic National Convention, and General Taylor or Mr. Clay should be our candidate—*will the Enquirer pledge it-*

self to sustain the Whig candidate against the candidate of its own party?—When they make this pledge, it will be time enough for them to ask me to make pledges."

Upon all or most of these questions he was, so far as we know, the first man—in the South at least—to express publicly while a candidate before the people the opinions which he held; perhaps only because more constantly opposed, and more zealously scrutinized by his opponents, in the vain hope of committing him to some unpopular doctrine.

Upon a review of his public course, the district in which he has passed his life, in April last, gave him accumulated testimony of confidence in his integrity and ability, by a majority unexpected by his friends and confounding to his foes.

We have before observed, that this gentleman throws his whole soul, his entire energies into whatever he undertakes. He goes straight to the point—all is explicit—everything is comprehensible. He leaves no room for misunderstanding. Disagree with him one may—differ with him some do; but the tribute of blunt, outright sincerity, we fancy none will withhold him. There is no watching the popular current—no drifting with the tide—no falling in with the flood as its impetuous wave is perceived to be inevitable. In the face of the multitude he forms his opinions—fearlessly to the multitude he utters them; and it is rare that the multitude do not follow him. Unlike the demagogue, he does not watch for public opinion—he forms it. He does not appeal to local or sectional views and prejudices, but embraces the Union, the whole Union, and *nothing but the Union*, in a comprehensive and ardent affection.

Who ever attained distinction that did not, as a price for it, endure detraction and slander? Mr. Botts has not escaped these. But these we leave to their own "manifest destiny." Who ever attained distinction that did not display some faults or defects? No friend would claim for a friend exemption from these—they are the common property of man—a birthright he cannot sell, be the price what it may.

The permanency of our institutions, the solidity of our government, peace at home, dignity abroad, are not likely to be endangered by any want of able men. They depend rather upon our securing and elevating men of moral courage—men of

integrity to the Constitution—men who will guard that sacred instrument and keep it in unity of faith. The Constitution is a solemn compact made by our forefathers, and though they have ramparted it about with sacred pledges and made it a Gibraltar, it can have stability or strength no longer than we, their descendants, satisfy its claims upon us; it

can endure only so long as each generation cements it afresh. It must pass as a sacred heirloom from generation to generation, fondly revered and sedulously defended. Its legal custodians must be men not only able but willing to defend it. To such men only may it be committed in all future time. C.

Richmond, July, 1847.

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

BY JAMES STAUNTON BARCOCK, (*deceased.*)

'Twas a wise faith, meet and touching,
Of the manly Northern Mind,
That, in Heaven, to little children
Is the fitting task assigned,

Still to scatter the young blossoms
Over earth, by everything,
As the spring's returning season
Came with beauteous visiting.

Stooping light from flowery pathways,
Strewed they hill and mead and plain—
Soft and guileless, as the sunclouds
Shed their offerings of rain.

And to all men toiling under
Welcome came their gifts of love;
For like birds from sky-ward singing,
Brought they tidings from above—

Gladdening Earth with blessed foretaste,
As her mortal hours went by,
Of that Land where flowers, unfading,
Spring and bloom immortally.

A NIGHT WITH THE DEAD.

CLAR.—“O, I have passed a miserable night,
 So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
 That as I am a Christian, faithful man,
 I would not spend another such a night,
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
 So full of dismal terror was the time.”—RICHARD III.

MANY years ago, before the facilities for professional education were as great in this country as they are at present, I was pursuing my medical studies at one of the Universities on the Continent of Europe. Subjects for dissection were at that time obtained with considerable difficulty from the hospitals, on account of an excited state of public feeling on the subject, similar to that which has since frequently prevailed in different parts of this country; consequently, whenever after a world of trouble we had obtained any bodies for the amphitheatre, we were compelled to observe the strictest secrecy among ourselves, and to watch them with the greatest caution to prevent the discovery of the fact, or an attempt at rescue in case of such discovery.

The exhibitors of anatomy, who were usually young medical men who had received their diplomas, but who continued their connection with the institution for a further prosecution of their studies, were charged in turn with the duty of watching with the bodies. It happened one evening that one of these young gentlemen, with whom I was intimate at the time, was appointed to spend the night in the exercise of this unenviable prerogative. This was particularly annoying to him, as he had received an invitation to a ball for that same evening, and was anxious to attend it. I may here remark, “en passant,” that the most unaccountable prejudice which now prevails both in France and Italy against medical men, and which, particularly in the latter country, excludes them as a class from mingling otherwise than professionally with refined society, did not then maintain in the town where the institution to which I belonged was situated. The young physician enjoyed equal social privileges with the educated man of any other profession.

To return. My friend lamented his ill-luck in my presence with a free outpouring of his regret, that he had not been able to find a substitute to take his place

in the dissecting room, and remarked in a bantering way, that were it not for my youth and timidity, he should ask the favor of me. I must confess that I had no particular ambition in that way, but yet I felt still less disposed to be taunted with any unmanly weakness of nerve, real or supposed; and I accordingly volunteered with a most excellent grace to exchange my snug chambers and comfortable bed for a solitary watch with the dead.

About nine o'clock, my friend, after having dressed himself elaborately for the expected entertainment, called at my room to accompany me to the amphitheatre.

It was a cold, cheerless autumn evening. The atmosphere had all the asperity of winter, without its bracing elasticity. Such as it was, it had been for the last three or four days—a heavy, steady rain, interrupted from time to time with gusty showers—accompanied with occasional thunder, which cheated you into the belief that the storm was about to break up, but which gradually softened down into the same monotonous dripping. Of all possible weather, it was precisely that which requires the most cheerful associations to keep the spirits in tune. A good fire, a pipe, and a room full of jolly companions, were the only possible non-conductors to the gloomy influence of outdoor things. I must confess, that as I stepped into the carriage with my friend, my heart rather failed me, reflecting upon the unpromising auspices under which I had volunteered for so unenlivening an undertaking.

The dissecting amphitheatre, as is usually the case, was situated in the upper story of the building. It was only lighted by a skylight from above, there being no lateral windows. A cheerful wood-fire was burning on the hearth as we entered. The subjects, which were five in number, were lying on an ordinary dissecting table. Two placed side by side constituted the first stratum; two others were in like manner placed upon these,

and the fifth body upon the last, forming as it were the apex of the pyramid. Drawing up our chairs to the fire, we remained for some time chatting upon indifferent topics—I at least making an effort to keep up an animated conversation, in order to cheat my companion out of the longest possible time before he left me for the night.

At length a church clock in the neighborhood struck ten, and my friend springing up protested that he must be off immediately. I plead for another half-hour of his company, urging the impropriety of going to a large ball at so unseasonable an hour. It was of no use; he perceived easily enough that my real motive for wishing to detain him was of a more selfish character; and a sort of waggish maliciousness was a sufficient incentive on his part, if he had no other, to render him callous to my request. He accordingly seized his hat, and wishing me as agreeable a night as he expected to spend himself, left the room. Hardly had he closed the door, when he returned to tell me that he considered it necessary, in order to secure the fulfilment on my part of my promise, to lock me in, and before I had time to protest against the absurdity of the precaution, the key was turned upon me and the bolt barred. As much annoyed as alarmed at this summary and forcible confinement, I called to him at the top of my voice to return and unfasten the door; but the only answer I received was a whistle and a mocking laugh, which gradually died upon my ear as he descended the staircase.

Returning to my seat by the fire, I lighted my pipe, and endeavored to calm by its sedative influence the excited state of imagination produced by my hopeless imprisonment. Whiff after whiff rolled from my lips, but it was of no use. It was impossible for me, either by reflection or by any mechanical process, to divert my thoughts; and every few minutes, as if by a fascination beyond my control, my eye would steal round to the table behind me and its ghastly occupants. Every fresh gust of wind, every new noise in the street below, would cause me to start with instinctive terror under the fear of some supernatural apparition. At length, when all sounds had died away, except the monotonous patting of the rain upon the skylight above, and the throbbings of my own heart and arteries, which I could distinctly hear in the silence around me, I mastered my feelings sufficiently to rake the ashes over the

fire, wrap myself in my cloak, blow out the candle, and throw myself in front of the hearth to sleep.

It was long before I could compose myself sufficiently even to doze; and when at last I was able to do so, it was at best but a sort of feverish nightmare, in which confused visions of vampires, wehr-wolves and Frankensteins revolved through my brain in intricate confusion.

I had been in this intermediate state between sleep and wakefulness I know not how long, when I was suddenly called to consciousness by a severe blow on the forehead. Instinctively raising my hand to my head, a few drops of blood trickled on my fingers. Still under the influence of the horrible visions with which my imagination had been teeming, I sprang to my feet perfectly frantic with terror. I rushed to the door; it was locked! there was no other door to the room!—no other egress of any kind! Almost sinking under the intensity of my emotion, I groped along the wall to the side of the room opposite the fire. A brilliant flash of lightning, succeeded almost instantaneously by a roar of thunder, which broke over the building as if the elements were being shattered, passed over the skylight, and illuminated the room for a moment, sufficiently long for me to observe that there were but four bodies left upon the table! Had one of the bodies come to life to murder me for sacrilegious intentions? or had it never been dead, and was my murder equally inevitable? A host of dreadful conjectures overwhelmed me, and involuntarily sinking upon my knees, my consciousness for a few minutes was suspended.

When I came to myself all was quiet. The crisis was over. Beginning to reflect, I thought if the spirit, ghost, re-animated body, or whatever it might be, had had any terrible intentions towards me, it had had ample time to execute them. I began to feel ashamed of my panic, and to admit the possibility of the agency of natural causes. My blood began to flow a little more freely, and I gradually grew sufficiently master of myself to crawl back to the fire, uncover the ashes, and endeavor to light my candle, which, after a considerable waste of spermaceti, I was enabled to accomplish.

The first object which caught my eye was a grim corpse stretched on the floor between the fire and the table. The trunk alone touched the floor. The legs at one end, and the shoulders and head

at the other, were elevated at a considerable angle.

The explanation rushed upon my mind like a flash. After I had covered the fire, the room growing colder, the bodies had gradually stiffened. The table was an ordinary dissecting table, intended for a single body. The equilibrium of the five placed together on it was at least of very doubtful stability. As they had gradually stiffened, the lower corpse on the side towards the fire had been gradually pressed upon, and so forced out of its place, and in falling, an arm or a leg had struck me on the forehead! This explanation was as reasonable as it was satisfactory.

Taking hold of the innocent cause of

my terror, I dragged it under the table from which it had been so violently ejected; and reinstalling myself in my chair, I again lighted my pipe, and determined to pass the remainder of the night without again endeavoring to sleep.

Many were the whiffs which I puffed from my meerschaum before the gray light of morning lifted the "blanket of the dark." And I have still the confession to make, that more than once I stole a furtive glance to the table, and under the table, although the intensity of the fright I had endured, and the simplicity of its explanation, prevented me from again relapsing into a state of spasmodic excitability.

T H E S E U S.

THE UNION OF THE WHIGS OF THE WHOLE UNION.

BY A SOUTHERN WHIG.

WE would address a few words to the Whigs of the Union, less with the design of setting up our own opinions as a guide, than of inducing others to reflect.

The revolution which it is the object of this great national party to effect, is one of too great magnitude, and involves too important general interests, to be interfered with by personal or local considerations. Yet we apprehend that, for want of a principle of unity, the promoting of a general rally around the essential doctrines of the party, our efficiency, as such, is materially weakened.

The Whigs of the several parts of the United States are, of course, surrounded by local circumstances which, as men, ought, and must, to a certain extent, influence them. There is danger that this variety of condition may govern, to a prejudicial effect, the general interests of the party. To permit it to produce this result, is truly to abandon great national rights, in order to serve particular views. Now there is no probability that the Whigs of the United States will openly desert any great principle of the faith which has so often, even under very adverse circumstances, proved a bond of union. But it is possible, and we discover in the history of all parties proof of it, that designing opponents, taking advantage of that diversity of pursuits

and of climate under which we live, may, through local and personal influences, introduce insidiously elements of destruction which open contests never can achieve. The effect of such covert efforts upon men of the party, is an effect upon the measures of the party; and the want of a proper resistance to these treacherous attacks, arises more from a want of general knowledge respecting them, than from any indifference as to their consequences. The danger, too, becomes greater from the fact, that the grounds upon which these designs take root, being of local or personal character, existing in sections of the country remote from each other, and of a nature rather individual than political, they seem to concern men, rather than the party. The consequences are, however, the same, whether you reach the centre of the system by a direct attack upon it, or by first tearing away the several points of the circle of defence.

Let us bring more directly before the eye of the reader two of the measures thus generally traced. The one consists in throwing upon the great party contests in which we engage, in every section of the country, the shadows of minor engagements in which we are concerned as members of a particular community, joined to the interests of some

particular pursuit: the other relates to the views of personal character and manners, entertained by eminent members of the Whig party of each other.

I. When an election is held, we are accustomed to bring into it the discussion of matters having, generally, little to do with it. For instance, in State elections for members of the Legislature, we discuss largely all the national matters which divide the two parties; and for members of Congress, we enter into disputes with respect to questions of State policy. In communities where there happens to be a majority of our opponents, or where the parties are nearly equal, the mischievous tendency of this course has often been apparent. If there be a majority favoring a particular side of the questions mooted, however disconnected they may be with party politics, every discussion tends to strengthen and make it more powerful; because, where there is a majority, especially a large one, the leaning is in favor of the fact of majority rather than to truth. In case the parties are nearly equally divided, the personal or local preferences for men turn the scale often against that party which, on principle, might have the greater strength. Now the leaders of the Democratic party know that this disposition exists; and they are ever wise to take advantage of it. Their policy is, therefore, ever to produce it, and to effect the consequences. Where they possess majorities, they force upon the Whigs the discussion of every national measure which happens, by reference to local considerations, to be least popular. The Whigs are generally frank and ingenuous. It is the result of their lofty attachment to principle, that they are so. It is the distinguishing feature of all their debates, to be candid in meeting objections, and candidly to discuss them. With this spirit, they are led off into contests about measures which often have no relation whatever to the offices sought. In this way, in Democratic districts, men of the purest characters, acknowledged in private life to be everything desirable in society—men of great talents, and calculated to be eminently useful—are thrust out of public affairs, by keeping up a Democratic excitement. How is it, however, in Whig districts? There every effort is made to counteract the effects of political majorities. There we are told we must forget measures, and select men

abandon national politics, and foster talent and honesty in our rising young men. Often in this way, in districts where on party grounds a large Whig majority may be gained, we see Democratic candidates returned. We trust that the necessity of such organization as will counteract this evil, will be apparent to the Whigs of the whole Union; that there will be more unity, better arrangement, between members of the party; and that we may no longer have our strength affected by the policy of our opponents, who succeed less by their own power than by our distractions. How fully was this fact illustrated during the last presidential contest; when in districts in the South, where the tariff was unpopular, and where the entire strength of the Whig party was put out upon debates on that single measure, Mr. Polk's opinions were declared to be ultra anti-tariff; and in Pennsylvania he was perpetrating, in his Kane letter, the disgraceful fraud of asserting falsehoods in damning ambiguities of language.

II. With respect to the opinions of a few eminent Whigs of the sentiments of each other, we would say, that these opinions have been always too much affected by local prejudices. The southern Whigs have viewed the northern and western men of that party with too little allowance for the sectional interests which must in some measure affect their actions and thoughts; and so the same thing may be said of the views of southern men by western and northern Whigs. What is the result of a necessary attachment to the places of our birth, of our education, of our business, has often been thought to be the effect of envy and jealousy. The particular local considerations which color the opinions of members of the party, in various sections of the Union, ought not to interfere with the great national measures which we are endeavoring to carry out, nor with the confidence due to each other. Led away by these local considerations, and in enthusiastic desires for their promotion, we often, it is true, relax our exertions as a party, and indulge in harsh remarks as to each other. This will ever be, until a closer communication shall be found to exist between Whigs of different parts of the country. Let the prejudices growing out of an ignorance of each other's institutions and persons, be worn away by more frequent intercourse. Let the southern and northern

men visit each other more often. Let the sentiments peculiarly appropriate to each part of the nation, and the industrial pursuits of each, be more calmly and considerately observed, by men of other regions, personally; and there will grow up a confidence in the whole country, a great American sympathy for the prosperity of every part of it, that shall eminently contribute to the permanence of the Union, and to the popularity of those measures which, the Whig party believe, involve its highest and noblest interests.

With this view, we would invite, on

the part of the Whigs of the whole Union, attention to every measure which may induce more frequent intercourse with each other. Let every opportunity be sought, so that northern Whigs may be induced to visit, and share the hospitalities of the South; and let southern Whigs do the same. In this way, we feel assured, a more generous feeling towards each other will be generated, a better knowledge of the wants of each section of the country be obtained, and a firmer union of the Whigs of the Union, for the sake of the Union, be the consequence.

HOWITT'S "HOMES AND HAUNTS OF BRITISH POETS."

WE are obliged, often, to accept the services of a guide, however disagreeable his appearance, or disgusting his manners. Those who visit remarkable places must consent to be conducted by the cicerone who happens to be attached to each, whether he be liked or not; and the penalty paid, in such cases, is the necessary consequence of that curiosity which either a literary pilgrimage or love of pleasure induces us to indulge. This is exactly the price we have paid for reading Howitt's book. Impelled by a desire to gather up reminiscences of the British Poets, we have wearily trodden through the pages of *Homes and Haunts*, without being able to trace anything new, or even to be gratified with what might have been with another writer pleasant and useful, because perplexed and aggravated at every step by the vanity and self-sufficiency, and palpable egotism of our conductor. We are told by Howitt, in his advertisement, pompously dated from "The Elms, Clapton," that "this subject is very extensive, and it was necessary to leave out the Dramatic Poets for separate treatment." The shades of the dramatic poets ought to be very greatly obliged to Howitt for this announcement. Any treatment, even ill treatment by shameful neglect, would be a blessing compared to that which the favored poets, already separately treated, have received. The indifference of the contemporaries of Chatterton and Goldsmith might be borne patiently; but who could tolerate the literary blasphemies, the poetic sacrileges, which this itinerant

literator peddler is committing upon the decayed firesides or mouldering monuments of great men of past ages. Now the study of the habits, sentiments, and even of the peculiarities of the giants of learning, and plain, graphic descriptions of their abodes, are worthy of pursuit, calculated, in an eminent degree, to encourage a veneration for antiquity, and to afford useful and agreeable instruction to mankind. But the writers to perform these offices are of entirely different species. He who would exhibit the one should be a critic of lofty, comprehensive genius, gifted with a spirit of liberal research, capable of displaying the faults of men without the affectation of the mere fault-finder, and of acknowledging their virtues without the flatteries of the sycophant. He will enter into the histories of the men whose talents have commended them to the regard of modern times, with a desire not merely to seek opportunities of lashing modern vices, but with that veneration for the dead, and that respect for the living, which belong appropriately to the subject. He will draw up, from the obscurity of ancient days, whatever may tend to the illustration of the manners and letters of those times, and indulge in no glosses and commentaries, which may be a vehicle in which to abuse the gentility of his country, or court its democratic sympathies.

The sort of man, however, to perform the second office, may be of wholly different qualifications. It would do no hurt to his subject to possess amiable

sentiments, but the fewer his talents, so he possessed the right one, the better. He would be then unembarrassed by that disposition consequent upon vanity of accomplishments, which would lead him, in describing every old chair or picture of a dead poet, home or haunt, to step out of a plain tale of what he saw, into elaborate and not very handsome criticisms upon the domestic affairs of a family. For one, therefore, who undertakes merely to give us a picture of a man's house, no talent is requisite but a capacity to tell the truth, and relate things in a plain manner. Mr. Howitt had the right to take either of these positions, and either write critical biographies of the poets, or describe their homes and haunts. But the public has a right, also, to insist that, when an author undertakes a task, he shall bring to it the necessary qualifications. If not qualified for it, he cannot complain that he is the object of censure and complaint. A man who would be a faithful and correct writer upon the thoughts and actions of great men, might also be an excellent person to show us the curiosities of their houses; but it would not follow, that a good guide through the labyrinths of the pyramid, would be a proper person to comment upon its uses. So, it is not our purpose, in showing that Mr. Howitt is not a proper man to describe Homes and Haunts, to have it therefore inferred that he would make a good author of biographies. To take the example of the work before us as proof, he is fit for neither the one nor the other.

It may be said, he does this for his bread. But does it therefore follow, that he should be privileged to handle with indecent freedom the characters of the illustrious men who have preceded us? Every keeper of a toll-gate upon a turnpike makes his bread that way; but what right has he to stop every gentleman that passes, and force upon him elaborate commentaries upon his manners and dress? Mr. Howitt undertook to give the world a statement in regard to certain castles, inns and houses, in which certain illustrious poets and authors lived. That was his business, and that done, there he should have stopped. Why should he linger at every old door-post, to lecture the nobility about not associating as much now with poets as they did formerly? Why cannot he tell us when a poet was born, or when he died, without stepping aside to abuse

and vilify some contemporary? Why cannot he mention Milton, without indulging the spirit of laudation to sedition; or name Johnson, without slurs upon the race of the Stuarts? The truth is, Howitt has written this book, less with an honest desire to inform the world as to the Homes and Haunts of the Poets, than to excite prejudices against the aristocracy who will not associate with him, in favor of the rabble who buy his works.

The two volumes printed under this title, are the farthest removed possible from the subject of their title. Three-fourths of them consist of anecdotes, many of them pleasant enough, but for the most part selected with very little taste or skill—and from biographies often read, and wonderfully acute reflections of Mr. Howitt himself, about poets—what they should be, and how they should be treated, living and dead. The professed purpose of the work, a description of the homes of the poets, is completed in a way to make it but the very lean skeleton of a very great mass of bloated matter. The next time Mr. Howitt seeks to revive our recollection of the characters of antiquity, we trust he will furnish the skeleton as he finds it in the repose from which he drags it; that he will not throw around it that patchwork of drapery which his own fancy constructs, but leave us to contemplate the honored remains of these illustrious men, unembarrassed by the ridiculous and misplaced remarks of such a conductor as Howitt.

Howitt is evidently one of those self-confident individuals, whose favorable opinion of himself has out-travelled the world's knowledge of him. He therefore thinks it wonderfully strange, and a manifest evidence of a decline of gentility, that when to make up a book he rushes over England, and hastily announces at a gentleman's gate that Mr. Howitt has come to inspect his premises, that he is not at once taken into close communion with the family, and escorted from the cellar to the garret, with obsequious attention. He hears, for instance, that at Rosanna and Woodstock may be found memorials of Mrs. Tighe, the authoress of *Psyche*. He flies to the former place, which he finds in the occupancy of her nephew. Without the formality of letters, or the ordinary delicacy observable on such occasions, he rushes to the door. He sees a man handling bullocks in the meadow, and without accosting him, altercation with the footman

about entering the premises. He is told Mr. Tighe is out; and he insists then that he must communicate with the lady. She, to use his coarse term, is lying-in. He will have it that the man in the meadow, stroking bullocks, is Mr. Tighe; and he departs indulging bitter reflections as to the descendants of the angel Tighe, and the "fall out of the poetry of Psyche to the iron realities of Ireland!" Thence he indulges in a good page of sentimentalisms upon "the screwing system on the poor," as he calls it, and the inhumanity of the lord and gentry, who went three miles to church instead of going to one nearer home. To a plain-thinking man the reality of the case is this:—No gentleman in a country of highways and equivocal travelers, like England, likes upon all occasions to give the freedom of his house to every one who calls. No gentleman or lady, because they happen to be descended from a poet, or who occupies a house where one held his walks, likes to have their grounds inspected by every unknown strolling author, who chooses to write a book and place respectable people's names in it; or if they do, they like to be approached with some degree of that ceremony which is due from one stranger to another. That Mr. Howitt is either not used to good society or careless of the conventional graces of it, is apparent from the language he uses in relating the events we have referred to. What could be more gross than the remark with which he leaves the Tighes: "He was walking out, and she was lying-in?" Why, people upon whom Mr. Howitt was afterwards expected to call might well bolt their doors or feign absence, when such a rough, vulgar man as this intruded on their dwellings.

But Howitt is a wit; and believing it an element of wit to practice bluntness, assumes all of that bluff, surly deportment, so faithfully portrayed by Shakespeare, in his definition of an affected fellow. We have many instances of this, especially in one, in which he hopes to appropriate some fame, by a slur upon American character. In describing the house in which Robert Burns was born, and amidst memorials of a name which in no good man's bosom could excite other than mournful reflections, he tells his readers that, "conspicuous among the carved names in this room, was that of an ambitious Peter Jorns, of Great Bear Lake, North America." This piece of far-fetched wit is too childish for re-

buke, but for the evident falsehood which accompanies it. It is clear that such a name never was put upon the room in question by an American; and if not the work of some joker, was a fabrication by Howitt of a quaint cognomen, by which he hoped to minister to the mean prejudices of some of his countrymen towards America.

There are many instances of Howitt's unmeaning conceits of language, in sentences where, undertaking to tell a very plain fact, he strains most ridiculously after some grandiloquent expression. For example, in the article "Shenstone," he indulges an extensive critique upon the difference between the capacity for landscape gardening and poetry; and imagines that Shenstone ought not to rank with Milton, Shakespeare, Burns or Elliott, because of his taste in gardens. He discovers a remarkable similitude between poetry and the religion of Christ, to use his own irreverential language, and concludes with this singularly strange figure: "It," poetry, is destined to "pour love like a river over the earth, till it fill every house, and leave behind it a fertility like that which follows the inundations of the Nile." We never heard of poetry like this filling a house with anything but distraction; and we venture that no habitation, however populous, is likely to be inundated by trash like this, would long be full. This Humanitarian Quaker book-wright is of the straining, conceited school of all-the-world sympathizers, whose ideas and language are as indefinite as their objects, and as empty of good as all they have yet shown themselves able to accomplish.

But Howitt is exceedingly pleased to make appeals and thrusts at the gentry. At one moment, lauding Burns, he pays sickening tributes to the lower classes; at another he pines for the patronage of the nobles, and wonders why it is they do not encourage and associate with authors now-a-days, as in the time of Pope, Swift and Addison. Mr. Howitt need not ask a question, the answer to which is so ready. Where are there now Popes, Swifts or Addisons to associate with? Does Howitt suppose, that because he and Mrs. Howitt wander over Germany and take the names of poets in vain, that, therefore, he becomes *de jure* a fit companion for refined and educated people? The coarseness and vulgarity of his book would show at once that he is not the man for this.

The most perfect example, however, of Howitt's vanity, is found in his attack upon Dr. Johnson—a man whose "Lives of the Poets," as he informs us, "do him no credit;" whose Life of Milton "is a national insult of the grossest kind;" who was an "old bigoted lexicographer." This is emphatically barking at the dead lion. We are not altogether pleased with that critic's treatment of some of the poets, against whom his strong prejudices made him severe, but we wish that the shade of Johnson could rise and look upon this reviler of his fame. One glance would be sufficient to annihilate the poor trifler, who thus, secure on this side of eternity, takes a liberty with a name too venerable for his lips.

We cannot but add, that all these rare

qualities of Mr. Howitt are exhibited in a condensed and happy form, in the attempt he made to get the "People's Journal" into his hands, and his rancorous attack upon the original projector and proprietor of that popular monthly. Mr. Sanderson of the People's Journal set forth the whole matter, in a simple publishing of the correspondence between them; and assuredly, if we are any judges of such things—and we have had some opportunity of being—Mr. Howitt's own letters and statements utterly and forever convict him of under-hand designing, and a meanness and coarseness of spirit, remarkable in a person who takes it upon him to descant about the "Homes and Haunts of Poets."

ACTORS.

In considering the high station such actors as Kemble, Macready, Forrest and Cushman justly assume in the literary circles on either side of the Atlantic, it may not seem out of place to institute a brief comparison of the present with the former position of an actor, in social life; taking, of course, the term actor in its relative sense, as one who performs in a scenic representation, and not in its general signification, as one who is engaged in any transaction whatever. Very many treatises have been written upon the History of the Stage, and upon the History of the Drama, but we are not aware of any publication with the avowed object of setting forth in their true colors, the social positions of actors in different ages and nations. It is not our intention to enter into a learned disquisition upon the morality or immorality of "stage-plays," and the claims of "stage-players" to be admitted to a certain position in society. The days have, we trust, gone by, when such things were looked upon as "the gates of hell, and the demons, guardians thereof," as we have heard them characterized from the pulpit. Experience has taught the absurdity of this doctrine, and to dwell longer upon it would not be in accord-

ance with the legitimate object of these pages. To proceed, then, to what is known *now* of the ancient actors.

In Greece and in Rome their conditions were widely different. In the former country, actors not only enjoyed all the rights and privileges of citizens, but were even elected to fill the most honorable offices. We read that Aristodemus, a famous actor upon the Grecian stage, was sent by the Athenians as ambassador to Philip, King of Macedonia. In the latter State (Rome) they possessed no such immunities. Not only did the Roman who mounted upon the stage lose all his rights as a Roman citizen, (in those days no trifling loss, when the life of a Roman citizen was of more value than the liberty of a thousand foreigners,) but he was also expelled from his tribe, and deprived of the right of suffrage in the popular assembly. The odium which attached, at Rome, to actors, was equally applicable to their profession, and to those who exercised it.

In the early days of Christianity, the condemnation of the theatre and of actors was in perfect accordance, as has well been observed, with the spirit of the new religion, and fell in exactly with the views of its most zealous advocates and

propagators. The spectacles and scenic representations attached to the feasts of Bacchus and the other pagan divinities, were characterized by a revolting obscenity. The new sect were professed sustainers of public morals; and if such had not been one of their fundamental articles of belief, the votaries of Christianity might have in vain struggled to establish it. But to the severity of the Roman law we find a few honorable exceptions. A law of the Emperors Valentinian, Valentinus, and Gratian, permitted to the clergy to confer baptism upon a comedian in danger of death, *in periculo mortis*; and moreover provided, that if said baptized actor recovered his health, his profession, and consequent civil disabilities, were released to him, and he was a free man. Another statute constrained all actors who had not embraced Christianity, to dwell within the walls of the theatre. But the same law, revised some time after, provided that if women, who, in consequence of becoming Christians, had been exempted from the necessity of acting in public, did not seek some other mode of gaining an honest livelihood, they should be forced upon the stage. The Council of Trullo, holden in the year 692, by two hundred and eleven Christian bishops, in regulating the statutes relative to the marriages of the clergy, placed an actress in the same rank with a slave, a *divorcée*, or a courtesan.

In one part of Italy and of Germany, however, actors were not excommunicated. Pope Clement XIV. even permitted the "Theatre Albertini," in Rome, to be opened for public exhibitions, which Clement XIII. had caused to be closed. Having attained the pontifical throne, Innocent XI. forbade females only to act in public, in the theatres of Rome.

Many ancient councils, such as those of Elvire and of Arles, held in 305 and 314; those of Mayence, of Tours, of Rheims and of Châlons-sur-Saône, held at the commencement of the ninth century of the Christian era, fixed upon and established divers pains and penalties in regard to actors. In process of time, however, their situation was ameliorated, and in proportion as the pagan deities of Greece and Rome faded from popular remembrance, dramatic representations were revived by the clergy, as tending to produce a devout state of mind. In the dark ages, it was not thought amiss to exhibit, in the most holy places, within the walls of the churches and cathedrals

consecrated to the glorifying of the Deity, such stories and miracles of saints as were most calculated to impress and awe the vulgar mind. Frequently subjects of more sacred import were chosen; and it appears not to have been uncommon to display the Incarnation, the Passion, the Resurrection of our Saviour, by means of pantomimes and, perhaps, a few short dialogues, and movable scenes and stages. The description Philostrate gives (in "Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V., Sc. 1.) of

"A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love, Thisbe; very tragical mirth,"

will serve to convey some idea of the plot, &c., of an ancient drama. No apology is necessary for its introduction here:—

"A play there is, my lord, some ten words
long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player
fitted.

And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself:
Which when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry
The passion of loud laughter never shed."

The play itself, owing to the many difficulties attending its representation, is less known to the theatre-goer, but better to the general reader, than any other of Shakspeare's comedies. Several of these ancient dramas, if they may be so styled, are given in Dodsley's *Old Plays*. In their first existence, they were called *Mysteries*, for a very evident reason; and the actors being probably monks, &c., and the whole affair being under the patronage of the church, it seems improbable that the actors, as a class, should not be regarded with favor by "the powers that were." At best, however, the *Mysteries* themselves were but trifling affairs, and unworthy of being considered in any other light than as the cradle of the present drama. To them succeeded *Moralities*, a grade higher in the scale of literary invention, in which, however, the germs of real tragedy and comedy are plainly to be discovered. But it does not seem, that the actors in a *Morality* held the same rank as their predecessors in *Mysteries*. In one of the oldest of English satires, (Cock Lovell's Bote., Sign. B. vi.) the

author, citing the most common trades of his day, speaks in the same breath of—

“Players, purse-cutters, money batterers, Golde-washers, tomblers, jogelers, Pardoners,” &c.

Still, as a class, the actors upon the English stage have no reason to complain of the treatment they have encountered from the public, when they glance at the situation of their continental brethren. In England they have been in all times treated as actors were in Greece. On the continent, and in France chiefly, at least before the Revolution, the condition of players resembled that of the Roman actors; the thunders of the church were hurled at them. In England, the corpse of Mrs. Oldfields was interred in Westminster Abbey, the burial place of kings; and the chief nobility of the land followed the remains of Garrick to his last resting place. In France, sepulture was refused to Adrienne Lecouvreur; and Molière himself, for more than one hundred years, was condemned to lie, the place of his slumber unknown, and almost forgotten, in the obscure corner of an obscure grave-yard. While the body of Mrs. Oldfields rests side by side with that of Sir Isaac Newton, those of Mesdemoiselles Raucourt and Chameroy, two of the first ornaments of the French stage, were, in our own days, refused funeral rites by the pastor of a Parisian church.

As in England, in the Mysteries, the first French actors of whom we have any record were moines. As they grew more common, theatrical representations became more debased, and actors were restrained by the most stringent enactments. Charlemagne declared them to be incapable of bearing witness against a freeman. He forbade all bishops, abbés and abbesses to receive them in their houses, and declared it penal in any priest, curé, or member of any religious society, to exercise that disgraceful profession, as he esteemed it.

The era of the Troubadours, the sojourn of the popes at Avignon, the return of the Crusaders, rendered the stage and the players in that part of Europe less objectionable to law and to morality, and tended much to the civilization of France. Yet even in the fourteenth century, it would not seem that acting was permitted by law in France; for M. Saint-Edme cites an ordinance of the Provost of

Paris, dated the 3d of June, 1398, which prohibits the commonalty of Saint-Maur from exercising their dramatic representations. Henry III. of France caused a troupe of players to be sent him from Italy, and established them in the *Hôtel de Burgundy*; but the Parliament understanding they paid little regard in their rehearsals to order and decency, passed an act, on the 26th of June, 1577, by which all actors, players, &c., were forbade pursuing their profession, except under certain restrictions. The Cardinal de Richelieu, in establishing his theatre, at a later day, thought fit to cause an enactment to be prepared, by which all players who used unchaste or ambiguous language, calculated to corrupt or wound the public morality, were subjected to the most severe penalties; but actors who conducted themselves with a due regard to decorum were not to be amenable to the law. In 1696, the actors of France drew up and caused to be presented to Pope Innocent XII., a petition, begging exemption from the ecclesiastical censures still in force against all who exercised their profession. The Holy Father, without condemning them absolutely, returned answer to the Archbishop of Paris, that they should be treated with as much leniency as comported with the law, “*Ut provideat eis de jure.*” What the actors on the French stage in those days (1696) had to complain of, may be inferred from what we read in the History of Paris, by M. Dulaure. He says: “Among the actors most celebrated in this reign, (that of Louis XV.,) were Bellecour, Armand, Prévaille, Auger, Brisard, Molé and Lekain; and among the actresses, Mesdemoiselles Gaussin, Dumesnil, Dangerville and Clairon. These performers, though possessed of sublime talents, were humiliated, by being separated from their fellow-citizens by the most unjust statutes, the most unfounded prejudices. The French actors were excommunicated, whilst those of Italy, notorious for the obscenity of their conduct, were not. The fathers of the Church, the canons of the Councils, had prohibited, in ancient times, all dramatic representations; and rightly, for then the theatre was a scene of the most obscene and disgusting indecencies. But as the stage had undergone great improvements since those days, the motives for its denunciation could not longer exist. Sustained by the countenance of Monsieur de Saint-Florentine, the players

made a prodigious effort to shake off their fetters. In the month of April, 1766, M. de Saint-Florentine presented a memorial to the Council of State, and proceeding to read it aloud in the presence of Louis XV., the King interrupted him at the commencement with: "*Je vois où vous en voulez venir; les comédiens ne seront jamais, sous mon règne, que ce qu'ils ont été sous ceux de mes prédécesseurs; qu'on ne m'en parle plus!*"

But saving only during the usurpation of Cromwell, and in the unsettled period antecedent to the downfall of the Long Parliament, actors have ever been treated with distinguished consideration by the laws of England. True, they have met with the rebuffs and disappointments incident to genius, when unaided by rank or wealth; but such treatment is incident to humanity. During the reigns of Elizabeth, of the first James and of the first Charles, the statute book bears upon its face nothing relating to the proscription of players. On the contrary, their company was sought by princes, and the noblest born in the land thought it no disgrace to claim their friendship. Every one knows the favorable reception which Shakspeare, the actor in Ben Jonson's play of "*Every Man in his Humor*," met with from Queen Elizabeth; nor were players generally treated with less distinction by her successors. The Princes Henry and Charles Stuart, we learn, did take pleasure in performing and witnessing masques, in the royal palaces; and even the tobacco-hating King James could find it in his heart to frequent the theatre, although (as Prynne informs us in his *Histriomastix*, published in 1633,) "*tobacco, wine, and beer*" were in those days the usual refreshments, not to say accompaniments, of the play-house. But Prynne's statements generally must be taken *cum grano salis*. Accordingly literature, science, and the fine arts flourished in the times, especially, of King Charles I., to an extent, for those days, almost miraculous; and on the breaking out of the great rebellion, the players, to a man, stuck by their sovereign. A pathetic incident of the death of one of the players of that day, may be found in Sir Walter Scott's novel of "*Woodstock*." But during the fourteen years of King Charles II.'s exile, what privileges, what immunities, in that boasted time of liberty, did actors possess? If any, they are utterly unknown to the writer of this article. Upon the restora-

tion, however, players were once more received into high favor; and although the literature of his reign is generally characterized by the insipidity of French taste, yet the monarch who encouraged a Dryden, has naught to accuse himself of on that score. And with some few variations, from that time to the present, actors have been entitled to, and have received, the elevated rank in the republic of literature, their genius demanded. In one thing only does the stage of England yield to that of France, namely, the total absence of *females* from the stage until the restoration. "*All female parts were performed by men, no actress being ever seen on the stage in public before the civil wars.*" And as for scenery, previous to the same days, "*they had no other scenes nor decorations of the stage, but only old tapestry, and the stage strewn with rushes, with habits accordingly.*" This was written in the days when the theatrical performances commenced at three o'clock in the afternoon, as was the custom in the times of "*the merry monarch*." (See Flecknoe's "*Love's Kingdom*," to which is subjoined a short Discourse on the English Stage, London, 1674, 12mo.) Many very noble houses in England have not hesitated to unite themselves with professed actors, i. e. who gained their livelihood by their talents displayed upon the stage. The Duchess of St. Albans was not less honored for her munificence, her rank and her Christian virtues, than admired when, as a portionless girl, she sought her daily food by her nightly toil. In later times, also, many other names might be cited, were it the province of this article so to do, as indicative of the esteem all good men feel for those who, from temptation of every kind, come out unscathed, and who debase not their mental powers to the level of their passions. It is very easy for those who sit in high places to decry the stage and its upholders, and to thank God that they are not as that publican; but it may be yet a matter of serious reflection to them, whether the lawyer who for lucre defends the murderer and procures his discharge by working upon the feelings of the jurymen, until perjury is committed; whether the statesman who pollutes the halls of legislature with disgraceful and blasphemous phrases, with bribery and with infidelity; whether the judge who stains his ermine with a vain desire for popularity; whether the liar, the back-biter and the slanderer, and he whose

bread is the inheritance of the widow, and who devours the substance of the orphan; whether any of these is less guilty than the actor who honestly and honorably pursues a calling that no man need be ashamed of, for it is both honest and honorable.

In the earlier days of the colonization of America, play-going was very severely treated by the laws of the different colonies, and many of the States, more or less, retain traces of the prejudice once existing upon the subject. The reply of Judge Allen in Pennsylvania, to whom in 1759 application was made by the anti-theatre party of that day, to suppress a theatre then just coming into vogue in Philadelphia, is worthy of remembrance. It was to the effect, that "the theatre should stand, as he had got more moral virtue from plays than from sermons." Still the enactments against players were long in force in that State, as in most others of the present Union. Little did the early settlers of Massachusetts and of Pennsylvania contemplate the fact of their descendants not only encouraging, but actually participating in performances upon the stage. The American stage boasts to have numbered among its children, lineal or adopted, such names as Jefferson, Tree, Cooper, Forrest, and though last not least, the two Cushmans, Charlotte as well as Susan, to whose names every American can recur with pride, as an indication the day is not far distant when, in the prophetic language of Bishop Berkeley,

"Shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic page,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

"Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate the clay,
By future ages shall be sung."

And no department of literature, from the earliest ages, numbers so many glorious names as that of Dramatic Poetry; nothing has so survived the crash of empires, and the downfall and extirpation of nations, as their dramatic works. When one looks around and witnesses the hypocrisy and dissimulation of the world, he is almost ready to confess that "life is but an empty dream," and to quote in the declamation known to every school-boy, that "all men and women are but players;" but to consider actors under

such a general designation, as would embrace the whole human family, would never suit our purpose, so we will revert to our original channel.

In connection with the subjects of Mysteries, Moralities, etc., the following passage from the pen of Bishop Percy may serve to give an accurate idea of their nature, and at the same time to interest the general reader in American history. The introduction of it here may therefore be pardoned on these grounds.

"Towards the latter end of Henry the VIIIth's reign, Moralities were so common, that John Rastell, brother-in-law to Sir Thomas More, conceived the design of making them the vehicle of science and natural philosophy. With this view he published 'A new interlude and a mery, of the nature of the iiiii elements, declaringe many proper points of phylosophy naturall, and of dyvers strange landys,' &c. In the table of contents are handled 'Certeyn conclusions prouvyngye yt the yerthe must nedes be rounde, and that it hengyth in myddes of the fyrmament. . . . Of certeyne points of cosmography; of dyvers straunge regyons; and of the new founde landys and the maner of the people.' It is observable that the poet speaks of the discovery of America as then recent:—

'Within this xx yere
Westwarde be founde new landys
That we never hearde tell of before this,'
&c.

"The West Indies were discovered by Columbus in 1492, which fixes the writing of this play to about 1510. The play of *Hick-Scorner* was probably somewhat more ancient, as he still more imperfectly alludes to the American discoveries, under the name of the 'newe founde ilonde.' Sign. A. vii."

Having wandered far enough from our original subject, we once more take this opportunity of expressing our astonishment at the prejudices some reasonable people, in other respects perfectly sane, entertain against actors, and at the same time to lift up our voice against such ill feelings, as absurd as ill founded. So long as the sun shines and grass grows, plays and play-actors will be counteranced, and will exist; and if such be the case, why not make the best of them, instead of looking upon them as infected with a fatal disease? Happy is the man, be he actor or not, who can say, as more than one player of our acquaintance can, even

at the bar of Heaven, unless we greatly err :

"I kiss not where I wish to kill,
I faine no love where most I hate,

I breake no sleep to win my will,
I wait not at the mighties' gate,
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich,
I feel no want, nor have too much."

C. DE V.

SOME NEW POETS.*

If we were to shut our eyes, and a friend at our elbow, dipping his hands at a venture into the farrago of books on our table, should cry out, according to the old play of boys with shelled corn, "Hull-gull,"—"whole handful,"—"parcel how many,"—"new poets, d'ye guess, great and small?"—we should not think of guessing less than fifteen! and these chiefly within six weeks. There would be this difference, indeed, to make the comparison somewhat unfair, that the most of them would not be worth a kernel of corn apiece.

What shall be done to cure this universality of rhyming? The flood of inspiration on a low level is alarming. The carrion of defunct ideas swim about on the surface; fancy is fly-blown; reason and wit make their appearance after the third sinking, soaked and floating; nearly everything that comes along has a greasy feel, as if warmed in dish-water, heated considerably below boiling. Productions especially intended to be "true poetry," are a weak union of maudlin sentiment, with a plentiful lack of imagination.

The fact is, we wish the American muses would stop supplying so much cider and root-beer. In every new volume, containing "— and other poems," we seem to hear the gurgling of *pop* from a small blue junk bottle. Young gentlemen, quite capable of vigorous digging or other useful employment, are discovered sitting at home, or in some "haunt of nature," wide as to their collar, with loose inspired hair and eyes rolling in such an exceedingly "fine phrensy" as to suggest the fear of their getting *set* in the head. Young women, who ought to be mothers, are found in great labor of brain, embodying the yearnings of their spirits in "bastard anapaestic," instead of giving birth to something having a small chance

of being immortal; and in place of attending to the cakes and coffee for an early breakfast, sit up while their husbands snore, cooking weak sentiment till one o'clock at night, and lie abed till ten in the morning.

This for the subject in general—of sensitive spirits badly employed. We consider ourselves fortunate at this time, that plunging our arms into our miscellaneous pile of books, we should happen to light on three bundles of poetry, at which we are disposed to swear but little—indeed, in which we find so much that is really good. On due consideration, we have thought that they all possess in their nature a true vein of poetry, each differing in kind, and we propose to show this by a few moderate extracts.

And, "first we invite attention" to "Catawba River and Other Poems, by J. Steinfort Kidney."

"Catawba River" is on the whole quite a sweet poem, though marred with manifest weakness. The first verse is unfortunately one of the worst in the piece:

"With oaken pillars yonder height is strong,

To which the bristling pines are clambering.

Beneath—Catawba frets and sweeps along:

The softened roar is asking me to sing.

And, river! thou shalt move this day,

Through this, I think, thy virgin lay!"

The first three lines are good; the line italicized is thoroughly flat and preposterous; and the two following it are little better—as if the river ought to be greatly obliged to this divine bard, first singing her beauties. The second stanza, though something better, is not happy; the third is sweet and beautiful, and after that the piece, twenty-nine stanzas, has excellence in nearly every verse. He has be-

* Catawba River, and Other Poems. By J. Steinfort Kidney. New-York: Baker and Seibner. 1847.

The Months. By William H. C. Hosmer. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Sketches of Life and Landscape, in Ten Poems. By Rev. R. Hoyt. New-York: Spalding and Shepard.

gun with describing the stream in winter. At the fourth verse, of a sudden, he declares that isn't the thing, and he would prefer showing her up, with her permission, in her summer dress:—

"For Fancy shivers *now* to seek
Thy birth-place in the snow-clad peak."

This is entirely inartistic. He should have given one full and finished picture in either one season or the other. These are good verses, descriptive of her solitary source in the mountains:—

"O, in that vest woven with gentle hues,
Thy trembling life all feebly is begun—
Child of the sunny showers and nightly
dews!

From such a home thy devious race thou'lt
run;
Like all things else upon the earth,
The purest at thy place of birth.

Now sleeping half the time beneath the
grass,

Then rounded to a pool, gemming the
green;

Thus anxiously thy sober life doth pass;
Still sadly beautiful where thou art
seen:

As yet in many doubts immured,
Whether thy being is assured."

For a river to be "*immured* in doubts," is a little *dubious*—the stanzas, however, are fine. So are some others; especially that one descriptive of the dark motionless pools of the stream, in its lower course, among the cypress morasses:—

"There, in the gloomy swamps, the black
pools lie,

Studded with ranks of feathery cypress
trees;

Which thither wading from the cheerful
sky,

And from the uneasy presence of the
breeze,

Seem pillars in the halls of Death,
Where never stirs a living breath."

It is strange that Mr. K. should not have seen that he suffers the beginnings of the stanzas he uses to have fullness and force, and the endings pertness and inefficiency, by making the last two lines shorter than the first four. It is an error, which with a better ear he would never have committed. Such a combination should be used only for peculiar purposes. By the way, what sort of grammar does our poet call "*thou seemest to lay*," instead of *lie*, on page third?—also, "*where 'mong islands calm thou rolled*," on the seventh? Moreover, "*arrowy force*," p. 10, is a bit of borrow-

ing from Byron's "*By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone*." "*Sunrise among the Mountains*" is quite good: it would be better, if it did not in some lines remind us palpably, like Lord's "*Worship*" and "*Hymn to Niagara*," about which so much premonitory puffing was expended, of Coleridge's "*Chamouny*." We advise aspiring young poets to keep clear of that hymn. It is too remarkable and too familiar to the public mind, to allow any imitation, though in a small degree, to pass unnoticed. Two or three times, too, we perceive, he has evidently read the "*Course of Time*," a poem written we imagine on the backs of sermons, with a good deal of eloquence, elevation and power, but strained, awkward, the worst of all possible models. What is worse, he takes one of Pollock's worst faults, that form of eternal repetition which ruined his book. Thus, Mr. Kidney:—

"And then both wave, and foam, and spray
were *fixed*—
With frost omnipotent forever *fixed*—
Its fiercest life *fixed* in a solemn death!"

The following lines are good, as are many others in the piece:—

"I wait upon the mountain-tops, alone,
Amid the crags, and in the thin, gray air:—
Silence hath *lain* her finger on the earth,
Awhile, before the goings on of Heaven;
And motion sleeps upon the distance vast,
Now nothing but a wilderness of clouds
That weigh in countless masses on our
sight."

By the way, again, is "*hath lain* her finger" a printer's error? We are afraid not, from the two similar specimens quoted. The sonnets on the changes of some young maidens, are filled with infelicities—indeed, decided awkwardness. Take, in particular, the fifth and sixth lines of the fourth sonnet. We would suggest to Mr. K. for the next edition, a note, stating that they *don't* mean what they seem to. But we do not affect sonnets in any view. Not one in three hundred and fifty written is worth reading. They are not adaptable, at least in the Italian form, to the genius of our language. By far the best poem in the volume—one not free from the author's faults, but truly subtle and beautiful—capable of redeeming nearly all the bad verses injuriously made its companions, is that "*On the Death of a Young Girl*." It is sweet, elevated and tender. Our readers may see it entire in our first No. for this year. "*Thalassion*,"

imbodies a touching incident, and might have been wrought up to something exquisite. Our author takes care to stop short of that; still it is simple and affecting. "Love and Astronomy," a poetical dialogue, opens with this line:—

"MALFORT.—Come, tell your story, let
your fulness ooze !!"

The Ode on the Fourth of July may be liked by some, disliked by others, precisely because it is, like almost everything in the book, of unequal qualities, being continually marred with feeble lines. It is just as well that the "Unfinished Poem" should not be finished. "Verses to a Lady in May," and "Phases of Love," have enough weak and flattish passages and expressions to spoil them, to say nothing of that wretched, mistaken recourse to half a dozen different measures. The lines on "Leaving the Catskills," and those "To L. L. N.," from the Blue Ridge in Carolina, are good blank verse, with a strong full tone: the author caught something of the spirit of the mountains over which he had wandered. "Come in the Moonlight," a small poem, in short lines, not rhyming, produces a very pleasant and peculiar effect.

The summing up is, that the author's thoughts, in nearly every piece, are better than his language; and, before he issues another volume, he would do well to pay a more severe attention to niceties of melody and expression than he appears ever to have expended.

"The Months," by Wm. H. C. Hosmer, is a small series of twelve poems, descriptive of the phases and influences of the twelve parts of the year. They are not very full or extended, the pictures presented being produced by a few particular objects and circumstances, enumerated one by one with little extra coloring. Some might deny to these verses the title of poetry, not only because the merely descriptive is of the lowest department of the art, but for the very reason, that Mr. Hosmer occupies his canvas with so few and detached particulars, not forming, in their view, a blended picture. It must be admitted that "The Months" are wanting in this respect. Like Street, whose manner—and one form of his verse—he has adopted, he daguerreotypes nature, but has by no means Street's completeness or continuity. We shall do him injustice, however, as we

should to any other writer, if we do not judge him by the effect as a whole, which his group of the Months produce upon the mind. To ourselves, at our first reading, the effect was to bring up to us the appearance, and, what is more, the *feeling* of each month, as we knew it in our boyhood. Nor are we conscious of having filled out the pictures by aid of our own imagination. We think the verses would have the same influence on any ordinarily observing person, whose early life was spent in the country. While they are not, therefore, what they might have been made, on so beautiful a field, they are a pleasing tribute to the seasons. An American "Georgics," or "Seasons," is yet to be written, and a noble achievement it will be, if done by a poet with the "vision and the faculty." Meanwhile, we accept this as a small beginning, with all its inadequacies.

The form of the verse, as we said, is one of those employed by Mr. Street. It is doubtful whether the same should have been used throughout, tending, as it does, to monotony; yet there are advantages on the other side. If Mr. Hosmer had employed more sentiment, or brought in what he does use more happily, we should have been better pleased. It is partly, however, by the introduction of something more than Mr. Street attempts, that with a less observing and delicate eye, he yet brings over us that decided *feeling* of the changes and contrasts of the Months.

"January" is by no means the best of the series. We do not like it, that the whole is imbodyed in an address of a "Friar of orders white" to the dead Year. It might better have been descriptive and picturesque, merely, like the others. Besides, the address is not particularly happy, though it has good verses.

"The Robin's hymn was wild and sweet
Where harshly croaks the raven dark,
And icy flails the meadow beat
Where woke, at dawn, the lyric lark.
Ah! frozen is the fount that gushed
In music from the rock, and hushed
The rannel's murmur low:
Pale forms along the mountain side—
Mad cavalry of Winter!—ride
Through whirling clouds of snow."

"February" is better.

"Where, girt by groves, a clearing spread,
The stubble, like a darkening beard
On the pale visage of the dead,
Above the level snow appeared.

While, breaking through the hazel brush,
Quail rose, in coveys, with a rush
Of short, quick-flapping wings ;
And, resting on its "figure four,"
I marked a trap, with straw roofed o'er,
Set for the silly things.

"The forest, though disrobed and cold,
And robbed of bird and singing rill,
Is glorious with its columns old,
And cheered by Beauty's presence still :
Wild vines, to oak and elm that cling,
Like cordage of a vessel swing,
And rattle in the gale ;
And moss, that gives Decay a grace,
The roughest spot on Nature's face
Hides with adorning veil."

"March" is vivid and picturesque. If
the whole volume were as good, some-
thing more had been made of it.

"First of the vernal Triad, March,
Blows, with distended cheek, his horn ;
Above, there is a clouded arch,
Below, a landscape drear and lorn :
Dull mists are creeping up the hill,
Though the pale flag of Winter still
Is on its top displayed ;
As yet no leaflet braves the cold,
Though, here and there, the watery mould
Sends up a glassy blade.

"Inconstant month ! at times thy hand
Parting the curtains of the storm,
Gives promise that the dreary land
Will bask again in sunlight warm ;
Thy barbarous strain hath pauses brief,
In which the heart derives relief
From a low, gentle lay,
Like the soft breathing of a flute,
When harsher instruments are mute,
Dying in air away.

"From many a sugar camp upcurls
Blue smoke above the maple boughs,
And shouting boys and laughing girls
Wild Echo from her covert rouse ;
The syrup, golden in its flow,
Poured thickly on the hissing snow,
Enchains their eager eyes—
The month of March is dear to them,
Though, nodding lightly on the stem,
No violets arise."

"April" well recalls to us the capricious
month of our boyhood.

"By April of the sunny tress
The mighty spell of death is broke,
As marble, with a fond caress,
To life the son of Belus woke :
His magic flute of many keys
Gives to the soft, enamored breeze,
Notes that recall the lost—

Plumed exiles far away that flew
When brown the leaves of Autumn grew,
Touched by a 'killing frost.'

"Buds of the maple, redly tinged,
Are bursting in the naked wood,
And passing clouds, with amber fringed,
Drop diamonds on the dimpling flood :
Moist mould, disturbed by spade or plough,
A grateful smell is yielding now,
In field and garden-close ;
Bright trout are leaping in the brook,
And craftily his baited hook
The silent angler throws.

"Earth's Laureate Bard in other years,
Warmed into being by thy breath,
Drank from thy cup of sun-lit tears,
And learned thy spell to conquer Death :
The lights and shadows of thy face
Upon his pictured leaves we trace,
Thy humors quaint and wild :
The Skeletons of Ruin heard
His awful, vivifying word,
And, like thy landscape, smiled."

"May" is not equal to the subject ; but
"June" has pleasing stanzas. The last
two, especially, are something above
the descriptive :—

"When hushed the Robin's vesper song,
By moonlight to the woods I hie,
Then couch me down, and listen long
To voices that go wandering by ;
Wind, wave and leaf, in concert blend,
And tones, by day unheard, ascend
From glen and mossy floor ;
That wondrous music, soft and low,
Heard by the son of Prospero,
Would not enchant me more.

"A yearning in the heart awakes
From human neighborhood to flee,
And tread the shores of breezy lakes,
Or climb the hills, a rover free ;
'Away,' a voice upon me calls—
'Thy cheek its color from the walls
That hem thee in hath caught ;
Go forth ! and on thy troubled brain
Will, angel-like, descend again,
The holy calm of thought.'

"Oh, June ! with thee return no more
The feelings of my boyhood wild ;
Earth then a brighter vesture wore,
More graciously the morning smiled ;
The ruddy strawberries of old
Drew flavor from a richer mould
Than those I gather now ;
More kindly dew by night was showered,
And swathed in deeper azure towered
The mountain's piny brow.

"Man changes with the lapse of years.'
A low, rebuking voice replies—

'He hears, at length, with other ears,
And sees, alas! with other eyes.
Back comes young Summer with the glow
That flushed her features long ago,
And Nature still is true; [dead—
But hopes that charmed thy youth are
The sunshine of thy heart is fled,
Its innocency too.'

"July" and "August" are unequal; nor does he, except in the first verses of the latter, succeed as well as in others of the months, in making us feel the influence of the season. "September" has a more pleasing treatment:—

"On a few children of the shade
That pale, fantastic painter, Frost,
Warm colors with cold hand hath laid,
Though not a leaf is lost:
Blood-drops may, here and there, be seen
On the low Sumach's vest of green,
As if its heart had bled;
And, where tall maples form a screen,
The grove is growing red."

"October" is a failure; and "December" is infelicitously managed. Mr. Hosmer's attempt is a pleasant one, and it is for this reason that we have spoken at greater length than we otherwise should. Every such effort, though slight and defective, to exhibit the peculiarities of our American year, is worthy of notice.

We welcome Mr. Hoyt's few poems, in a collected form, with great pleasure. That they are so few is a decided merit. It is a mortal error which almost every poet in the language has committed, from several old poets down to Mr. Kidney, to publish bad or indifferent verse with that of unquestioned merit. If a man has five unquestionably good poems, why should he unite them with fifteen that are worthless, or that are not positively good? What does he gain by it? Nothing, but to give the impression that he writes well by chance—that where he has one poetical bump he has five of a very different order. Nothing, except the satisfaction, often, of not being read at all. But few as are Mr. Hoyt's pieces—ten only—he has found room for one that should have been left out. "Outalissa" is not well told, and produces not the least effect. Mr. Hoyt has in this wandered out of his true field, which is rural scenes and rural life. Here he is more at home, and has, perhaps, a more natural eye and heart than any of our writers. Nothing could be much finer than "Snow," the larger part of which we quoted in our Feb. No., three

years ago. It is the most perfect picture of a winter morning in the country, that has ever fallen under our eye. "Edward Bell," a "Rural Sketch of May," is equally delightful—in fact, by far the best American *Bucolic*. "Old" possesses a peculiar merit. It is exceedingly quaint, simple and touching, and of the picturesque of an old Dutch landscape, with one old man and a flock of rosy children in the foreground. It has been a favorite with the public, as our exchange papers testify. "Rain," again, is delicious—a perfect representation of a brimming cloud broken over a hot and thirsty summer landscape. We do not know why Mr. Hoyt should have put "Julia, an Autumnal Tale," in the beginning of his book, unless for modesty's sake. It is not equal to the other rural sketches. There are melodious verses and pleasing pictures, but, as a whole, it is not well managed. There is a quaint kind of affectation, which Mr. Hoyt has carried to excess in some of his pieces. In "Old," the repetition of the first line of each stanza, at the end of the same stanza, has a pleasing effect. But, in "New," he repeats part of the first line twice, and the third also:—

"Still sighs the world for something new,
For something new;
Implying me, implying you,
Some Will-o'-wisp to help pursue;
Ah, hapless world, what will it do!
Implying me, implying you,
For something new!"

In this stanza, as in each of the piece, it will be found that leaving out the second line would decidedly improve it. "The World for Sale" is a very unique, vigorous and effective poem, entirely different from all the rest.

"There wandered from some mystic sphere
A Youth, celestial, down to earth;
So strangely fair seemed all things here,
He e'en would crave a mortal birth:
And soon, a rosy boy, he woke,
A dweller in some stately dome;
Soft sunbeams on his vision broke,
And this low world became his home.

"Ah, cheated child! Could he but know,
Sad soul of mine, what thou and I!—
The bud would never wish to blow,
The nestling never long to fly;
Perfuming the regardless air,
High soaring into empty space;
A blossom ripening to despair,
A flight—without a resting place!"

The celestial boy goes on, achieving
and acquiring all the great things that
men strive for in life—then, wearied,
deluded, darkened, he determines to sell
all and struggle homeward.

"The world for sale!—Hang out the sign;
Call every traveller here to me;
Who'll buy this brave estate of mine,
And set me from earth's bondage free!
'Tis going!—yes, I mean to fling
The bauble from my soul away;
I'll sell it, whatsoe'er it bring;—
The World at auction here to-day!

"It is a glorious thing to see,—
Ah, it has cheated me so sore!
It is not what it seems to be:
For sale! It shall be mine no more.
Come, turn it o'er and view it well;
I would not have you purchase dear;
'Tis going—going! I must sell!
Who bids! who'll buy the splendid tear!

"Here's Wealth in glittering heaps of gold,
Who bids! but let me tell you fair,
A baser lot was never sold!
Who'll buy the heavy heaps of care!
And here, spread out in broad domain,
A gorgeous landscape all may trace;

Hall—cottage—tree—field—hill and plain:
Who'll buy himself a Burial Place!

"Here's Love, the dreamy, potent spell
That beauty flings around the heart!
I know its power, alas, too well!
'Tis going! Love and I must part!
Must part! What can I more with Love!
All over the enchanter's reign!
Who'll buy the plumeless, dying dove,
An hour of bliss,—an age of pain!

"And Friendship,—rarest gem of earth,
(Whoe'er hath found the jewel his?)
Frail, fickle, false and little worth,
Who bids for Friendship—as it is!
'Tis going—going!—Hear the call;
Once, twice, and thrice!—'Tis very low!
'Twas once my hope, my stay, my all,
But now the broken staff must go!

"Fame! hold the brilliant meteor high;
How dazzling every gilded name!
Ye millions, now's the time to buy!
How much for Fame!—How much for
Fame!
Hear how it thunders!—Would you stand
On high Olympus, far renowned,
Now purchase, and a world command!—
And be with a world's curses crown'd!"

ITALY AND PIUS IX.

BY G. F. SECCHI DE CASALI.

O Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee!—BYRON.

It is now nearly thirty-two years since
a congress of sovereigns assembled in
the Austrian city of Vienna, to decide
upon the destinies of Europe and divide
its people among themselves. The con-
gress published their manifesto to the
people, instructing them in the duties of
obedience. The Alliance that formed it-
self in this congress was styled "Holy;"
but it was—

An earthly trinity, that bears the shape
Of Heaven's; as man is mimicked by the
ape.

The discipline of religion teaches obedi-
ence, and it is holy; the Alliance also
taught obedience, but it was accursed:
it came armed, not with sacred testimo-
nies and saintly examples, but with the
sword, the halter and the bayonet; the

bloodhounds of the Revolution struggled
with the wolves of despotism; the wolves
triumphed, and this was their alliance, to
be consecrated with the blood of myriads
of freemen.

This league of the great powers against
the liberties of mankind carried on, from
the instant of its establishment, a plan for
reducing all Europe to an absolute sla-
very: they meant, at all risks, and, if ne-
cessary, by the violation of every prece-
dent of right, to tread out the fires of rev-
olution, and extinguish forever the life
of freedom in the old world.

Usurping the name and symbols of re-
ligion, like Belshazzar, they profaned the
sacred things at their banquets; with cer-
emonies and pious talk preparing war
against the image of God in man. By
extending a military police, aided by a

system of espionage, they hoped to keep down the first risings of rebellion, and prevent the organization of the people.

The first to rise against the universal despotism was the Greek nation, which had been made over by the allies to the government of the Sultan. Then followed the Polish revolution, with its consequences; and now, in order, we have the revolution in Italy.

The Italian peninsula, formed by nature to sustain an independent people; separated by seas and mountains from her neighbors, with a fruitful soil, a serene and healthful climate; inhabited by a people whose ancestors gave laws and civilization to the world, and, in later ages, religion, literature and sacred art; a people themselves the most intelligent of Europeans—distinguished for ingenuity and capability; this country and nation, numbering twenty-two millions fit for freedom, were divided between Austria and her dependent princes. A series of conspiracies and partial revolutions had failed to rescue them from the domination of their masters; they had realized none of the rights and privileges of freemen until their annexation to the empire of Napoleon, who gave them their first taste of a just and salutary government.

The fall of Napoleon brought them under the power of Austria. The free institutions introduced by the French Emperor were abolished. Secret trials, arbitrary taxation, suppression of free literature and instruction, and a body of law derived immediately from the will of the prince, reduced them once more to a hopeless servitude. Their Pope, Gregory XVI., instituted no new forms in the government, but rather confirmed and aggravated the old oppressions; it became impossible to obtain justice in any cause or at any price. The feudal abuses continued to increase the poverty of the people; Austrian influence operated everywhere, and increased steadily; the people despaired of freedom, and, though they continued to cherish a rebellious spirit, made no efforts to liberate themselves, when, by the unexpected election of Pope Pius IX., a new turn was given to their affairs, and the liberal spirits suddenly discovered in their pontiff a leader and an organizer, a sovereign and a statesman, fitted to be the reformer and regenerator of Italy.

Gregory XVI., the preceding Pope, a man well fitted to be the head of a religious order, but unequal to affairs of state and ignorant of the spirit and demands of his age and nation, suffered his government to rest in the hands of a ministry of the most retrograde and despotical character. He allowed the influence of Austria to predominate in his councils, and in every part of his government. Surrounded by a servile and tyrannical crowd of officials, his executive acts consisted chiefly in exiling, condemning, and oppressing his exhausted and irritated subjects.† Since the revolution of 1831, the Papal dominions were continually disturbed with conspiracies and partial insurrections, excited by the oppressions of the government. Secret political societies were always active, though frequent discoveries of their designs brought great numbers of their leaders, often nobles and men of influence, to the scaffold. A violent revolution seemed the only hope of deliverance from the persecutions of the religious oligarchy that wielded the Papal power. The taxes and public debts paralyzed the energies of the people; while the government continued to contract new loans and anticipate more taxes, to support the armaments and police which it used to keep down the risings of popular hatred. Freedom of opinion in an Italian was punished with death, and religious intolerance, especially against the Jews, carried to its height as in the worst days of superstition. Political leaders were seized, without lawful reason given, and judged with closed doors, their witnesses being spies and their counsel attorneys of the government. From the judge they were silently handed over to the executioner or the jailor, without liberty of reply or of self-defence. The punishment of death was frequently inflicted without the forms of trial or writ of condemnation, and under obsolete laws, raked out of records as old as the Popery itself. The judicial department had become a mere anarchy, and every ecclesiastic in power might inflict ruin or death under the lightest pretences.

The police, especially, illustrated the real nature and designs of the government. The commissioners and agents were generally men taken from among banditti, or from the prisons; and the inferior officers mostly men abandoned

* See article on Italy in 1841—*American Review* for April, 1847.

† See *History of the Roman States*, since the Congress of Vienna, 1815 to 1846, published in the *New-York Recorder* of 1846, (eight articles,) by Signor Seochi de Casali.

to the worst of vices and addicted to the commission of every crime.

The Papal army, recruited by men without country or family, formed a body of mercenaries ready to execute every command of the vilest of rulers: nor was the Pope himself ever without his guard, composed of the dregs of the populace, excluded by their vices from all situations of industry. In every department and function of government appeared an odious mixture of superstition and tyranny. The sacred office of the confessional was converted into an office of information for political purposes, and under the garb of the priest, the spy of Austria or of the ministry, was concealed. The religious orders triumphed over the people and lived sumptuously, while the laboring classes wandered about unemployed and starving. Everywhere prevailed the spirit of despotism and retrogradation. Every novelty was suspected, and every advance in art or knowledge suppressed. Economical enterprises were even absolutely prohibited.

The head and organ of this system was the Cardinal Lambruschini, who ruled the pontiff and the nation, and carried all affairs as it pleased him. The Pope himself, though often disposed, through the kindness of his temper, to grant reforms to the repeated solicitations and sorrowful petitions of his subjects, would do nothing in opposition to the Cardinal, who had acquired over him the mastery that a strong and unscrupulous, easily acquires over an easy and irresolute character.

Gregory XVI. belonged properly to the scholastic ages of the church. His education, his weak health, and his yielding temper fitted him to be the recipient of the narrowest prejudices, and deprived him of all real power: so dependent had he become, the Cardinal, his minister, had but to threaten a resignation of his office, to bring the Pope over to any measure that he chose to favor. Had Lambruschini been elected Pope, a general insurrection and revolution seemed inevitable, so great was the hatred with which he inspired all classes, excepting those who immediately sought his favor. There was a general understanding among the people that his election should be the signal for a change, and that they would have carried the revolution to an extremity, is almost certain, so intense and universal was the desire for freedom.

The guns of St. Angelo and the funeral

bell, announcing the death of Gregory XVI., struck with no sorrowful tone upon the hearts of the people. They could not lament the death of one who had been the weak and miserable instrument of their oppression. But the sounds awakened fears, lest his successor might be the tyrant who had employed him, and roused the bold spirits of Rome to prepare for one more effort for liberty, were it even their last. They knew that Austria, their hated enemy, had already prepared herself for intervention, and would seize the pretext of revolution to enslave them; that she eagerly awaited an opportunity to annex the Roman States to her dominions, and by that blow to extinguish forever the hopes of truth and freedom in Italy.

La Tudesca rabbia, the cruel, the eager Teuton, the enemy of Rome, who had watched her through centuries, eager for her blood, was at that moment listening for the first sounds of rebellion, to march in and silence her forever.

When the death of Gregory XVI. was at length announced to the people, a terrible silence reigned throughout the city. Fear and revenge sat upon every countenance. The party of the Gregorians hoped for a successor who should resemble their master. The liberals were eager to rise and proclaim a new government, even before the election of a new Pope, and the secret societies believed that the time had now come for throwing off the mask.

Secret political societies, it is thought, would be more injurious than useful to the Italian cause, and perhaps only check and discourage the efforts of government for reform. What generous Italian would not readily sacrifice his political connections, to a government really paternal and judicious? The societies were for the establishment of such a government. At its approach they must dissolve and cease to exist. The only society, now must be the society of the nation, and the only party the party of its great and liberal head. Not that any person familiar with the modern history of Italy, and an advocate of freedom, would blame these societies, or fail to acknowledge the good which they have accomplished. Among their members were the best and wisest men of Italy; and the secrecy which they practiced was a dictate of necessity—a policy to deceive a wakeful and remorseless enemy. Their former leaders are now the strongest sup-

porters of that new government, for which they had long been secretly preparing the people.

In the interim between the death of Gregory and the election of the present Pope, the government fell into the hands of Lambruschini, and the Cardinals assembled in conclave to choose a successor.

Un dì sceglieste
O Romani, il pontefice.

Anterior to the reign of Innocent II., the pontiffs had been elected by the suffrage of the people, together with that of the nobility and clergy, and was selected for his talents, and piety, and influence in all great affairs.

Rome herself elected her pontiff, without the intervention and influence of foreigners. Yet his power was at that epoch greater than in after ages. But when the Chief of Christendom began to be chosen by a faction of the Emperor, from the party of Ghibellines, and the true Italian party, or Guelphs, were depressed, their power diminished with their independence, and their grandeur departed from them. From being *reges regum*, the masters of kings, they became the servants and instruments of the ambitious servants of kings. But now the people of Rome had become justly weary of these slavish and tyrannical masters, and resolved, at all hazards, not to submit themselves to the choice of Austria.

The Conclave closed its doors on the 11th of June, 1846, and on the evening of the 16th, the Cardinal Giambatista de Mastai Ferretti, also Bishop of Imola, was declared to be the elected Pope, under the name of Pius IX. On the morning of the 17th, while the golden sun of Italy was rising over the seven hills of the eternal city, the guns of St. Angelo announced that Rome had a sovereign and the Church a living head. All were astonished at the suddenness of the election. The newly-elected Pope had been known only as a learned and pious man, and as the Bishop of Imola; but whether to see in him a friend of the people or a servant of Austria none could decide. The Conclave was the shortest ever known, and so precipitate an election ought to result in extraordinary events. The crisis had at length come, and the fate of Italy trembled for a while in the balance. On the morning of the 21st of June, the new Pope was solemnly crowned at St. Peter's in the Vatican. The liberals were silent,

but the partisans of the last pontiff made festivities and public rejoicings, under the belief that Pius IX. was a man after the Gregorian model. His election was managed by no intrigue or foreign influence. Divine Providence chose him to alleviate the calamities of Rome.

From the moment of his election to the instant of his first reform, we may imagine, if our own mood be sufficiently elevated, the thoughts and aspirations that occupied his mind. Like Moses, doubtless, he was engaged in the prayer of the spirit, pondering the miseries of his nation, and revolving in his manly breast the difficult enterprise of reform. Surrounded by the partisans of the last Pope, the terrible hand of Austria suspending over him a sword, the ignorance of the multitude, the desperate malignity of the friends of wrong, the habits of a quiet and inactive life, the want of powerful friends, and the fear lest all his efforts might lead only to a brief period of hope and prosperity, to be cut off by his successors; these thoughts must have crowded upon his soul with a stifling weight; but he was above them all, and by the power of faith, was victorious. He was alone, indeed; but was not the Giver of all good alone when he took the form of man? Was not Moses alone when he called his people to forsake their idols? God is with man when he performs the work of God, and all great souls are with him. A voice called in his ear, Pius! Pius! *noli timere*, fear not, I am with thee, and with thy people; you are my true representative on earth; *persevera, persevera*, sustain the good work. Then rises before him the history of the primitive ages, when the Church was universal, and the Popes elected and supported by the people, for their great talents and piety. He casts a look over the eternal city, and behold it lies before him a den of serpents, a desert—

Roma deserta,
dal Laterano al Colosseo;

the people dying for food, or wandering in anarchy and poverty; thousands exiled in foreign lands; the prisons crowded with political offenders; the government held by the enemies of the people, and deaf to their cries. No public instruction; no industry; religion corrupted by its own ministers; crime triumphing in every shape of depravity; despotism showing its low and odious front at every step; justice unattainable; the courts,

which should be the schools of conscience, converted into offices of bribery and gross oppression; the whole State reeling to its centre, and about to fall forever, and be swallowed up. Rather than pass under a successor like Gregory, the Roman people would have preferred the dominion of Austria; but Heaven had so favored them, that should their pontiff perform his duty to himself and his officers, they might once again, and perhaps forever, gain a footing among nations, and step forward boldly in the race of civilization.

Born in the time of the great Revolution, descended of a noble ancestry, Pius IX. inherited equally the ideas of liberty and the true feelings of a prince. He had a brother in exile when elected Pope, and could not he understand the condition of the nation? Like Moses, he was saved from the water, to be the savior of Rome. In his childhood, while playing near a pool, he slipped into it, and was drawn from the water by a countryman who saw him fall. He enlisted early, it is said, in the army of Napoleon, and quickly rose to a lieutenancy. At the dissolution of the empire, the young Mastai quitted military life, and assumed the religious habit. Sailing afterward for Chili, in the quality of a missionary, we find him employed in that character, in resisting a tide of St. Simonism, with its attendant atheism and immorality, which flowed into Chili from France. The republic of Chili, under revolutionary influences, had become corrupt and anarchic. The influence of the magnanimous missionary Mastai was successfully exerted against the scandals and abuses of the clergy and the unbelievers. Assisted by a few moral and religious persons, he succeeded in restoring order and good morals in Chili. From that country he went to Montevideo and other parts of South America, in his capacity of an envoy of Christ. After many years passed in this manner, he was recalled, and made Bishop of Imola, and Cardinal.*

A few days after his election he suppressed the military warrants, a kind of secret tribunal for the seizure and condemnation of political offenders—analogous with the Council of Three of the Venetian government. He then called upon six cardinals to compose a council for deliberation upon public affairs, and resolved upon giving, on a certain day of

every week, a public audience to all comers, without distinction of rank or condition. He caused a private letter-box for himself to be placed in the entry of the Vatican.

These regulations gave the first blow to those who committed abuses and aggressions upon individuals. To favor the advance of science, he conferred the order of St. George upon three persons selected for merit from the body of the learned and scientific: these were, the Count Marchetti, and Professors Retti and Venturoli. He offered his princely protection to the Roman Academy de Lincei, one of the most ancient and learned of Italian academies, of whom the illustrious Galileo was a member. Meanwhile he granted especial favors to the Congress of the Scienziati Italiani, and named a scientific commission for the construction of railroads and canals.

Lambruschini was still Secretary of State; and while he continued in that office, there was no hope of amelioration for the people: he saw only anarchy and license in the reform movements, and opposed giving a Constitution to the State, as if it were a merely revolutionary policy. To oppose the injurious influence of this minister, Pius then conjoined the two offices of foreign affairs and the secretaryship in one, and conferred it upon Cardinal Gizzi. Lambruschini retired, but still maintained a correspondence with Austria, and began to plot against the new government. Gizzi, a man of liberal views, fell in with the plans of Pius for reform; but, though an enthusiastic friend of the people, he had not the requisite firmness and audacity to oppose himself to the threats of the opposition, or to act with promptness in the moment of peril. There was still a vast deal to be accomplished. Austria continued to exert immense power through her envoy in Rome; the King of Naples did not cease from his endeavors to dissuade the pontiff, and the Italian princes generally seemed resolved to hold fast to their despotical policy; the system of police continued to be the same as under Gregory XVI., and acted under the spirit of the old system; the patriots continued in exile, but still looked toward Pius as to the rock of their salvation.

From the windows of his palace the good Pius overlooked the desolate city. The sad silence of the people reminded

* His Travels, published in the Roman States and in Paris, is a work of great interest

him of its present wretchedness and of its ancient grandeur. Instead of songs of jubilee, he heard only the sorrowful plaint,

"Roma! Roma! Roma!
Roma non è più come era prima!"*

The ruined capitol, the grass-grown streets, trodden no longer by the feet of industry, but by idle monks and beggars. Letters containing supplications from all the cities, poured in upon him—"Pius! Pius! have mercy upon us! pity our families, our brothers, in exile and misery!" But, to call back and reinstate all, was an attempt serious, if not dangerous. He had been Pope only one month, when he began to resolve upon this great act of justice. Cardinal Gizzi gave his support to the measure, and on the evening of the memorable 16th of July, the amnesty was declared for all political offenders. The Romans, notwithstanding all their hopes, were taken by surprise by this new proof of magnanimity in their chief, and the city and country was filled with joy and mutual congratulations. A vast crowd assembled in the Colosseum and at the Capitol, and marched in procession, with wax candles, and singing joyful songs, to the Monte Cavallo, to return thanks to their chief, and beg his benediction. Since the fall of the last of the Tribunes, there had been no such day in Rome. The houses throughout the city, and every palace except those of Cardinal Lambruschini and the Austrian Ambassador, were illuminated. The vast crowd moved to the ground under the balcony of the Pope's palace, and here he extended his hands and blessed them—a blessing from God indeed, and coming by the hands of his true servant! It was the third hour after midnight when he came out to bless his people. How easy for a sovereign to win the love of his subjects! He has but to be just and kind!

The tears of consolation fell from his eyes when he gave his benediction to the kneeling multitude, and the Campagna resounded with cries of "Long live Pius

IX.!" and the tears of comforted widows and orphans, and of the desolate families of those exiled, fell in company with those of his Holiness.†

The great minds of Europe, who were watching with the deepest interest the progress of events in Italy, regarded this movement of Pius as an act of truly royal magnanimity, and from all countries the press gave testimony in its favor. It was celebrated in Rome with every evidence of joy. Festivals, triumphal processions, dances in the public squares, the pontifical colors flying at the balconies or adorning the dresses of the Roman ladies—all gave evidence of the birth of a new hope—of a new epoch in the affairs of Rome and of Christendom.

On the morning of the next day, the Pope returning in his carriage, the horses were taken from it by the people, who then drew him with songs of triumph to the Quirinal Palace. No Pope was ever treated with an equal degree of attention by the Roman people. The festivals and illuminations continued for many days after the amnesty, both in the Roman States and in other parts of Italy. In Rome, those who had been imprisoned for political offences, together with Reuzi and Galetti who were concerned in the revolution under Gregory, gave a public dinner in honor of his Holiness. To relieve those who had been ruined by imprisonment, the Pope joined himself with many others in a subscription. In Bologna, the proceeds of the Theatre del Corso were given to the families of exiles, and a vast concert was celebrated in a public square, to music composed by Rossini, in honor of the Pope.

The joy of the Bolognese was excessive; they voted a marble statue to Pius IX., and kept up the festivities three days and nights. The bills of amnesty posted on the corners of the streets, were wreathed with flowers. Political parties throughout all Italy resolved themselves into the one party of the Pope. Thus was the first great step of the reformation taken by Pius IX.

* Rome, thou art no longer as thou wast at the first.

† The writer, himself an Italian and an exile, records this great event with feelings of no common sympathy. Though a native of Lombardy, he cannot feel the less with the people of the eternal city. Their cause is the cause of all Italy; and it is his hope to return soon to his native land, and throw his life into the great struggle for freedom and reform.

At the late anniversary of the French Revolution, in New-York, Mr. Joseph Drefous, a French Israelite, offered a toast to Pius IX.: "To the Roman Pontiff, Pius IX., who is determined to emancipate slaves. Honor, honor to his Holiness, by whose will the sublime precepts of the Gospel will alone rule, where, during many centuries, despotism held the sceptre, and dictated laws to Rome and the world."

By a circular of the Secretary of State, on the 24th of August, Pius invited all the chief magistrates of the different legations to suggest the proper course to be pursued for the instruction of the poorer classes, and put an end to the miseries of idleness and ignorance. To that end a special committee was appointed, composed of the wisest and most popular prelates, to investigate the matter and establish the desired reforms. Although a Pope, Pius IX. retained his bishopric of Imola, and disposed of its income for the benefit of asylums of infancy and public charitable institutions. To promote industry, commerce, and the amelioration of the country, on the 10th of November he invited private companies of citizens to submit projects for railroads in the Roman States. In the mean time he granted economical and other governmental reforms, and established new institutions for municipal and provincial legislation. As in the Roman State there was a sort of Chinese code, composed of laws as old as the popery itself, *quod neque nos, neque patres nostri, portare potuimus*. Pius IX., like Napoleon, resolved to publish a new code, and selected the eminent men, Profs. Payano, Silvani and Giuliani, to assist in the compilation of the code. The terrible police of the last Pope was discontinued, and a decree promulgated, threatening severe judgments against criminal offenders, but declaring that no person should be prosecuted for political opinions. The employees of Gregory XVI. were discharged from office, and liberal and intelligent persons substituted. The secret and mysterious tribunals were abolished, and the judicial and penal systems of Beccaria and Filangieri, which abolish capital punishment and establish trial by jury, adopted by the compilers of the new code. By order of Pius IX., every town sent a delegate to Rome, to report concerning the wants of the people, while at the same time a private congress is established to grant all necessary improvements. On the 18th of November, a vast crowd being assembled from all parts, he preached in San Giovanni, in the Lateran, which is the first instance of a pontiff's preaching in public. The congregation followed him to the Quirinal Palace, on his return, with *vivas* and cries of joy. On the same day he granted pardon to political offenders, who had been excluded from the first amnesty. On the 19th, he gave public audience, and, on the 20th of the

same month, published an universal jubilee.

We could readily fill hundreds of pages with a description of the benefits conferred upon the Roman States by Pius IX.; but, as we are not composing a life or a full history, we need mention only a few of his private benevolences, to show what feelings actuate the heart of this wonderful Pope.

The vast library of the Vatican, and many others in Rome, were hitherto prohibited to students and men of letters; and it was with great difficulty that any person could obtain entrance to them, or procure the reading of a single book. On the rainy evening of the 7th of December, while his Holiness was returning from the church, he found all the students of the University assembled to meet their sovereign at the entrance of his palace, to petition there for the free entrance to and use of the public libraries in the vacation days. The benignant Pius said, that "he was sorry they had exposed themselves on such a stormy night, yet he was gratified to perceive their desire for knowledge;" and immediately granted them this important favor. The next day all the libraries were thrown open to students and men of science.

In the winter of 1846, all Europe was deluged by great rains and floods. The south of Italy suffered more than any other region. A part of Rome was overflowed by the Tiber, and many families ruined by the devastation of their dwellings. The Jews were the greatest sufferers. Pius IX. made an immediate appeal to the kindness and generosity of his faithful Romans, and headed the subscription-list with two thousand dollars of his private income. To collect the subscriptions and dispose of the funds, he appointed a committee of noble and eminent persons in Rome, such as the Princes Borghese and Doria, the Dukes of Bracciano and Massimo, with many others; and the Jews, by order of the Pope, were permitted to establish themselves where they pleased in any part of the city. They are virtually free, by this permission, to enjoy the rights of citizens and the freedom of worship.

The amnesty had found an echo and awakened popular sympathy in all parts of the world. Public emissaries were dispatched to Rome, to congratulate and thank the Pontiff for so good and magnanimous an action. But Rome had yet a more extraordinary event. The Sultan

of Constantinople sent a Charge to Pius IX., to acknowledge him as Chief of Christendom and of the Roman States. By the rare virtue of Pius IX., Mahomet is compelled to acknowledge the rights of Christianity, and the existence of a church outside the pale of his own.

When the Turkish Ambassador was admitted to the Pope, he knelt before the representative of Christ on the earth, and kissed his hand. The astonishment of both parties was equal.

The Turkish Ambassador, by his Secretary, Ali Effendi, addressed to Pius the Great an apology and complimentary speech, in the name of his master, the Sultan Abdul-Medjid, for his election to the Papal chair and chieftaincy of the Catholic world. "Although," said he, "there has hitherto been no alliance between Rome and the Sublime Porte, my august sovereign is willing to establish friendly relations with the government of your Holiness, as the benefactor of this century—the age of civilization and of humanity. My sovereign will henceforth protect all his Catholic subjects, and allow them the same rights with all others of his people. As for me, I consider this mission to be the most honorable I could engage in, as it brings me into the presence of the most magnanimous prince on earth; and I hope that your Holiness will accept the offers of the Sultan Abdul-Medjid, as of a sincere and benevolent prince." Before his departure, the Pope presented him with his own portrait, enriched with diamonds, and assured him of his best wishes for his sovereign.

The Turkish Ambassador, on his way to Vienna in Austria, went to Sinigaglia, and stopped at the Mastai palace, to become acquainted with the family of the Pope. He wished, he said, to see the room in which so great a man was born. He carried the portrait of the Pope hung about his neck, and was evidently proud of such a present. On the same evening the people of Sinigaglia gave a public festival to the Charge, illuminating all the city. A few days after, another Envoy Extraordinary arrived in Rome, from the Republic of Quito. The east and the south of the world met together in the "Eternal City," for the same purpose! England, France, Prussia, and the United States of America, had their ambassadors at the Vatican, to offer the congratulations of their respective governments.

But Rome and her sovereign were yet to witness another remarkable spectacle—

another visit to Pius IX., not by any chargé d'affaires, nor by any great or rich personage, but by the poor peasant who saved Pius IX. from the waters. He had come from Fano to Rome, to behold the child whom he had rescued from death, seated on the throne of St. Peter.

The peasant, Domenico Guidi, was already some seventy years old—poor, and destitute of the means of subsistence for himself and his daughter. Incited by the fame of Pius IX., after many days of sufferings and hardship, the father and daughter arrived at Rome, quite destitute, and not knowing how to make themselves known to the Pontiff. Since his election, Pius IX. had strictly forbidden public beggary, and at his own cost had founded splendid alms-houses for the destitute. The officers arrested Domenico Guidi and his daughter as vagrants, and took them to the police office. After discovering who he was, and the intent of his journey, the commissioner informed the Pope of this story of Guidi and his daughter. Both were thereupon well dressed by the order of his Holiness, and taken in a carriage to the Vatican. On the 28th of March, accompanied by the physician of the government and by his daughter, Guidi entered the pontifical hall of the Vatican, to be admitted to audience; but fainted at the entrance, and fell upon the floor. The officers and prelates of the court, with the physician, relieved the unfortunate Guidi, and the Pope gave order that he should be removed to a comfortable room of the palace, and receive every attention.

The next day, when Guidi had sufficiently recovered himself, he was admitted to audience. Nothing could be more interesting and admirable than the interview between the Pontiff and the savior of his life. Pius received him as an old friend, and with the kindest expressions. Guidi could neither speak nor show any demonstrations, so great was his astonishment and admiration. The Pope would not permit him to kneel before him, but embracing him, he said, "Guidi, you were the friend of my childhood, and the savior of my life. You shall suffer no more from want. You and your daughter shall go to Sinigaglia to my palace, and live with my friends." The next day Guidi left Rome, in a post-carriage, after receiving the blessing of his Holiness. His daughter was placed in a house of education, and Guidi still

lives comfortably in the Mastai palace.

Many asylums of infancy and houses of education had been opened since the election of Pius IX., to which the poor could send their children to be educated and supported. The Pontiff thought it convenient not only to teach the rising generation, but even to instruct their parents, as the only means of introducing civilization and maintaining progress. Free night-schools were established in Rome, at his own expense, for laboring people who could not attend by day. To encourage them, or to observe how the schools were attended, he visited them in the disguise of a priest. On the evening of the 9th of March, he went in this manner, in company with his secretary, also disguised, to visit the night-school in the street *Agnello di Monti*. Neither the teachers nor the pupils knew at first by whom they were so honored. After the visitors had examined the books, and learned which of the scholars had distinguished themselves, the Pontiff threw off his cloak and discovered himself. The poor laborers knelt before him with their teachers, and after receiving his paternal blessing, were examined by himself in their studies. It happened to be an evening of general examination for premiums, and the Pope distributed gold medals, money and other presents, accompanied by salutary advice. The monastery of *St. Alessio*, on mount *Aventino*, was changed by order of the Pontiff into an alms-house, for the destitute who cannot obtain employment. By these means, and an efficient police, public beggary has disappeared from the streets of Rome.

Since the day of the great amnesty, many philanthropical societies have been established in Rome, and in other cities of the Papal States. These associations, under the special protection of Pius IX., are composed of the most respectable and influential persons. Their intention is to advance public instruction, and to extend and cherish religious and patriotic ideas. They have founded free schools and asylums for children, societies to visit prisoners, and protect them when out of prison, houses of military instruction, clubs for reputable and instructive entertainments, reading rooms, cheap publication offices, associations for mutual aid, schools of mutual inquiry and debate, besides other institutions for the advancement of the Roman people. One of these institutions is the *Società Artistica Italiana*, composed

of sculptors, painters, architects and artists of other branches, for the encouragement of new inventions, for the protection and reward of artistic merit, and the annual exhibition of works of art. This association is supported by the most influential persons in Rome. To improve the condition of the people, Pius IX. modified the public taxes, abolished many of the privileges and abuses of families, and added to the strength of the merchant and war navy. The money to be used for the illumination of the 25th of March was disposed of by order of the Pope, for the relief of destitute families, instead of being expended on the public festivals.

After so great reforms, accomplished in so short a time, it was thought necessary to establish powerful means for their protection, and to have a national army able to defend the country and the government, against any foreign or internal enemy. The people of the Roman States had been long desirous of establishing a national guard, the army of the government being composed of robbers and foreigners, more ready to attack than to defend the rights and properties of the citizens. The army as yet remained the same as it had been under Gregory XVI.; the orders of the new government were not executed nor respected in many parts of the State. The soldiery under the command of prelates of the retrograde party, instead of acting for their new sovereign, endeavored to excite opposition, and insulted the returned exiles, by arbitrary acts. In many cities, the coat of arms of the last government was retained, instead of that of the new. Every day disturbances arose between the people and the army. It had become necessary to put an end to these difficulties, by the establishment of a national guard. Cardinal Gizzi, although a liberal and a patriot, did not agree in thinking this measure well timed. He dreaded the spirit of the liberals; but Pius IX., willing to satisfy the just wishes of his subjects, and looking for support and protection to his own countrymen, granted the establishment of the guard, and himself appointed their superior officers. This army very soon discovered its importance to the State. The Pontiff next directed his reforms to religion and religious orders. He sent a circular letter to all their chiefs, in which he commanded all the religious orders to observe the rule of their institutors, to be the mirror of morals and religion, and be useful to society; and in the meantime

he disposed of many large estates belonging to religious societies, for purposes of public charity and instruction. Among the religious reforms of Pius IX. is one requiring that money received by the Church for souls in purgatory, shall be applied to the relief of the poor, and to other charitable purposes. The inquisitorial censorship was abolished and replaced by a liberal one, and freedom of the public press granted amid the acclamations of the whole people. Immediately a great number of newspapers and reviews made their appearance in the Roman States, and the most eminent Italian writers became editors and contributors. Great numbers of daily and weekly publications on various topics of science, politics, letters, inventions, music and the like, came out, printed elegantly and full of information. The *Advertiser*, published in the English language, was the first of the new publications. *Il Diario*, once the organ of the despotism and the enemy of popular progress, was transformed into a liberal and progressive paper. *L'Astrea*, a paper of theoretical and practical jurisprudence; *L'Annuario Chimico Italiano*, the Annual Italian Chemist, devoted to natural philosophy and other sciences; the *Gabinetto* of General Correspondence, a commercial and instructive paper for travelers and foreigners; *La Bilancia* and *L'Italian*, the most liberal and independent papers of Italy; *L'Italiano*, a political and popular publication; *Il Povero*, the Poor, a penny paper, established for the purpose of spreading ideas of liberty and instruction among the poorer classes: its motto is, "Fraternity, Unity and Humanity," the principles of the Gospel as well as of regenerated Italy. *Il Contemporaneo* is the best political and scientific publication. Its editors and contributors are reckoned among the learned of Europe, such as Gioberti, Balbo, Massimo D'Azeglio, Sterbini, and many others, all well known in the literary world. What we have related is only a short summary of what has been done, in less than one year, under the glorious Pius IX.!! The "Niobe of nations" is no longer only "the mother of dead empires!" she stands again in her ancient attitude, holding the symbol of the future, and of general emancipation of nations.

Scarcely had the liberty of the press been agranted, when opinion also was emancipated from its long silence. The earned of Italy, together with those of

the Roman States, began to speak of political and civil amelioration; to advise the government to continue its system of reforms; to show what evils were to be destroyed, who were enemies of progress, and much more of the Italian Peninsula. We shall speak of the *Contemporaneo*, nearly the first liberal paper that appeared in Rome. *Il Contemporaneo* is a paper of progress, but as moderate as can be desired, or advised. It is under the protection and liberal censorship of Pius IX. directed by a spirit of national independence, and by the most charitable and Christian enthusiasm. The intention of its editors and contributors is to encourage the people, as the only true method of civilization and progress, to multiply hospitals for exposed children, houses of infancy, institutes of public and gratuitous instruction, manufactories of every kind for the sake of the employment, savings banks, societies of mutual aid for invalid workmen, the penitentiary system instead of galleys, houses of reformation for youth, Sunday and night schools. The *Contemporaneo* shows the advantage of railroads, of congresses, science, and of a free internal trade. Whole pages of this paper are devoted to the advantages of railroads, and it is demonstrated that the progress of the United States depended in a great measure upon them. The *Contemporaneo* has never ceased to advise, not only the people, but also the government. Its moderate and national language, and its philanthropic principles, are worthy of all praise. Through the pages of the *Contemporaneo*, a youth of twenty years, not inferior to the great Machiavelli, dares advise Pius IX. what political system he should follow "to be independent of any foreign influence or dominion; that a Christian and liberal civilization is the only means for the advancement of the world; to reward the good; to give education to the poorer class; that they may know their rights and duty to their country." Doctor Sterbini in his first article addresses himself to the returned exiles. "Gratitude and obedience is their sacred duty," says he, "towards the sovereign who put an end to their sufferings, and allowed them to return home." The great Gioberti writes to the Pope, "that he shall die happy, as now his desire has been accomplished, of seeing in the chair of Saint Peter a liberal and patriotic pontiff, a pope who will emancipate Italy."

When the exiles who returned to their

country saw that the amnesty was general and sincere, they united with the other citizens, and endeavored to make common cause, and support the government in every reform. Statesmen of every country, and friends of the people, declared the new Pope to be the greatest reformer of any age. The different religious denominations recognized this great man as a true servant of God. They encouraged him in his course, and urged him to continue to be the father and protector of his people. They promised also to be with him in the struggle against his enemies. It is a bitter reflection to add, that this era of amelioration has dawned only in the Roman States, while other parts of Italy remain in slavery and darkness. Charles Albert, King of Sardinia and Piedmont, was the first Italian prince who showed himself favorable to the new Pope and his policy, and to offer him military succors against his enemies. The Duke of Tuscany, compelled by the people, granted reforms to his subjects, and joined himself in alliance with the Pope and the King of Piedmont.

While the Roman States were regaining their freedom and rights, the north of Europe presented once more a terrible instance of tyranny, worthy of a barbarous age and of the actors in it. It is of the ancient republic of Cracow that we speak, which stood for many centuries the sanctuary of Polish liberty. Galicia was thrown into revolution, and desolated by bands of mercenaries and robbers secretly incited by Austria to plunder and destroy. If they were not enrolled under the Austrian flag, there is proof enough that they were encouraged by the Viennese ministry. When the news of the slaughter in Cracow arrived at Rome, the people appeared in all the public places dressed in mourning, and placards were seen in the streets denouncing Austria. Prince Metternich, not satisfied with Poland, extended his plans of annexation by conquest. Casting his eyes on Switzerland, he thought it would be an easy undertaking to dismember that country by exciting the ultra Catholics to a civil war. At the same time he used his efforts to annex the Roman States to Lombardy. The wonderful reforms of Pius IX. put an end to this latter scheme. In vain Austria advised him to follow the policy of the last Pope, and used every means to turn him from his liberal course; excit-

ing against him the retrograde party, fanatical priests and ignorant friars, secret and murderous conspirators, rioters, to oppose reform movements—all was in vain; her plots came to light and were defeated. In Rome, through the influence of the Austrian ambassador, the public press was put under a rigid censorship. The city was thrown, by this measure, into a state of revolution. The Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio held a meeting at the Colosseum, and, at the head of four hundred printers, went to the Quirinal, when the whole body protested against this violation, and refused to work under the severe supervision that existed. It was the anniversary of the city of Rome. The next day the Pope granted again the liberty of the press, and nominated three new censors, all liberal and wise men. The joy of the people was great, and the press still continues to be liberal as before. After this event Pius IX. sent word to the ambassador to inform his master that he stood in no need of any farther advice; "and tell him," said he, "that I do not fear him; let him come to take me here in Rome!" The business of the ambassador was to excite misunderstandings between the Pope and his people; every means was resorted to for that purpose. The 29th of March is kept as a holiday in Rome. The Austrian ambassador sent word to the pontiff, that his people were disaffected, and that it would be unsafe for him to venture into the streets. The Pope, suspecting an Austrian trick, sent secret messengers among the people to ascertain their disposition. They brought intelligence to the palace that the people were quiet and contented. The Pope, naturally indignant at the attempt to intimidate him, went into the streets on foot; and as he appeared in the square of the Vatican, the crowd exclaimed: "Courage, courage, Pius IX.! *Fear nothing! Never listen to Austria! Trust in your people!*"

The first conspiracy against the Pope, set on foot by Austria, was in Ravenna. The police discovered the plot, and arrested the conspirators in the woods, with writings upon them disclosing their intentions. Many of them were priests; others were ecclesiastics of different religious orders, employees of the late Pope, and some Austrians. The paper found upon the conspirators, had been issued by the police of Venice, and those who escaped were well received by the Aus-

triangovernment. Cardinal Gizzi, then Secretary of State, indignant at this horrible and shameful conspiracy, sent for the Austrian ambassador, and showed him the proofs of the infamous policy of his emperor. The people would no more endure such insults, and began to talk of the *Sicilian Vespers*, and of imitating the conduct of Spain and Portugal towards the religious orders. They demanded arms, and were eager to deliver their sovereign from any foreign or internal dominion. Every day riots took place between the people and the retrograde party. Libels and declarations were published in every city of Romagna; it became necessary to form the National Guards, and to disband the soldiery and gendarmes of the late government. From these popular demonstrations, fearing lest Pius IX. should raise the National Guard, and the spirit of freedom and union penetrate Lombardy, Austria, under pretext of preserving peace and order in the world, threatened the Pope with invasion. Such menaces, which would have thrown Gregory XVI. into despair, encouraged Pius IX. to return a dignified answer. The Cardinal Gizzi replied to the Austrian ambassador at Rome, in the name of his Holiness, that Austria had no right to interfere with the administration of the Papal government; that he considered himself independent of every foreign power. He assured Austria that Italy was in great need of new institutions, and that, if Austria should attempt an invasion, the Papal government would rely upon its subjects, and that the aggression would arouse all Italy to resistance. But it was the opposition of his prelates and of the princes of the peninsula, that most effectually hindered the new reforms. In Lombardy, the introduction of the newspapers published in the Roman States was prohibited, and the police kept watch upon those who favored the Papal government. The Duke of Modena refused to establish a railway in his State, or to form a commercial treaty with the Papal government. This petty prince behaved like an humble servant of Austria and her dictator Metternich. The King of Naples also came out in opposition to Pius IX. Persecutions and arrests are of daily occurrence, and the people live in constant terror of their rulers. Secret organizations were discovered in Calabria, to excite a general insurrection, and solicit the assistance of the Roman

people; many persons were arrested and executed; others took refuge in the Roman States. In vain the cruel and despotic King *Lazzarone* demanded of the Pope the exclusion of the offenders; the request was firmly refused. The year 1847 witnessed the birth of a scheme for the assassination of the Pope.

No sooner had the epoch of amelioration begun, than a conspiracy was organized to remove the cause of all this good by secret or open violence. Among the conspirators were many ecclesiastics, a kind of men more terrible and unscrupulous than others, when excited by fanaticism and despotical doctrines. Soon after the discovery of this plot, another came to light, planned for the destruction of thousands; a whole population was to have been butchered by Austria and the retrograde partisans! The "good time" of St. Bartholomew was to be celebrated with its bloody accompaniments in the city of Rome. The actors in this dreadful affair were found to have been certain of the friends of the last Pope, and in the employment and confidence of Pius. These men had been used to stigmatize the liberals as men thirsty of human blood, enemies to morals and religion, always ready to plunder, to make insurrections. Thank God, such calumnies are now openly denied by evident facts, by their own conduct and infamous actions, and we may say that the accused sit now on the bench of the accusers.

The first conspiracy against the life of Pius IX. was to have been accomplished on the 5th of April. It would seem that the conspirators had imitated Ernani, who conspired against Charles V. of Spain. This diabolical plot has been shown by clear evidence to be the work of the fanatics and of Austria. The French Ambassador, Signor Rossi, revealed their designs and names to his Holiness. Instead of immediately arresting them, he followed the policy of a man confident of his position. The conspirators had put their names into a vase and drawn the one who was to visit the Pope and kill him during the interview. A Capuchin, or religious friar, was the person whose name came out first; and, followed by the other conspirators, he went to the Vatican, and asked to speak with his Holiness. The Pope sent for the name of the friar, which was boldly given. His name was on the list. Or-

ders were immediately given to arrest him. As he was admitted and entered the hall, two pistols and a poisoned dagger were found upon his person. He was then sent to the Castle St. Angelo with the rest; and many others have since been arrested. The fact had to be kept secret for a short time, in order to avert the vengeance of the Roman people from the friars.

Other conspiracies, in which ecclesiastics were engaged, have been discovered in the Roman States. Cardinal Della Genga, nephew of Pope Leo XII., was arrested and sent to the Castle St. Angelo, for not fulfilling the orders of the new government, while he was a Legate in Romagna. Some priests preached in the churches against Pius IX. Of these, some were arrested; others, known to have been ultra-Catholic, were murdered by the irritated people. Many Cardinals, all liberal and defenders of Pius IX., at the critical moment of these trials, asked permission to resign their charges, and Cardinal Gizzi would no longer be Secretary of State. The Pope refused their resignation; he told them that it would be dangerous and injurious for them to leave him surrounded only by prelates of the retrograde party and friends of Austria. Cardinals Gizzi and Buffondi, legate of Ravenna, Rusconi, legate of Ancona, and Feretti, legate at Pesaro, then demanded that Cardinal Lambruschini and the employees of Gregory XVI., be excluded from all political affairs. The Pope granted their demands, and Lambruschini was advised to retire to his native place. Another misunderstanding between Cardinal Gizzi and Pius IX. was caused by the retrograde party, who had forged the signature of the Cardinal, but being discovered, fled to Lombardy. A fanatical priest had preached at Pesaro, in Romagna, against the new Pope, calling him an anti-Catholic, a Republican, a partisan of *Young Italy*, an Infidel, and what not. Cardinal Feretti, who caused him to be arrested, merely to save him from the fury of the people, received, after a few days, a letter from Rome, with the signature of Gizzi, directing the priest to be set at liberty. The Cardinal immediately wrote to the Pope, asking how it was that the Secretary of State could demand the release of a prisoner, without the permission of his Holiness. The Pope sent for Gizzi, and upon comparing notes, they found that the signature had been forged.

The anniversary of the Amnesty was approaching. To celebrate this epoch, the people were making sumptuous preparations, erecting triumphal arches, temples to Amnesty, illuminations, fire-works and pageants, as such things are done in Rome. Every one looked forward with joy to the approaching anniversary, when a population of 180,000 inhabitants would unite in celebrating the glorious election of Pius IX. and the Amnesty. But now the festival was to be made a carnage; thousands of people were secretly marked for slaughter, and the Pope was to be hurried off from Rome, while an anti-Pope was elected in his stead. The Austrian emissaries distributed money and granted favors to whoever would engage in the conspiracy. Arms, funds, all the necessary means were offered, and when the work was accomplished, the same day she made ready to send an army to invade the Roman States. As it was her advance was no farther than Ferrara. A few days previous to the execution of the plot, by the boldness of some citizens of Faenza, and by the energy of *Cicero-nachia*, a man of the people, all was discovered, and Pius triumphed again over his enemies.

The plan of the conspirators was to attack the soldiers and gendarmes on the evening of the 18th of July, while the people and the army were celebrating the anniversary of the Amnesty. They were to attack the troops with daggers, on which were carved the words, "*Long life to Pius IX.*," as if the authors of this massacre were the exiles and followers of Pius IX. The conspirators, mingled with the soldiers, were to kill all the liberal citizen,—to carry the Pope to Naples—to oblige him to abdicate, and to call for an Austrian intervention. As soon as this atrocious plot was discovered, Pius IX. said, "that the time for clemency had passed, it was necessary to act with severity." He ordered the festival to proceed as if nothing had happened, and established the National Guard. The Government used all the necessary precautions that the crisis demanded, and named his cousin, the Cardinal Feretti, Secretary of State, instead of Gizzi. The National Guard was organized, and men of all ages and condition enlisted. The wealthy families offered arms and money, and their palaces to be used as barracks for the troops. The next day, after the nomination of Feretti, the Advocate Morandi succeeded Grassetini as Pro-

governor of Rome. Grassellini fled the same night to Naples. The Pope named Signor Armandi, of Bologna, Minister of War, Marquis Rospigliosi Commander-in-Chief of the Civil Guard, the Duke of Rignano Colonel, and for Lieutenant-Colonels, the Princes Aldobrandini, Piombino, Doria, Pamfili, Corsini and Viaro; as superior officers, the Duke Charles Torlonia, the Marquis Levaggi, Sacripanti, Patrizi and Malatesta. After the proclamation of the Pro-governor Morandi, one of the new Secretaries of State made a speech, in which he eulogized the chief and all who composed the National Guard, adding "that justice was the first duty under the government of Pius IX., that it should be severely executed against the enemies of the people and of the sovereign." The anniversary was then celebrated with enthusiasm. By papers found on the conspirators, it was discovered that the chiefs of the conspiracy were more than two hundred, including Cardinals, priests and officials. There appeared documentary evidence against Cardinals Della Genga, Minardi, Grassellini, Governor of Rome, and three other prelates. Grassellini signed orders for letting loose a number of criminals, and for the admission into the city of parties of desperadoes from Faenza, without the customary passports. Many of these felons, when taken, were found to have money about them to a considerable amount in Austrian coinage. The active movers in arranging the plot appear to have been a number of disbanded agents of a secret police of the late Pontificate. Nothing appeared directly to implicate the Cardinal Lambruschini, who remained quietly at Civita-Vecchia, notwithstanding that the people believed him to be one of the conspirators.

The capture, on the 19th of July, of Cardinal Minardi, the head of the conspirators, who had previously eluded the attempts to arrest him, caused an immense excitement among the people. They made desperate efforts to get possession of his person, and it required all the influence of the Pro-governor, of the celebrated Father Ventura and of Ciceronachia, to quell the growing tumult. Father Ventura, the most eloquent and popular religious friar, was created Cardinal by the people and by his Holiness. As for Ciceronachia, this friend of the people was appointed standard-bearer, and presented by the nobility with a snuff-box

of great value. He was borne in triumph to the Capitol as the savior of the Roman people.

On the 22d July, a public notice gave the names of the high conspirators, and of the Cardinals connected with them: Bernetti, Governor of Ancona in 1831, who betrayed the liberal party, and who was *chargé d'affaires* to Austria, under the last Pope, Delta Genga, Mattei, Vanielli, Grassellini and Minardi—all Cardinals of the ultra-Catholic party; Leitzof, ambassador of Austria; Ludolf, of Naples; Del Caretto, minister of war at Naples; and to complete the list of these assassins, came those of the Duke of Modena, and of Maria Louisa, the dissolute widow of Napoleon, now Duchess of Parma and Piacenza. The arming of the civil guard had been completed; and on the 26th of July, Cardinal Feretti visited the principal posts and addressed each battalion in an acceptable manner. "Citizens and brethren! let us prove to Europe," said he, "that we know how to govern ourselves without the need of foreign intervention. Remember that you are descendants of the great Romans; be always faithful to your country and sovereign. I shall be happy to lead you at any moment against our enemies." On the day of the plot in Rome, the Austrians entered Ferrara with lighted matches, as if moving against an enemy. To be persuaded that the conspiracy was the result of Austrian intrigue, it is only necessary to know of this intervention between the people and their rights. Cardinal Ciacchi, Governor of Ferrara, protested against this violation of territory. The Austrian General asked the Governor if he had not received special notice from Rome of the arrival of the Austrian army in Ferrara. The intrigues of Austria were thus made apparent. The Cardinal made no reply to the Austrian General, but called on the citizens to form a civic guard. The national guard exercised and paraded before the Austrians, and celebrated the anniversary of the brothers Bandiera and their companions who were murdered by order of the King of Naples. The population of Ferrara received the Austrians with an ominous silence, and it was expected that a general massacre would have been committed, so great was the fury and irritation of the people. The most moderate men and the officers published a placard advising the people to be prudent, to endure, to listen, and to look,—to be faithful and ready at the first call

—and to remember, when the day came, the insult they had received. Cardinal Ciacchi sent a second protestation to the Austrian general against this violation of the Roman territory, and advised the people to leave the city and retire to other parts.

The intelligence of the military occupation of Ferrara, was confirmed at Rome when Feretti formally protested, in the name of his Pontiff, against the act. It is impossible to describe the tumult and fury excited by the news of this intervention. More than 12,000 volunteers came to Rome from Campagna in a few days, and in less than a month 32,000 volunteers and 20,000 of the civic guard, under the flag of Pius IX. What encouraged the people most was the perseverance and determination of Pius IX. to drive the barbarians of Austria out of his dominions, and to defend the rights of his people. In a private congress of Cardinals, he said, "that if the Austrians remained at Ferrara, he would excommunicate them; if excommunication was not enough, he would drive them out in person, himself leading the troops. I will take the field and call on the Italians. Two millions of people will be under my flag. Tell my people to be quiet, prudent and faithful—that I will never yield; and Italy must at length be free and united." The Pope by his Secretary of State sent a protestation against Austria, to all the foreign powers; representing that she had violated the treaties of Vienna and the rights of all nations. He demanded that the Austrians should evacuate the Roman territory, give a full explanation of their conduct, and give himself and his people a satisfactory amends. For such a crisis, the government thought it necessary to be active and prepare against aggression. A camp of observation and for military exercise, was ordered to assemble near Forli, and more than 14,000 men, all volunteers, were presently congregated in that place. Signor Azeglio was sent to Bologna to raise new troops, and to march on Ferrara; in all the cities of the Roman States, the people, animated by a spirit of national honor, enlisted to fight against their enemies. The news of the occupation of Ferrara excited so violent a desire of vengeance in all parts of Italy, that in many States the people were clamorous for arms. In Tuscany the Duke was compelled by his people to grant a civic guard—a national flag—a liberal

constitution to his State—to change the ministry, and ally himself with the Pope, and protest against the intervention. In the city of Lucca, the blood of the people was spilled by the soldiers of the government; and the Duke, who had fled to Venice, was compelled to return to his State, and to follow the policy of the Pope and of Tuscany. In Parma, more than one hundred persons perished in a popular insurrection. The city was invaded by ten thousand Austrians, but Maria Louisa left her State in the hands of the enemies of her people and fled to Vienna, to escape the just reward of her crimes. The same atrocities were perpetrated in Modena, and there too the Duke fled, calling upon the Austrians to protect his government. In Naples, the people rose against the government, and the King would have fallen into the hands of the liberals, but for the protection of the troops. In Sicily and Calabria, many cities are already in the hands of the insurgents, and a general revolution is expected in those kingdoms.

The King of Sardinia, not satisfied with an energetic protest against Austria, charged with indignant and hostile expressions, dares Metternich to keep his barbarians in Ferrara. He gave orders to put the vessels of war in a condition for service, and to enlist the provincial troops; and in less than a month Charles Albert may have under his flag more than 200,000 well-disciplined soldiers. He granted the liberty of the press, and recalled his consul at Milan. He will be the first Italian prince to meet Austria with an efficient army. By his minister in Rome, he offered the Pope the use of his artillery and navy, saying that, as an Italian prince, he would defend the Italian independence and nationality. England was the first foreign power to side with the Romans. Lord Palmerston, after promising the Swiss Diet that he would compel Austria and France to respect the treaties of *non-intervention*, sent his *ultimatum* to the court of Vienna, warmly protested against the violation of the Roman territory, and gave orders to the commodore of the Mediterranean squadron to sail in force for the Archipelago, to watch the movements of Austria, and meet the first hostile aggression. An ambassador was sent to Rome with orders to land troops to defend the Papal government, if the Austrians remained at Ferrara. The King of Prussia, the Princes of Bavaria, Wirtemberg,

and Baden, have taken the same ground with England and Sardinia, respecting the encroachments of Austria, and have joined in an alliance to resist Austrian aggressions! The representative of the United States of America in Rome also assured his Holiness of the sympathy and voluntary aid of America. France was the last to declare in favor of the Pope! and her government inclines to the side of Austria, and opposes the freedom of Italy. Such is the conclusion of the Italians, and of the Papal government, from the line of policy taken by the French ambassador. Monsieur Guizot, it is true, spoke eloquently and well of Pius and his works; he even offered 10,000 guns to the Pope: but formerly, if Austria crossed her own boundary into Italy, France was the first power to oppose her progress. The French ambassador has in vain attempted to bring the Pope and his Secretary of State to an amicable arrangement with Austria, and to be satisfied with a diplomatic explanation. The Pope refused the 10,000 muskets, and declined all intervention between himself and his enemies. "Now," said he, "that not only the Roman States, but all Italy, are risen against the Austrians, there is no longer any middle course to be observed. Austria must evacuate my territory and grant new institutions to the people of Lombardy, or she must meet us in the field. If the barbarians advance a step or remain in Ferrara, I will raise the nation; I have already 60,000 men to oppose them. I shall not be alone in the field. If things come to the trial, and we are forced to fight, let Austria beware!—she will then bid a long farewell to Italy, and cross forever the eternal Alps."

We are persuaded that France will never unite with Austria against Italian emancipation, notwithstanding the family intrigues of Louis Philippe. It is true that the French intervention, in 1831, in the Roman States, was not in aid of Italian liberty—it was a simple coup de tête of Casimir Perrier; but at that epoch it was a political party only that rose against their government, while at present it is the government that is attacked. If the French government was led by private interest to oppose the Pope, the French people would scarcely march against the Italians to deprive them of independence. France has nothing to gain by the Austrian alliance. The em-

peror has ever been the worst enemy of her liberty and progress. In every instance of union between France and Austria for political or family objects, France has been sacrificed and injured. The history of France might be adduced bodily to show that the true interests of France are involved in the freedom of Italy. The two nations would then be masters together of the Mediterranean, and become the strongest European powers. Mutual sympathy unites the people of Italy and France. They have common feelings and old remembrances to unite them.

After the occupation of Ferrara by the Austrian troops, more than three thousand Italian exiles belonging to other parts of Italy, still under despotism, left France and Belgium for the Roman States, and many Polish and French officers offered their services to Pius. Twelve thousand muskets were purchased by the Papal government, and other arms sent from England. His Holiness thought it good to grant a liberal constitution to his people, and the Secretary of State made a choice, from the lists presented by the governors of different provinces, of deputies, to be assembled in Rome, to make known the wishes and wants of the provinces. The deputies were twenty-three in number, convoked for the present 5th of November. They are selected from among the liberal and enlightened.

Since the creation of the National Guard, crime has greatly diminished in the Roman territory; robbers no more crowd the public ways; the government has shown itself severe towards criminals. Banditti are no more protected or employed. It is easy to imagine what must be the spirit that now animates the Italian people, and what may be expected from them. There is an universal call for arms, and each person enlists voluntarily in the Army of the Italian League. Nothing is said at present of forms of government; all declare for *Union, the League, and Pius IX.*

Although Austria seemed disposed to withdraw the troops from Ferrara, yet, judging by the general aspect of affairs, we think the war unavoidable. The whole Peninsula, from the Alps to Sicily, cries out for independence—no more foreign dominion—no more tyrants nor slavery. North and south are in open rebellion, and it is impossible for Austria to contend with a united and infuriated people. Every plain will become a field

of battle, every house a castle for defence; every man will be a soldier, and the enemy must contend for every inch of ground. Never before did Italy give such proofs of union, of nationality, and of spirit against the aggressors!

Austria cannot diplomatize betwixt peace and war—the mask has fallen off. She must act openly—bring events to a conclusion. Her political situation is dangerous and critical. The Poles and Hungarians, all Catholics, and all anxious for liberty and nationality, will not fight against the Pope. Galicia, Poland, Bohemia, and many other States, will probably rise as soon as war begins on the plains of Italy. Austria has sacrificed to Russia—her powerful enemy—her dominions on the Danube and Black Sea, and has at her command only a half-subdued people. If the Pope maintains the independence of his State, the other States of Italy will imitate him, and Lombardy would never consent to remain under Austrian dominion. If the South of Italy rises, as it has already done, what can Austria do? To acknowledge their independence would be to subscribe to the end of her dominion in Italy. To enforce her rule in the south she must pass over Lucca, Tuscany and Romagna, where the people are already in arms. The foreign powers will permit no more intervention. Austria will then be compelled to declare war against half of Europe. It would be her ruin; for Europe would fall into a general revolution, and the people rise in mass to seize upon their rights. In 1831, Austria invaded the Roman States to quell the revolution. Gregory XVI. invited her intervention; and when all the allied powers required of the last Pope that he should grant reforms to his States, Austria, after having destroyed a great number of people, assumed the mask of liberalism, and joined the alliance to compel Gregory XVI. to give amelioration to his people. This policy of Austria was aimed at the affections of the Italians, and served to excite them against their own Governments. The *new era*, promised by Gregory XVI., never appeared. The situation of his people was even worse at the moment of his death than in 1831! But now, when the ameliorations promised by the last Pope are granted and executed by Pius IX., Austria interferes to hinder the reform and progress; and now comes the final struggle of the Empire with the Papacy. The political spirit of Western Europe has entered the

councils of the Vatican, the stronghold of the ancient despotism; and for the first time in the modern history of Italy, we have the people and the government acting in concert. That the moderate but firm policy of the Pope is practically better than more violent demonstrations, is shown by the intense hostility which it has excited. Austria finds herself engaged, not with a single band of liberals, but with the nation and its head. Now that the Italians, gathered together under their native princes, join their forces in an *Italian League*, the people of Italy will be able to achieve their independence. They attained that ability, for the first time, in 1847. The energetic behavior of England towards Italy is worthy of all praise. She has placed herself in the vanguard of national freedom. All the world blamed the conduct of Austria towards the Pope; all civilized nations feel indignant at her infamous intervention, and from every where they sympathize with Pius IX. and the Italian people.

The public opinion of Europe is with the Italians, and no government can change that opinion; yet every people who respects right should raise its voice in condemnation of the course pursued by Austria. Not only are the Governments themselves concerned in the violations of treaties, but the movement party, in every country, has an interest in rescuing the great Reformer of the age from the grasp of despotism. Because he means to confer constitutional freedom upon his people, war and desolation is threatened to be poured out over their heads.

To you, Pius IX., and to you, princes and people of Italy, the eyes of all free nations are turned with a heartfelt interest. The hearts of all true men beat with yours in the anxieties of this great struggle. They bear in mind the history of the past and the hopes of the future; they remember many revolutions, and await anxiously to see which of them you mean to imitate; and by your choice, princes and people of Italy, your spirit will be judged by posterity. If your efforts end only in anarchy and confusion—if the blood of the innocent stains your hands—if justice is set at naught and vengeance put in its stead—if the union of the princes is only a temporary alliance, in which each seeks his own advantage, regardless of the whole—if your ideas of liberty have no foundation but in the love

of license, or look only to your extrication from the grasp of a foreign power, what, then, is the prospect of your future? Take warning from France. Liberty is no thing of State; it rests in the bosom of the individual. Let each citizen believe that the safety of the nation rests upon him alone, that his knowledge, his courage, his steadiness, freedom and magnanimity, are alone able to rescue

Italy, and place her among the great powers of the world.

Long life, then, to the great Pius, who has given every Italian the great example. Long life to the noble Albert, and all princes who love the people; let them never forget that they are men to whom it is given to perform a work worthy of divinities, the reformation and establishment of a nation.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Miscellaneous Writings of Henry Mackenzie, Esq., comprising a Memoir of the Author, by Sir Walter Scott—The Man of Feeling—Papers from the Lounger—Julia de Roubigné, &c.—Third Edition. New-York: Harper & Brothers, 1847.

Among passionate writers, sentimental in the better sense, Mackenzie stands in the same class with Sterne and Rousseau, though inferior to both in originality and power. His style is pure, simple and elegant, and in passionate description extremely spirited and appropriate. His moral—though he carries the reader into the very sanctuary of passion, and displays the sensuous emotions—is always unimpeachable. In fact, there seems to have been not enough of abandonment in his nature—his conscience and honor had rendered the experience of his life too pure and simple for the needs of a first-rate describer of unbridled passion. He is too delicate, too careful even in the very tempest and whirlwind of emotion. He seems not to have been wicked enough himself at any period of his life, to make villainy interesting or attractive—a power in which Rousseau and others of the morbid school, have immensely the advantage of him; yet few persons will be able even now to read Julia de Roubigné without emotion. Hazlitt confessed his partiality to it. One might, in the same mood, read the Fool of Quality, or the best novels of this writer.

Half-hours with the Best Authors. Selected and arranged, with short biographical sketches and critical notices, by CHARLES KNIGHT. New-York: Wiley & Putnam, 1847.

This volume has no preface or introduction, and needs none. Its title explains its

character and purpose. Mr. Charles Knight, the editor of the most elegant and perhaps the best edition of Shakspeare that has yet appeared, in this volume has thrown together about ninety extracts from the best prose writers and poets, selected for some particular merit, or as they served to illustrate the qualities of the author. The best prose writers and poets of England, and a few of those of America, are represented in this collection. No chronological order is observed; the taste or whim of the collector seems to have been the only guide in selection and arrangement. You may open almost anywhere in the book without fear of disappointment. The poetical selections show an especial elegance of taste. Among other delicate specimens we may name the Nut Brown Maid; the Death of the young Count of Foix, from Froissart; Swift's Spider and the Bee, from the Battle of the Books; Scenes from Ben Jonson's Alchemist; Montaigne's Inconvenience of Greatness, &c., &c.; passages discovering the most fastidious taste and variety of appreciation. This work seems to us no unimportant aid to forming a correct taste in letters, to say nothing of the immediate pleasure to be derived from it.

The Life of Henry the Fourth, King of France and Navarre. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., Author of "The History of Charlemagne," "Chivalry and the Crusades," etc. etc. New-York: Harper & Brothers, 1847.

The style of this writer is happily adapted to the romantic periods of history, which he prefers, and with which he is evidently familiar. Though he never philosophizes, yet he fails not to instruct while he delights and interests the reader. We have seldom read any historial sketches more entertaining and spirited than his History of Char-

lemagne, nor does the present volume, upon a slight examination, appear to fall behind it. We greatly prefer his histories to his novels, and could wish, were it any business of ours, that he had written more of the former and fewer of the latter. The reader, not yet familiar with chivalrous times, will find Mr. James's Histories no unprofitable reading, which is saying the least they deserve. This reprint is elegantly got up, on a fair page with beautiful type—a book worth the purchase.

Lives of the Queens of England from the Norman Conquest; with Anecdotes of their Courts. By AGNES STRICKLAND. Vol. X. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.

The design of these narratives is equally charming and useful. They are historical biographies, exhibiting, by very full illustrations and anecdotes, the qualities and actions of that portion of royal personages, of whom the tides of tradition and the columns of history have given us the fewest memorials. History deals mainly with those characters and events that ruled the affairs of countries and ages; and, as most regal women have, by the conditions of their sex, been compelled to sway public matters by qualities of personal influence over the favorite men of their dominions; public annals and the histories woven from them, have not so much presented them, as their reigns and the strong-minded, skilful, distinguished men through whom they were conducted. Elizabeth has, in English history, formed nearly the only exception—her reign being, to an astonishing degree, but an exhibition of herself; but Elizabeth was a woman in nothing but her sex, her vanity, and her caprice; even her jealousy was, in its manner, unfeminine. The other female members of the English dynasties have been women, with the excellencies and graces, the faults and foibles, of the feminine nature. To have these royal women set clearly before us, with all their personal qualities and attainments, like the truthful characters of fiction and the drama, is to us inexpressibly interesting and beautiful. For we do not know how it seems to others, but to our minds there is a singular charm in feeling through such minute evidences, that the high personages—the queens and princesses—of the great nations of Christendom, have been, for these many centuries, no mere images of State—a part, as it were, of their own trapping of sovereignty—but with the woman's brain and heart throbbing beneath the coronet and mantle; that love and sorrow are not changed in their nature by being crowned; and that the affections of the followers of these feminine sovereigns have been devoted to themselves

more than to their rank or position. We learn thus, in our view, more remarkable lessons of human nature, than we can find among the lower classes of life, for we have so much stronger and more varied contrasts and occasions;—an observation made good, we conceive, by the royal personages among the female characters of Shakspeare's historic dramas—who are certainly invested with as great and pure interest as belongs to any of the great dramatist's representations.

Miss Strickland's style has not quite the elegance of Miss Pardoe's, in her "Louis the XIVth," but it is very direct and simple, and contains many pathetic touches. The materials introduced are very ample; perhaps there is a little too much fullness of detail. But her narrations are from beginning to end, replete with interest. The present volume is divided between the lives of "Mary Beatrice of Modena, Queen Consort of James II., the dethroned King, and Mary II., Queen Regent of Great Britain," the offspring of a romantic love-match of the Duke of York with the daughter of Lord Chancellor Clarendon. Of both of these characters history had previously given us very little knowledge, so that this volume is an excellent contribution to historic letters.

What adds greatly to the value of these biographies, is the ample references they contain to other chief characters of the ages under consideration, making them in fact almost so many chapters of a nation's history.

The Alphabetical Drawing Book, and Pictorial Natural History of Quadrupeds. New-York: Wiley & Putnam.

The more of such books for children, the better. Instructions with illustrations, make lasting impressions on young minds. In this little volume, moreover, the descriptions of animals convey often acknowledgments of divine power in a manner so natural, so removed from the usual strain of forced inculcation, that they cannot fail to have the happiest effect. A series of such little books would be of essential value in primary education.

Artist-Life, or Sketches of American Painters. By HENRY J. TUCKERMAN, Author of "Thoughts on the Poets," etc. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1847.

This elegant and pleasing production belongs to the very numerous class of dilettanti works on Art, or rather on the effects of Art upon a person of a susceptible temperament and refined imagination. What is now most needed for art in this country is rather a work or series of works on the principles and practice of painting,

as a pure study, beginning with the study and use of colors, and by gradual steps carrying the reader into the very heart of the business. Nevertheless we cannot refuse to be pleased with these dilettanti productions, and believe that they are of the greatest service to artists and connoisseurs, by leading to a more refined and elevated contemplation of nature. By the practical artist, however, the dearth of good practical works is severely felt. If it were not for the English translation of Merimé's admirable treatise, the theoretical work of Goethe translated by Eastlake, and the works of Lairesees, we should be quite destitute.

The Arabian Nights Entertainments.
New-York: C. S. Francis & Co.

Always to be acceptable, in whatever shape they come, are and will be in any age, these old veracious stories of the Arabs. No other book is like them. They are the genuine products of the Oriental mind, and have no more resemblance to the fictions of other nations, than a Turkish mosque, or the pleasure palace of Khubla-Khan, bears to a temple of Copan or the Hall of Odin. What a delightful paper might be written upon them by some one of a "happy quality."

The present translation is simple and elegant, though we cannot help feeling, that it has not that quaint matter-of-fact way, belonging to an earlier English style, which charmed us so deeply in the version that amazed our boyhood. This edition is well printed—in six numbers. The wood-cuts are not equal to the typography.

Walton's Angler. With an Introductory Essay. New-York: Wiley & Putnam.

It may seem singular, but without question this edition of one of the most exquisite of books, the "Angler," is the best yet published. This superiority is owing to the learned and elegant introductory essay by the American editor, an eloquent gentleman of Philadelphia, skilled in piscatory matters. His essay, extending to many pages, contains a most attractive amount of illustration, drawn from the Grecian and Roman banquets, down to these as we think less luxurious days, and this new hemisphere, whose clear rivers, solitary mountain streams, and long sea-shores, afford in unrivaled variety, number and quality, "those calm cold fishes of a silver being," to the admiration of all lovers of the "gentle art" and chowder. Except Walton's own delightful work, which is not only a fine account of angling, but one of the most delicious books of rural painting in the language, we have not read a pleasanter treatise than that which opens

this edition. It supplies, besides, much information which Walton took no pains to give.

Chambers' Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge. Edited by ROBERT CHAMBERS, author of the "Cyclopedia of English Literature," containing Life of Nelson, the Temperance Movement, Joan of Arc, Story of Peter Williamson, Annals of the Poor, Slavery in America. Boston, New-York: Burgess & Stringer, 1847.

A work containing a great deal of curious historical information. The detailed account of Father Mathew's Great Temperance Reform, adds a real value to the collection.

Appleton's Railroad and Steamboat Companion. Being a Traveller's Guide through New-England and the Middle States, with Routes in the Southern and Western States, and also in Canada—forming likewise a complete Guide to the White Mountains, Catskill, Niagara, &c. &c. &c.

A book of this kind is of course indispensable to the traveller. We have had no opportunity of testing the accuracy of this particular one, but should try it, if we were to start upon a tour to-morrow.

Tam's Fortnight Ramble, and other Poems. By THOMAS MACKELLAR, author of "Droppings from the Heart." Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

We do not know what the "Droppings from the Heart" of this author were; but if we are to judge of them by these present tricklings from his brain, or somewhere else, his "fond heart" must contain much mud and more water. The bulk of the volume is in one strain, and about the weakest attempt at mixing homely pathos, sentiment and wit, Crabbe and Doufman, that we have seen for at least three weeks—not venturing to put a longer period, as several other poets have appeared within a little more than that time. Or rather the "attempt" is strong enough, but the mixture is diluted beyond the capacity of estimation by guessing. Then the method of it is such—we dislike to have one dip out his genius to us with a calabash. It seems a pity that fair white paper and beautiful print should be consigned to so desolate a fate as containing such lines as these, page after page:

"I took the cars and went to New-York city—
"Twas Sat'day night, and near eleven o'clock,
The ferry boat had brought us into dock
Across the Hudson."

Some lines, occasionally, of simple reflection, are well enough, as specimens of easy prose turned into loose-jointed verse, and one

or two small pieces are quite smooth and pleasant; but nearly the whole book, including a batch of "those detestable sonnets again," is so unformed and "shackly," as by no possible definition to bear the name of poetry. The book cannot harm the public, but of what possible use can it be to the author or the country? Doubtless his friends were consulted—they should be indicted!

MADAM ANNA BISHOP.—This vocalist has appeared in the course of the month at the Tabernacle, where she has been assisted by M. Bochsa, and for the last week at the Park Theatre, with a new Italian and English opera corps. Her concerts were very successful, and deservedly so; for in respect of vocal cultivation we have had no singer of late who could equal her. In respect of execution, she is for our audiences almost as great a marvel as Sivori. Her voice is a high soprano, reaching up to D or E above the staff, and is of uniform texture throughout its compass. Its quality is very peculiar, and is not easily described; it sounds like one crying out in a dream, or like the falsetto of a high tenor; a film is over it that veils it, and yet does not interfere with its purity. Such voices are not uncommon, but this is the only one, so far as we remember, which has ever been heard here in any singer of note. She can do with it almost what she pleases, and it is her delight to exhibit its flexibility in roulades and cadenzas. She makes a diatonic scale of trills, commencing in highest notes, (not always perfect there, but very marvellous and improving as she descends:) these she can hasten and retard, swell and diminish like a violinist, with the greatest ease and certainty. Besides, she can run rapid chromatic scales, scales in thirds, chords in flashing *arpeggios*, all sorts of vocal groupette; her notes are as distinct as flute notes, and she has the same power in executive passages as in cantabile. Her sustained notes are also beautifully managed; she seems to mould them with her lips in such a way that they have exactly the effect of coming from a sweet instrument in her throat, which she plays upon for the hearer's amusement.

It is in this very quality that she comes short of perfection. Her singing does not seem a spontaneous burst of feeling, warm from the heart, but the warbling of a pleasant instrument, which she herself is listening to and controlling. Her singing of *John Anderson* was, so far as notes and management of tone is concerned, perfection; yet it appeared she stood behind her voice, (those who cannot understand may smile at the phrase,) and played upon it, as though it had been a clarionet. Now, herein lies the great excellence of the Italian school; they cultivate the voice well, and then abandon themselves to the music. They do not all succeed, but they certainly

come nearer it than any others. We love this abandonment, this apparent giving way to the rapture of the song; it is the great thing in singing, without which the heart is never touched; all the executive ability or skillful conduct of the voice that can be acquired, will not compensate for its absence. The voice is not an instrument, and when it is used as one, the singer does not seem moved by natural passion.

We do not mean that Mrs. Bishop affects too much coldness, but that she exhibits too little warmth. Her singing is rather show singing than truly eloquent singing. She dispenses her ornaments too freely, over-dresses her airs, and that not always in the best taste. Her cadenzas are less novel than difficult, and there is a marked sameness in her style that soon becomes wearisome.

Bochsa is another instrumental wonder. The harp in his hands is full of splendid effects; it is capable of infinite variety in power and quality of tone, full of delicacy and of lyric fire. His execution is wonderful, and the variety of his touch still more so. His hands wander all over the strings and produce sounding *arpeggios*, rapid sparkling passages above, and harmonics as pure and silvery as we may imagine to come from the golden-wired harps of the cherubims. Few, who never heard such playing, can be aware of the scope of the instrument in solos, or indeed of its peculiar effects in the hands of such a master, as an accompaniment to the voice. P.

HERZ AND SIVORI.—These great performers have given several concerts at the Tabernacle during the month, and uniformly to crowded houses. Their playing is so exquisite that it is always new and refreshing; yet, speaking critically, it has certainly not gained in finish, careful precision, or spirit, since they played here last fall. Herz is still a most delightful pianist, but his touch has less of that peculiar neatness and of that perfect *a plomb*, to take a term from the ballet, which used to be the only qualities that distinguished him from our own Timm; he does not seem to take so much pains as formerly, and goes through most of his pieces, when we have heard him at least, in a lifeless manner, that, with all his skill, makes them fall dead upon the hearer. The *Swiss Rondo* and the fantasy on *Lucia di Lammermuir*, are two of his best pieces. The first should be excepted from the general remark; he gave it one evening with admirable fire. But most of the others, airs with variations, the *Last Rose of Summer*, and the like, went off more tamely than they used to do, and lovers of really good music will be glad to hear that the public seem beginning to tire of them. They are really nothing but little,

ingenious, ear-pleasing mechanical contrivances, that require no thought and spring from no depth of emotion. One would think such a player as Herz might compose them as fast as his pen would write. They are brilliant exhibitions of a certain kind of skill on the piano, written so as to combine the greatest apparent with the least actual difficulty, and that is all. For young ladies who only desire to play so as to shine in the *salon*, there are none better; but it more than counterbalances all the pleasure we derive from hearing so great a master as Herz, to consider how much time has been wasted on his show-pieces, and how little they have contributed to foster a love for the truly poetic in music.

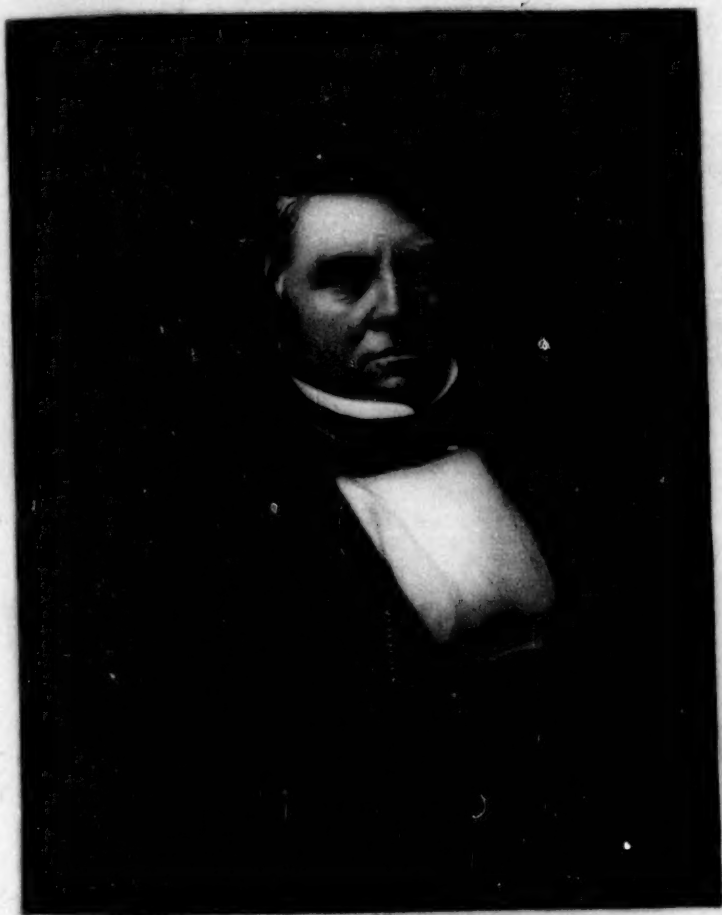
Sivori does not evince so much of the ill effect of a summer's campaign in our yet unmusical country, as Herz. Indeed, the violin is so invincible in its nature, so proud and royal in its disposition, (being the prince of instruments,) that it is impossible to retain the mastery of it, even for one who has so completely conquered it as *Sivori*, without continual vigilance. It must require at least three or four hours a day to keep up such an intonation as his. The violin, of all instruments, is nearest a natural organ of the body; its tones lie on the mind, and neither in tune nor quality can they be other than as the mind conceives them. What an education of the senses it must require to *imagine* such exactness of intonation as *Sivori's*! and to be able to throw the hand up the finger-board, where a fiftieth part of an inch would make a sensible variation in tune, with such perfect precision that the notes shall strike the tympanum like the points of needles! To a violinist it seems little short of miraculous. But besides this, in order to play like *Sivori*, every portion of the finger-board must be mapped in the mind, with all the different positions; each note, and the different strings and positions where it may be made; a thousand *habits* of the hand must be familiar; some are easy, and the nerves feel safe in reaching them; from others, (such as *Sivori's* runs of octaves in semitones, and his concluding chord, extending from the lowest natural note to the highest harmonic,) one would think there would be in the firmest constitutions an inevitable dread or recoil in approaching them that no resolution could withstand with absolute certainty. Indeed, even Homer nodded sometimes, and came out on his final harmonic out of tune; but these were exceptions, and might have been owing to

the string. Add to this the education of the bow-hand and arm, the innumerable intricate modes in which the hand must be thrown rapidly to and fro, and the perfect ease with which it must be drawn in a *largo* movement,—and considered altogether, the more one studies the instrument, the more he will wonder how the skill of any great master *could ever have been acquired*.

But we can distinguish even between miracles. We can compare what is mechanical better than what is spiritual. Admit that *Sivori* can do as *great* things as *Vieuxtemps*, we can still say whether he does as *good* things. As mere players, it is, perhaps, as unfair to compare them, as to rank two original geniuses, e. g. Handel and Mozart; each is great in an individual way. But as *playing* is subordinate to *music*, we may, in comparing players, consider which is best as a player of *music*, as distinguished from difficulties. Here is the ground upon which we rank *Vieuxtemps* above them all: his violin is the best fitted to interpret great music; his tone is full, his execution wonderful; his *style*—that which depends directly on the mind—is of a more manly character, not so daring as *Sivori's*, but more steady, uniform, sensible. *Sivori* is the brilliant *feuilletonist*, *Vieuxtemps* the finished writer.

But as the *feuilletonist*, we have had none that could compare with *Sivori*. True, he has not *Ole Bull's* staccato, nor his harmonics; his tremulo bowing in *La Melancholie*, is inferior in sparkling distinctness to *Artot's*, as we remember it. He also has some habits which the *methodes* teach players to avoid—among others, that of beating the unison when playing a note, to make the echo or please himself with the intonation. But all these things, compared with what he actually can do, are as spots on the sun. He is a player whose skill must be more admired the more it is heard.

We have heard that Herz and *Sivori* had some idea of giving, with Knoop, Rapetti, and some others, quartette concerts at the Apollo Rooms; but we fear the news was too good to be true. It were to be wished, however, that among their Campanellas, Carnivals and Variations, they would intersperse some more music worth hearing for its own sake. They owe it to the art they are making their fortunes by, and for which so many great men have sacrificed their lives, to endeavor to use their advantages to promote among us a more general knowledge and love of it.



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